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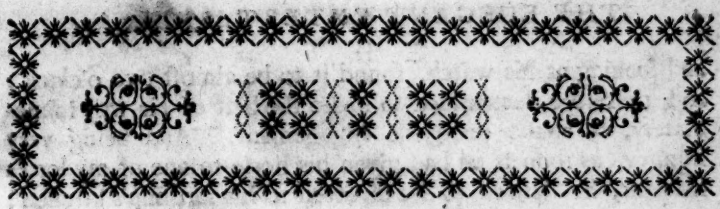

THE
ELEGANT ENTERTAINER, &c.

The HUMOUROUS COOK.

MR. Meanwell, a young gentleman of a good eſtate in the county of Devon, was very fond of hunting; and coming to live about a mile from Lord Treatwell's, who was lord of the manor, and kept a pack of very good hounds, the young 'Squire often gave him the meeting as ſoon as they were out in the morning. This Lord, to whom Mr. Meanwell was a ſtranger, being but juſt returned from his travels, obſerving him to take great delight in the ſport, and ſeeing him well mounted, and a gentleman of an eaſy, genteel deportment, reſolved to cultivate an acquaintance witn him: Accordingly, the Hounds being at fault, and the company all up together, his lordſhip ſalutes him in the following manner: Good morrow to you, ſir; I perceive that you are a lover of this healthy ſport, and often honour us with your good company; I ſhould be very proud, if you would alſo favour me in taking a hunting dinner with me. I thank your lordſhip, replied the 'ſquire, and will do myſelf the honour to wait on you. Pray do, ſays my lord. We ſhall dine about three o'clock; and I ſhall expect the pleaſure of your good company to-day. If any thing ſhould happen that ſhould fling you out of the chace, or we ſhould loſe company, you know the hour, and the way to my houſe; and therefore, without further ceremony, I ſhall expect you. My lord, ſaid the gentleman, I thank you; I will do myſelf the honour to wait on you, without fail. After this, they purſued their ſport together for ſome hours; but it happened, Mr. Meanwell loſt his company,

and looking at his watch, found it to be almoſt two o'clock; and therefore determined to make the beſt of his way immediately, to make good his engagement. And being very hungry, as ſoon as he had given his horſe to one of my lord's ſervants, he deſired to be directed to his lordſhip's kitchen; for, thinks he, being a ſtranger to all the family, but his lordſhip, and he being not returned, I will, in the mean time make myſelf acquainted with the cook. Accordingly the ſervant, at his requeſt carried him to the kitchen, where he ſaluted the cook as follows: Mr. Cook, your ſervant, will you do me the favour to let me ſtay a little while in your kitchen? My lord has done me the honour to aſk me to dine with him to-day; but as he is not yet come home, and I being an entire ſtranger to his lady and family, will thank you if you will give me leave to ſtay here till his return. Certainly, replied the cook, you are very welcome, ſir. After a minute or two's chat with the cook, at the ſollicitation of his empty craving ſtomach, he began to give broad hints, that he ſhould be glad of a meſs of ſoup, or a mouthful of any thing to eat, in the mean time. The cook, who was an odd kind of a humourous fellow, underſtood him well enough, but did not ſeem to do ſo; and therefore, he thus diverted him immediately from that ſubject: Sir, ſaid he, as you are a ſtranger to the family, perhaps you have never ſeen the inſide of our houſe: I aſſure you, ſir, although it is very old-faſhioned, it is worthy the obſervation of a ſtranger; and if you pleaſe, ſir, as my dinner is now ready for diſhing, I'll ſhew you as much of it as I can, to amuſe you till my lord comes in. With all my heart, replied the gentleman, any thing to divert time. And ſo away they went together, and ranged all the houſe over, where the doors were open for their paſſage: At laſt they came into a large old-faſhioned room, which was hung round with all ſorts of arms; and where the cloth was laid for dinner. Here, ſir, ſays the cook, my lord always dines; and I'll warrant would not eat a dinner, at home, out of this room, for a thouſand pounds. No! cried the gentleman, why ſo, pray? Why, ſir, it has always been the family dining-room theſe five hundred years, for what I know, replied the cook; and then, my lord, you muſt know, is one of the oddeſt-tempered men in the whole world. But I ſuppoſe, continued he, that you have heard of his comical temper often enough. No, really, ſir, replied

replied the 'ſquire, not I; nor did I ever ſpeak to his lordſhip in my life, till to-day in the field, when he made me promiſe to dine with him. Indeed! cried the cook, with an accent of admiration. And pray, ſir, how ſtands your ſtomach? Why, really, ſaid the gentleman, to tell you the truth, Mr. cook, I never was more heartily a-hungry in all my life. I am glad to hear it, replied the cook, with all my heart; very glad! It may be a means of keeping my lord and you friends ſomewhat the longer. I do not underſtand you, anſwered the gentleman. Pray explain yourſelf? Why, ſir, quoth the cook, you know I hinted to you before, that my lord was a very odd-humoured man in his way; but if he ſhould know that I have ſaid any thing of this to you, or any body elſe, it would be as much as my place is worth. And to be ſure, there is not a better maſter, nor a better gentleman in the world, if you can but hit his temper. And, as you ſeem, ſir, a good-natur'd gentleman, and are a ſtranger to my lord, I am glad in my heart that you are a-hungry. It is the luckieſt thing for you in the world; really, very lucky. Why ſo? demands the gentleman. Pray let me know your meaning. Why, ſir, replied the cook, I muſt firſt deſire you to keep this a very great ſecret: Now you muſt know, ſir, that my lord values himſelf prodigiouſly for his hoſpitality; and to be ſure, no-body keeps a better houſe than he does, that is certain. But then, I muſt own, ſir, I ſhould not wiſh to be one of his gueſts. At this, Mr. Meanwell began to ſtare; but ſtill waited for the ſequel. Do you obſerve thoſe arms, continued the cook, which are hung about this room, in ſuch nice order? Yes, replied the gentleman; and what then? Why, you muſt know, ſir, quoth the cook, but pray do not mention a word that I told you, for it is my lord's whimſical humour to expect that every perſon who dines with him, ſhould eat all that he or my lady cuts for them; and if any man ſhould leave any thing upon his plate, he looks upon it as the greateſt affront that can be offered him; and he is pretty liberal in his carvings, too. But then the conſequence is this; as ſoon as he finds any man refuſe, or neglect to clear his plate, he inſiſts that he muſt immediately fight him, that moment! And then, ſir, the danger is, that my lord is a very dragon at any thing; ſmall-ſword, back-ſword, ſword-and-dagger, ſword-and-piſtol, quarter-ſtaff, ſpadroon, Fal-

chion-ſingle or double; nothing comes amiſs to him. Indeed, I will do him this juſtice; he always gives his gueſt the preference to chuſe his own weapon. And ſo, ſir, ſome chuſe one thing, and ſome another; but I muſt own I never heard of his being conquered; far it is what he has been trained to, and practiſed all his life.

Zoons! (quoth the Gentleman) I will ſtay no longer! And though my ſtomach was never better prepared for a taſk, yet I will not ſtay to riſk it: Why ſhould I, for the ſake of a dinner, ſtay to engage in ſo ſtrange an adventure? For heaven's ſake, ſir, quoth the cook, do not offer to go away! I ſhall be diſcharged the very moment that my lord hears you are gone. Half the ſervants in the houſe know that you are; and if any of them ſhould mention my being ſeen with you, my lord will immediately conclude what I have done; and that it was through me you left the houſe before dinner; and therefore, ſir, I beg you will not offer to go, on any account in the world. Indeed! ſaid the gentleman, I beg your pardon; but it is in vain to ſollicit me on that head: For I do aſſure you, I would not ſtay another minute in the houſe upon any account; and therefore, I will go and get my horſe this moment, leſt he ſhould come home before I can get away.

Here, juſt as the cook had begun again his intreaties, they heard the horns at the Gate; and the cook was called to ſend up dinner as faſt as he could; ſo that now there was no retreat; for his lordſhip was no ſooner alighted from his horſe, but he enquired for his new gueſt; who being brought to him, for there was no way of avoiding it, after a few ceremonies, he was introduced to the Lady of the family, &c.

And now dinner was ſerved up, and all the company being ſeated, every thing proceeded with the uſual decorum. But poor Meanwell could not put the cook's ſtory out of his head; and therefore, he determined to do his utmoſt to avoid the impending danger. Firſt, the lady helped him to a plate of ſoup, which he whipped up in a minute. Then his lordſhip, being at the lower end of the table, cried, come my dear, now I will help the gedtleman, if he will give me leave. What, ſir, ſhall I help you to? A fine piece of beef being at the bottom of the table, he deſired a ſlice of that; which was no ſooner carved, in a manner, but it was gone. My lord ſeeing his gueſt eat ſo heartily, aſked for leave to cut him another

ther ſlice; which was granted, and diſpatched with as much celerity as the firſt. Then he aſked him if he ſhould help him to a bit of ham and fowl; and being anſwered, if you pleaſe, it was done; and he began to try at that. Before he had cleared his plate again, he was forced to reſt a little. But after drinking a glaſs of Claret, he ſet too again, and finiſhed it. And now comes on a ſecond courſe; the ſight of which made him wiſh himſelf an hundred miles off; for being already pretty well filled, he could not keep his eyes off thoſe weapons; and the cook's ſtory was always uppermoſt in his mind. However, he was reſolved to try his beſt to avoid it, if poſſible, to the very laſt, rather than provoke his hoſt. Here they began to carve for him again; and the gentleman, rather than come to a battle, ſtill ſtuffed on. My lord and lady were ignorant of the cauſe which made him ſo willing to clear each plate, but thought it his natural keenneſs of appetite; and therefore, they were the more watchful to ſupply him. At laſt, when the poor gentleman had ſtuffed and blowed, and unbuttoned all his cloaths, and was almoſt ready to burſt, and indeed thought he had carried his point, up comes a deſert: And now begins a freſh taſk. The lady preſents him with ſweetmeats; my lord ſupplies him with fruit; one gives him a jelly, and the other a tart; and the more pains he takes, and the more willing he ſeems to eat all that they give him, the more careful they were to keep him ſtill ſupplied. At laſt, the poor gentleman, not able to bear it any longer, jumped up from his chair, as well as he could, for he was ſcarce able to breathe, and taking down a large baſket-hilt ſword, ſwore a great oath, that ſince it muſt be ſo, he would fight; that he had ſtrove as much as he was able to avoid it; but he found the more pains he took, the more he might; and therefore, he rather choſe to fight, than endeavour to eat any more.

At this, the company were in all amaze; and my lord, conſequently, as well as the reſt. Fight! quoth his lordſhip, I know not what you mean, ſir! Why, my lord, anſwered Mr. Meanwell, the caſe is this: I had rather fight than eat. Why, ſir, replied his lordſhip, if you do not chuſe to eat, it is at your own option. Aye, ſaid the other, that is true, my lord; but then I am told, that I muſt fight your lordſhip, if I do not eat all thoſe things upon my plate, which, my lord, is very hard for one in my condition; for, by Jove! I have

eaten

eaten ſo much already, that I believe I ſhall die with it; nor could I eat a mouthful more, if I were ſure to gain the whole world by it. Pray, ſir, quoth his lordſhip who told you that you muſt fight me, if you do not eat all upon your plate? for my part, I do not in the leaſt underſtand you. Why, my lord, replied the 'ſquire, I would not willingly tell your lordſhip the hiſtory, becauſe I promiſed to the contrary; but that, I find, I muſt do it in my own defence:

Here he recounted all the cook had told him, as above; and further aſſured his lordſhip, that he had ſtuffed and laboured till he was almoſt killed, purely to avoid the conſequence. D-----n him! replied his lordſhip, you are not the firſt perſon he has impoſed upon, in one trick or other, by twenty. But I will diſcharge him for his impudence, this minute. Here! ſaid he to one of his ſervants, bid the cook come here, this moment! The cook immediately obeyed. Pray, ſir, ſaid his lordſhip to him, how came you to tell this gentleman, that unleſs he cleared every plate, and eat up all that we helped him to, that I ſhould inſiſt upon his fighting me that moment? My lord, replied the cook, I beg your lordſhip's pardon, and the gentleman's too; but indeed I did it out of a very good deſign; for, as he complained that he was very hungry, and being an entire ſtranger to the family, I was afraid that the gentleman's modeſty might ſpoil his dinner, and that then he might have gone away and reported, that he had been at your lordſhip's table to dine, and had not half filled his belly, which would have been a diſcredit to your lordſhip.

This anſwer, which was delivered with much ſeeming ſimplicity, made them all laugh heartily; but eſpecially Mr. Meanwell, who was ſo well pleaſed with the joke, and eſpecially as he now found there was no neceſſity of a battle, that he gave the cook a guinea for his humour, and alſo prevailed with his lordſhip to forgive him. But they were obliged to purſue all the cautious methods imaginable, with the poor young gentleman, to prevent a fit of illneſs ſucceeding; which danger was occaſioned by his ſo prodigiouſly over-gorging his ſtomach.

To

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

Of the Poems entitled MORAL PIECES, in SHENSTONE's WORKS, *the best, perhaps, is, the progress of Taste, or the Fate of Delicacy, a Poem on the Temper and Studies of the Author. In this piece many valuable sentiments are conveyed, in easy and agreeable numbers: and Mr. Shenstone has been the more happy in his descriptions, as he evidently must have felt what he describes. The account of his retirement is inimitably beautiful and picturesque, and expressed in numbers most delightfully melodious;*

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleas'd no more;
Productive of that gen'ral stare,
Which cool reflection ill can bear!
And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
Retirement sent its invitation.
Romantic scenes of pendent hills,
And verdant vales, and falting rills,
And mossy banks the fields adorn,
Where *Damon*, simple swain, was born.
The Dryads rear'd a shady grove;
Where such as think, and such as love,
Might safely sigh their summer's day;
Or muse their silent hours away.
The Oreads lik'd the climate well;
And taught the level plain to swell
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
Might all their larger works descry.
The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound.
They form'd their streams to please the view,
And bade them wind, as serpents do:
And having shewn them where to stray,
Threw little pebbles in their way.
These fancy, all-sagacious maid,
Had at their several tasks survey'd:
She saw and smil'd; and oft would lead
Our *Damon's* foot o'er hill and mead;

There,

There, with deſcriptive finger, trace
The genuine beauties of the place;
And when ſhe all its charms had ſhewn,
Preſcribe improvements of her own.
" See yonder hill, ſo green, ſo round,
Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd!
'Twou'd well become thy gentle care
To raiſe a dome to Venus there:
Pleas'd would the Nymphs thy zeal ſurvey;
And Venus, in their arms, repay.
'Twas ſuch a ſhade, and ſuch a nook;
In ſuch a vale, near ſuch a brook;
From ſuch a rocky fragment ſpringing;
That fam'd Apollo choſe, to ſing in.
There let an altar wrought with art,
Engage thy tunful patron's heart.
How charming there to muſe and warble
Beneath his buſt of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath, and mimic lyre,
That crown a poet's vaſt deſire.
Then, near it, ſcoop the vaulted cell,
Where muſic's * charming maids may dwell;
Prone to indulge thy tender paſſion,
And make thee many an aſſignation.
Deep in the grove's obſcure retreat,
Be plac'd Minerva's ſacred ſeat;
There let her awful turrets riſe,
(For wiſdom flies from vulgar eyes:)
There her calm dictates ſhalt thou hear
Diſtinctly ſtrike thy liſt'ning ear:
And who wou'd ſhun the pleaſing labour,
To have Minerva for his neighbour?"
In ſhort, ſo charm'd each wild ſuggeſtion,
Its truth was little call'd in queſtion:
And *Damon* dreamt he ſaw the fawns,
And Nymphs, diſtinctly, ſkim the lawns;
Now trac'd amid the trees, and then
Loſt in the circling ſhades again.

* *The Muſes.*

A Deſcription of the Animal called a BUCK.

THE BUCK, of all animals, is the neareſt to the human ſpecies, being, in all reſpects, except the qualifications of the mind, like a man: It walks on two legs, his hands, arms and feet, exactly like a man, and has alſo the property of ſpeech. And whereas the Monkey and Ape, who are the next neareſt to man, are of the colour of a Negro; the Buck, on the contrary, is white, and ſometimes very handſome; but then he partakes much of the nature, and ſometimes of the features of the Monkey; and almoſt always wears a long tail, twirled round with ribbon, to denote his affinity to the Monkey, with this difference, that he has a ſmall tuft of hair at the end of his tail, which curls like that of a Drake. He alſo partakes much of the qualities of a Monkey, being continually in miſchief.

Theſe animals abound in all parts of England, but with this difference, that the country Buck ſeldom does any miſchief to any body but himſelf, or a horſe; upon whoſe back, if he once gets, the devil can't get him off; and by a ſpur, which he fixes to his hind feet, he goads the poor creature over hedge and ditch after a fox or an hare, which the Bucks take a great delight in deſtroying, though they will let no body elſe do it, 'till the poor creature drops down dead under them. Sometimes, indeed, the horſe has the good-luck to throw them. When this barbarous ſport is over, they fall to roaring and drinking, and ſeldom do any other miſchief but breaking of bottles and glaſſes, and now and then one-another's head.

The London Bucks, on the contrary, are the very devil for miſchief, and go in droves of ſometimes half a dozen, and even fifty (which the maſter of Vauxhall gardens knows to his ſorrow); and it is very happy for the inhabitants that they do not wear horns, like their name-ſakes in the foreſt; for if they did, as they are conſtantly toſſing their heads about, the ſhop-keepers would have all their ſhop-windows broke. Though they pretend to be a very courageous animal, they are a very cowardly one, attacking none but poor defenceleſs women, or poor decrepid watchmen; and always take to their heels, when oppoſed by any perſon who has ſtrength to beat them: for any one of them will faint away at the ſight of his own blood.

The ladies are as fond of this animal as they are of a Monkey, and perhaps for the ſame reaſon; though I never met with one who made an alliance with a Buck, that did not repent it from the bottom of her heart.

The number of Bucks has of late years greatly encreaſed (and creatures that are better qualified to be bears, call themſelves by that name) which is owing to ſo few of them being hanged, and to the over badneſs of their mothers, who inſtead of fetching the dog out of them by a good rod when they are young, are for ever praiſing them for their miſchievous pranks, and ſtroaking them on the head for what they deſerve to be horſe-whipt; and if a law is not paſſed to enable the next heir to confine them in a private mad-houſe, there will ſoon be no ſafety in walking the ſtreets.

I am, ſir, your humble ſervant,

A NATURALIST.

P. S. Not long ſince two of theſe animals, in order to ſhew their courage and manhood attempted to throw down a poor woman big with child, which being obſerved and reſented by an honeſt tar with an oaken towel in his hand, they (though both had ſwords on) ran away as if the devil had drove them, without ſtopping to pick up their hats and whigs. If it is poſſible for a buck to be more miſchievous at one time than at another, it is in rutting ſeaſon, which, as that learned Botaniſt, Dr. H----ll, juſtly obſerves, unfortunately laſts all the year round; but then it enables them to wear themſelves out the faſter, they being often decrepid before they arrive at half the age of man; and then, if they do not die of the pox, as hundreds of them do, they crawl about the ſtreets as harmleſs as a waſp that has loſt its ſting. Anatomiſts who have diſſected the head of this animal, obſerve, that though the brain lies in the ſame place, and is much the ſame in quantity with that of man, it reſembles that of a calf ſo much, that it is impoſſible to know them aſunder when out of the ſkull; they alſo obſerve, that the ſkull of a Buck is much thicker than that of a man.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

AS Prince Radzivil makes now ſome noiſe in Poland, it may not be diſagreeable to your readers to lay before them

them an Anecdote of one of his anceſtors, eſpecially as it expoſes Popiſh ſuperſtition, and contains ſome remarkable particulars relative to the converſion of a Prince of that name to the Proteſtant religion.

CHriſtopher Radzivil, the fourth Palatine of Vilna, Grand Marſhal and Chancellor of Lithuania in the ſixteenth century, when the reformation began to be eſtabliſhed there, being extremely ſorry that a Prince of his family embraced the Proteſtant religion, he went to Rome, and paid all imaginable honours to the Pope. The Roman Pontiff, being alſo deſirous of indulging his kindneſs to him, gave him, at his departure, a box filled with relicks. Being returned to his houſe, and the news of theſe relicks being ſpread abroad, certain Friars, ſome months after, came and told this Prince, that a man was poſſeſſed with the devil, who had been exorciſed to no purpoſe. They therefore beſought him, for the ſake of that unhappy wretch, to lend them the precious relicks which he had brought from Rome. The Prince granted them very readily; upon which they were carried to church in ſolemn pomp, all the Monks going in proceſſion on that occaſion; at laſt they were laid on the Altar; and, at the day appointed, a numberleſs multitude of people flocking to this ſhew, after the uſual exorciſm, the relicks were applied. At that very inſtant the pretended devil ſpirit came out of the body of the man, with the uſual poſtures and grimaces. Every one cried out, A miracle! and the Prince lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, to return thanks for his having brought ſo holy a thing, which performed ſuch miracles. But ſome days after, as he was in that admiration and tranſport of joy, and was beſtowing the higheſt elogiums on the virtue of thoſe relicks, he obſerved, that a young gentleman of his houſhold, who had the keeping that rich treaſure, began to ſmile, and made certain geſtures, which ſhewed that he only laughed at his words; the Prince flew into a paſſion, and would know the reaſon of his deriſion. A promiſe being made to the gentleman that no harm ſhould be done him, he declared ſecretly to the Prince, that in the return from Rome he had loſt the box of relicks, which had been given him to keep; and that, not daring to divulge this, for fear of puniſhment, he had found means to get one like it, which he had filled with little bones of beaſts, and

ſuch trifles as reſembled the relicks he had loſt: That ſeeing ſo much honour was paid to a vile heap of filth, and that they even aſcribed to it the virtue of driving away devils, he had juſt cauſe to wonder at it. The Prince believed this ſtory to be true; and, nevertheleſs, being deſirous of getting further light into this impoſture, he ſent for the Monks the very next day, and deſired them to enquire whether there were no more demoniacks who wanted the aſſiſtance of his relicks. A few days after they brought him another man poſſeſſed with an evil ſpirit, who acted the ſame part with him who had appeared before. The Prince commanded him to be exorciſed in his preſence; but as all the exorciſms, which are uſually employed on thoſe occaſions, proved ineffectual, he ordered that man to ſtay in his palace the next day, and bid the Monks to withdraw. After they were gone, he put the Demoniac among the Tartarian Grooms, who, purſuant to the orders which had been given them, firſt exhorted him to confeſs the cheat; but as he perſiſted obſtinately in it, ſtill making his furious and dreadful geſtures, ſix of them exerciſed him ſo ſeverely with rods and ſcourges, that he was obliged to implore the Prince's mercy, who pardoned him the inſtant he had confeſſed the truth. The next morning the Prince ſent for the Friars, when the wretch in queſtion, throwing himſelf at his feet, proteſted that he was not poſſeſſed, and had never been ſo, but that thoſe Friars had forced him to act the part of one who was ſo. The Monks, at firſt, beſought the Prince not to believe this, ſaying, that it was an artifice of the devil, who ſpoke through the man's mouth. But the Prince anſwered, that if the Tartarians had been able to force the Devil to tell truth, they would alſo be able to extort it from the mouths of thoſe Friars. But now theſe Monks, ſeeing themſelves put to it in this manner, confeſſed the impoſture, ſaying, that they had done all this with a good intention, and to ſtop the progreſs of hereſy. But the Prince offered up his hearty prayers to GOD, for having been ſo gracious as to diſcover ſuch an impoſture; and now entertaining a ſuſpicion of a religion which was defended by ſuch diabolical practices, tho' they went by the names of pious frauds, ſaid, that he would no longer depend on any man for his ſalvation; and thereupon began to read the Scriptures with unparallelled aſſiduity. In ſix months time, all which he ſpent in reading and prayer, he

he made a wonderous progreſs in piety, and in the knowledge of the myſtery of the goſpel. After which, he himſelf, with his whole family, publickly profeſſed his religion in 1664. This paſſage is from Mr. Drelincourt, Miniſter of the Proteſtant Church in Paris: It is relared by an anſwer publiſhed by him in 1663, to the letter which prince Erneſt, Landgrave of Heſſe, had writ to the five Proteſtant Miniſters of Paris, and he adds the following words: "Your Highneſs may give credit to it, if you judge proper; but I proteſt to you, the ſame as if I was before the Almighty's throne, that this ſtory was told me in this manner, in the Miniſter belonging to Prince Januſſius Radziville; nay he delivered to me in writing part of what he had told me, and which he explained to me more fully by word of mouth."

I am, &c.

POLONIUS.

An ANECDOTE relative to Col. JOHN CROMWELL.

AFter ſentence of death had been pronounced againſt king Charles I. endeavours were ſtill uſed by his friends to ſave his life; and among the reſt, Col. John Cromwell, a near relation of Oliver's, was employed for that purpoſe. It was well known that Oliver would put no faith in the king, becauſe he had once before deceived him; and therefore the colonel was diſpatched to Holland with certain papers to be ratified by the States-General. The colonel ſucceeded in his commiſſion, and ſoon returned with Credential Letters from the States of Holland, whereto was added a blank, with the king's ſignet, and another with the prince's both confirmed by the States, and directed to Cromwell, for him to ſet down his own conditions, if he would now ſave his majeſty's life; for the due performance of which conditions, the States held their faith engaged. With theſe diſpatches the colonel waited upon Oliver, and with difficulty obtained an audience. After the firſt ceremonies had paſt, the colonel deſired to ſpeak a few words with him in private, and began with much freedom to ſet before him the heinouſneſs of the fact then about to be committed, and to tell him with what deteſtation it was looked upon abroad; adding, *That of all men living he never could have imagined, he would have had an hand in ſuch*

an

an act, who, in his hearing, had protested so much for the king. To this Cromwell answered, *It was not his doings, but the army's; but suppose it was,* said he, *and that I had once thought favourably of the king, yet times are altered now, and Providence seems to order things otherwise.* He added, *That he had prayed and fasted for the king, but no return that way was yet made to him.* Upon this, the colonel stept a little back, and suddenly shut the door, which made Cromwell apprehend he was going to be assassinated; but the other pulling out his papers, said to him, *Cousin, this is no time to trifle with words; see, here it is in your own power not only to make yourself, but your family, relations, and posterity happy and honourable for ever; otherwise, as they have changed their name before from* Williams *to* Cromwell, *so now they must be forced to change it again; for this fact will bring such an ignominy upon the whole generation of them, that no time will be able to efface.* At this Cromwell paused a little, and then said, *Cousin, I desire you will give me till night to consider of it; and do you go to your lodging, but not to bed, till you hear from me.* The colonel did accordingly, and about one in the morning a messenger was sent to tell him, *he might go to rest, and expect no other answer to carry to the king; for the council of officers had been* seeking God, *as he also had done himself, and it was resolved by them all that the king must die.*

Translation of a letter, in the Dutch Philosophical Transactions, *on the Animal Electricity of the* CONGER-EEL, *written June* 7, 1761, *from* Rio Essequebo, *in* South America, *by Mr.* LOTT, *Surgeon of the Colony.*

THE fish here called the *Drill-wisch*, or *Conger-Eel*, is a kind of eel, in length from one to five feet, and of this singular quality, that it produces all the known effects of electricity, the like shock, the like real or supposed cures. The facts mentioned are these: At first, fowls, grown paralytic by contractions of the nerves, were cured: Proceeding from animals to men, the Letter-Writer electrified a paralytic with the eel; he struck the patient's knees three times with one of these fishes, fresh taken. The shock was such as to throw him down, with the two persons who held him, but he soon gat up, and, instead of being carried to the place of

of operation, he walked away as if nothing had ever ailed him. With this admirable eel Mr. Lott has cured nervous disorders, fevers, and very severe head-achs, to which the slaves are peculiarly subject. Some of these wonders were performed before the Governor and several other persons of consideration.

To the PRINTER, &c,

IN the year 1747, Dr. Benson printed a volume of Sermons, on various important subjects; and presented it to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Herring, with congratulations on his elevation to that See. This occasioned his Grace's writing him the following letter, which pray publish as a friend to liberty and mankind; because it breathes so strongly that Christian spirit; which, did it *generally* prevail in the governors of the Christian church, would produce most extensive good effects, in regard to the present, as well as final happiness of mankind.

REVEREND SIR,

I Cannot satisfy myself with having sent a cold and common answer of thanks, for your volume of most excellent and useful Sermons. I do it in this manner with great esteem and cordiality. I thank you, at the same time, as becomes me to do, for your obliging good wishes. The subject on which my friends congratulate me, is, in truth, matter of constant anxiety to me. I hope I have an honest intention, and for the rest I must rely on the good grace of GOD and the counsel and assistance of my friends.

I think it happy, that I am called up to this high station at a time, when spite, and rancour and narrowness of spirit, are out of countenance; when we breathe the benign and comfortable air of liberty and toleration; and the teachers of our common Religion make it their business to extend its essential influence, and join in supporting its true interest and honour. No times ever called so loudly upon Protestants for zeal, and unity, and charity.

I am Reverend Sir, your assured friend,

Kensington, Feb. 2. 1747-8. T. CANTUAR.

The FARMER *who had the ordering of the Weather on his Lands. A* FABLE.

JOVE, the great parent of mankind,
Once to a peasant, lands assign'd

In

In truſt, at the year's end, to yield
Half the neat profits of the field;
With this proviſo that the God
Should now attend the farmer's nod,
Hail, rain, blow, freeze, or ſend ſunſhine,
Juſt as the peaſant ſhould incline.
On this, the man with pain and toil,
Plough'd, ſow'd, and harrow'd well the ſoil,
Which firſt he dung'd,----and ſaw with joy,
Jove as he pleas'd, his power employ.
Juſt as he ſought, the weather came,
Nor had one neighbour's grounds the ſame.
Well, harveſt comes,-----and then he ſaw,
A field not full of corn ----- but ſtraw.
At this Jove ſmil'd, who little car'd,
How well he as a partner far'd;
And only meant to ſhew----how vain
To providence is human pain.
See friend, he to the peaſant ſaid,
How ill, on your own terms, you've ſped!
When wind and ſnow, and rain and ſun
Round daily at your option run.
Go, plough, ſow, dung, and tend your ground,
I, in my province will be found;
Your labour ſhew, doubt not my ſkill,
But leave the weather to my will.
So ſaid, ſo done,------the harveſt come,
Such mighty loads of corn came home,
That 'twas with equal ſklll and pain,
The barns were made to hold the grain.
Such was the change, when feeble man,
No more, beyond his limits ran.

A Nuptial Card *ſent to a young Couple on their Wedding-Day.*

GLADLY the call of friendſhip I obey,
And gratulating hail your nuptial day:
May life's ſmall circle ever bright appear,
Fair as the morn that gives you all that's dear;
May tender friendſhip (guardian power of love)
Attendant wait you, and each act approve;
Scan both your merits with a partial eye,
And, if a fault ſhould riſe, each paſs it by:
Would you with joy ſtill view your wedding-day,
Not only both muſt love, but both obey.

Formal Combat between a KNIGHT *and a* DOG.

SOME authors think it was in the reign of Charles V. that a Dog lived, whose memory well deserved to be transmitted to posterity, by a Memorial still subsisting over the chimney-piece of the great hall at Montargis-place. D'Audiguier will have it to have been a Greyhound; but this I question, the scent being the *mobile* of sentiment in dogs, and this Greyhounds have not; consequently all their apparent fondness and close attendance on a master, rises only from custom, like that of Courtiers, without affection or fidelity. I hold them to be absolutely incapable of such goodness of heart, as I am now going to relate.

Aubri de Montdidier, going alone through the forest of Bondi, was murdered and hid under-ground, at the foot of a tree; his dog continued several days over the grave, till extreme hunger forced him to go and seek relief. He came to Paris to an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri, and by the most doleful howlings indicated his great loss; after eating he renews his lamentations, goes towards the door, looks back to see if any one followed him, returns to his Master's friend, and plucks him by the coat, as signifying to the Gentleman to come along with him: The singularity of all these motions, and the Dog's coming without his Master, whom he never used to leave, together with the Master's sudden absence, (and perhaps that distribution of justice and events which seldom permits any long concealment of atrocious guilt) prompted Aubri's friend to follow the Dog. On coming to the foot of the tree, the Dog fell a howling much more violently than before, at the same time tearing up the earth, in which he was immediately seconded by the Gentleman and his servant, and there they found Aubri's mangled corpse.

Some time after, the Dog accidentally saw the Murderer, whom all Historians call the Chevalier Macaire: He immediately throttled him, and it was with much difficulty he could be made to let go his hold. Every time he had sight of him he fell on him with the same fury. The Dog's inveteracy against this particular man alone, began to be taken notice of, and brought to mind the affection he had always shewn for his Master, and at the same time, several instances of the

Chevalier Macaire's envy and rancour against Aubri de Montdidier came to be recollected, besides other circumstances strengthening the suspicions. The affair coming to the King's ear, he had the Dog sent for; it seemed quite good-natured and playful, till perceiving Macaire among a score of other Courtiers, he at once turned from the King, and opening full-mouthed, endeavoured to rush on him. In those times, when the proofs of guilt were not convincing, it was usual to appoint a combat between the accuser and accused; and these kinds of combats were called *God's judgments*; from a persuasion, that Heaven would sooner work a miracle than innocence should be worsted. The King, struck with the combination of so many appearances against Macaire, judged it to be *a gage of battle-case;* that is, he appointed a duel between the Knight and the Dog. Macaire's weapon was a large club, and the Dog had a cask without a head, for its occasional retreat. On being loosed, he immediately made towards his adversary, runs about him, shuns his strokes, threatens him sometimes on one side, sometimes on another, and wearies him out, till making a spring at him, he seized him by the throat, and brought him to the ground; then the vanquished Chevalier acknowledged the crime before the King and the whole Court.

It will not be wondered at, that the dog continued several days over his master's grave, nor that he manifested such rage at the sight of his murderer; but the greater part of my readers, I apprehend, will not believe that a duel should have been appointed between a man and a dog: Yet to me it seems, that whoever has lived any time in the world, and is a little acquainted with history, should at least be as fully persuaded of the oddities of the human mind, as of the generosity of dogs.

About the year 968, a debate arose, whether, in a direct line, *Representation* was to take place; the Civilians, being of different opinions, the Emperor Otho I. appointed *two Bravo's*, who fought in his presence, to decide this knotty point of law. The champion for *Representation* getting the better, it was ordered that it should take place; and that, for the future, grand-children should be joint heirs to their grand-fathers or grand-mothers with their uncles and aunts, in the same manner as their fathers and mothers would have inherited.

The

The Bishop of Paris and the Abbot of St. Denis claimed the patronage of a monastery: Pepin the Little, perceiving their claims very intricate, referred them *to the judgment of GOD by the Cross*. Hereupon the bishop and abbot appointed each their man, who being conducted to the palace chapel, stretched out the arms cross-wise, whilst the people, devoutly attentive, prayed, some for one, and some for the other. However, the bishop's man grew first tired, and dropping his arms his principal lost his cause.

The ordeal or the judgment of GOD, by cold water, consisted in throwing the accused person into a broad and deep vessel full of water, his right hand tied to his left foot, and his left hand to his right foot. If he sunk, he was innocent: if he floated, it was a proof that the water which, on these occasions, was always consecrated, would not receive him, and consequently he was guilty.

The person condemned, or sentenced to the *judgment of GOD by fire*, was obliged to carry a red hot iron bar of about three pound weight, nine, and sometimes twelve paces. Another way of this trial was to thrust a hand into an iron gauntlet, just taken out of a fire, or plunge it into a vessel full of boiling water, so as to take out a consecrated ring suspended in it, at some depth: afterwards the patient's hand was wrapped up with a piece of linen, on which the judge and accuser put their seals. At the end of those days, the linen was taken off, and if no marks of burning appeared, he was acquitted.

To return to Aubri de Montdidier's dog: In my mind, the decision of a law question by two champions; the loss of a process because a man grows tired, and drops his arms; the acquittal of persons accused, because being tightly bound, they sink in water; and others held guilty for not grasping a red hot iron bar, without burning themselves; I say, in my mind, such facts might abate the reader's incredulity concerning the abovementioned combat, and the rather as not only confirmed by the picture at Montargis; but the story is related by several judicious critics, particularly Julius Scaliger, and Father Montfaucon, who are no fable-mongers.

TRAGI-COMEDY; or an Account of an excellent Queen of France, *and the Massacre of* Paris.

MArgaret de Valois, first wife of Henry IV. besides an uncommon share of wit and beauty, was possessed of every noble and endearing quality: 'She was, *says Mezerary*, a true descendant of the Valois; she never gave any thing without an excuse for giving so little; she was a liberal refuge to men of letters, always had some at her table, and so improved by their conversation, as to write and speak better than any woman in her time. Part of the day she used to spend in her bed, on each side of which stood beautiful singing boys.' 'When she was at Toulouse, *says president Laroche*, she received the Parliament's compliments in a very rich white damask bed, at the feet of which stood little choristers, singing and playing on the lute. Europe did not afford a person who danced any thing like her. Don John of Austria, governor of the Low Countries, rode post *incognito* from Brussels to Paris, purely to be present at a ball, where she was to dance.'

Her conjugal obsequiousness and good-nature will appear from what she relates in her Memoirs, concerning one of her husband's Mistresses: 'She lay in the Maids of Honour's Chamber, and her pains coming on her, at day-break, she sent for my Physician, and begged of him, immediately to acquaint the King my husband with her condition, which he did. It was our custom to lie in different beds, though in the same room. This news made him very uneasy, being at a loss what to do; on one hand, he was afraid that she should be discovered; and, on the other, that she should be but ill tended, for he had a great love for her; at length, he determined to own the whole matter to me, and to beg of me to go and assist her, being pretty sure that, notwithstanding what had happened, he would always find me ready to comply with any thing that was agreeable to him. He drew my curtain, and said to me, Honey, I have concealed something from you, which now I must acquaint you with; excuse me, I desire you, and forget whatever I have said to you on this head; but oblige me so far as to get up immediately to assist Fosseuse, who is very ill: You know the love I have for her; I beg you would oblige me.------I answered, that

that I had too great a respect for him, to take offence at any thing he did; that I would go to her, and take as much care of her as if she was my own daughter; in the mean time, it would be adviseable for him to go a-hunting, and take all his attendants with him, that it might be the better hushed up. I had her quickly removed from the Maids of Honour's apartment, and put in a bye room, recommending to my Physician, and some women, to be very careful of her. It was God's pleasure that the child proved only a daughter, and that still-born.----The King my husband, on his return from hunting, found that I was gone to-bed again, as indeed I was extremely tired with rising so early, and the pains I had taken about Fosseusse. He desired me to get up again, and go and see her: I told him it was what I had readily done when she stood in need of my assistance, but at present all was happily over; besides, if I went to her, it would rather tend to discover than to conceal the matter, and that all the world would point at me. He seemed extremely angry; and this also vexed me not a little, as what I had done in the morning seemed to deserve a very different return."

Another passage in this Princess's Memoirs gives a lively description of the horrors attending the Massacre in Paris: 'When in a very sound sleep, says she, I was suddenly awakened by a knocking with the hands and feet at the door, and calling out, *Navarre! Navarre!* My Nurse, thinking it was the King my husband, hastened to the door; it was a Gentleman named De Tejan, bleeding very much, being wounded in two places, and with four yeomen of the guard at his heels, who forced their way after him into my room; he ran to my bed as a sanctuary; I leaped out, and he after me, clasping me round the body by the bed-side. We both cried out, one being no less frightened than the other. At length, as God would have it, M. de Naniac, Captain of the Guards, came in, and finding me in such a condition, tho' there was more call for pity, fell a laughing, as at something droll.---In the Louvre, in the King's sister's chamber, even on her very bed, Gentlemen are butchered, contrary to oaths and treaties! and Naniac, who had the character of one of the worthiest men at Court, laughs at the sight! He laughs in this horrible juncture! On this so execrable day he could laugh!

"Having

" Having ſhifted my linen, (adds this Princeſs) becauſe I was all over bloody, and throwing a night-gown over me, I went to the apartment of Madame de Lorraine; I was no ſooner in her anti-chamber, than a gentleman named Bourſe, flying from the yeomen of the guard, was ſtruck dead with a halberd cloſe by me. Five or ſix days after, the authors of theſe doings having failed in their principle ſcope, their intent not being ſo much againſt the Hugonots as the princes of the blood, were enraged that the king my huſband, and the prince of Conde had eſcaped, and knowing that, whilſt the king was my huſband, no body would join in an attempt againſt him, they went another way to work, perſuading the Queen my mother to get me unmarried. Waiting on her one morning in Eaſter, ſhe firſt made me ſwear to ſpeak the truth; then aſked me ſome extraordinary queſtion relating to the king; and then ſaid, there was a way to unmarry me. I begged of her to believe that I did not underſtand what ſhe aſked me, but that as ſhe had married me, I was for continuing ſo. It was pretty clear to me, that they wanted to ſeparate me from him, only to play him ſome ugly trick."

Henry IV. having no children by her, an overture was made to her in his name, for annulling their marriage; the tranquillity and welfare ſeemed to depend on his having iſſue. She aſſented to it in a manner equally noble, modeſt, and diſintereſted; ſo far from inſiſting on terms which the king muſt have come into, ſhe required only the diſcharge of her debts, and a decent allowance.

The LAWYER and JUSTICE.

By Mr. MOORE.

PAST twelve o' clock the watchman cry'd,
His brief the ſtudious lawyer ply'd;
The all prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earneſt of to-morrow's lie;
Sudden the furious winds ariſe,
The jarring caſement ſhatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow ſound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When juſtice in a blaze of light
Reveal'd her radiant form to ſight.

The

The wretch with thrilling horror ſhook,
Looſe ev'ry joint, and pale his look;
Not having ſeen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in reports,
He aſk'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence ſhe came?
Sternly the white-rob'd ſhade reply'd,
(A crimſon glow her viſage dy'd)
Canſt thou be doubtful who I am?
Is juſtice grown ſo ſtrange a name?
Were not your courts for juſtice rais'd?
'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee did I elect,
My ſacred temple to protect,
That thou and all thy venal tribe
Shou'd ſpurn the goddeſs for the bribe!
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Juſtice has neither ears nor eyes!
In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainſt me the judge denounces war,
And rarely iſſues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me.
She paus'd. Her breaſt with fury burn'd.
The trembling lawyer thus return'd.
I own the charge is juſtly laid,
And weak th' excuſe that can be made;
Yet ſearch the ſpacious globe, and ſee
If all mankind are not like me.
The gown-man, ſkill'd in Romiſh lies;
By faith's falſe glaſs deludes our eyes;
O'er conſcience rides without controul,
And robs the man, to ſave his ſoul.
The doctor, with important face,
By ſly deſign, miſtakes the caſe;
Preſcribes and ſpins out the diſeaſe,
To trick the patient of his fees.
The ſoldier, rough with many a ſcar,
And red with ſlaughter, leads the war;
If he a nation's truſt betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.
When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'reſt turns the ſcales,

Muſt I be better than the reſt,
And harbour juſtice in my breaſt?
On one ſide only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee?
Thou blind to ſenſe, and vile of mind,
Th' exaſperated ſhade rejoin'd;
If virtue from the world is flown,
Will other's frauds excuſe thy own?
For ſickly ſouls the prieſt was made;
Phyſicians, for the the body's aid;
The ſoldier guarded liberty;
Man, woman, and the lawyer, me.
If all are faithleſs to their truſt,
They leave not thee the leſs unjuſt.
Henceforth your pleadings I diſclaim,
And bar the ſanction of my name;
Within your courts it ſhall be read,
That juſtice from the law is fled.
She ſpoke; and hid in ſhades her face
'Till HARDWICK ſooth'd her into grace.

An EXTRACT *from a ſpirited and ſenſible Poem, lately publiſhed, intitled, An* EPISTLE *from* William Lord Ruſſel *to* William Lord Cavendiſh, *written in* Newgate, 20 July, 1663, *the night before he ſuffer'd.*

HERE Ruſſel lies, infranchis'd by the grave,
He priz'd his birth-right, nor would live a ſlave:
Few were his words; but honeſt and ſincere;
Dear were his friends, his country ſtill more dear;
In parents, children, wife, ſupremely bleſt,
But that one paſſion ſwallowed all the reſt;
To guard her freedom was his only pride;
Such was his love, and for that love he dy'd.
Yet fear not thou, when liberty diſplays
Her glorious flag, to ſteer his courſe to praiſe;
For know (whoe'er thou art that read'ſt his fate,
And think'ſt, perhaps, his ſuff'rings were too great),
Bleſs'd as he was, at her imperial call,
Wife, children, parents, he reſign'd them all;
Each fond affection then forſook his ſoul;
And *Amor Patriæ* occupied the whole;
In that great cauſe he joy'd to meet his doom,
Bleſs'd the keen Axe, and triumph'd o'er the tomb.

To the PRINTER.

Oh! That I could put in every honeſt hand
A whip, to laſh the raſcal naked through the world.
SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,

OF all the miſeries, to which human nature is expoſed, the pangs which a parent feels, upon a child's misfortune, is ſurely by far the greateſt. I ſpeak this, Mr. Editor, from experience; I am father to an unhappy girl, who was enticed from me a few weeks ago, by a villain (who always appeared to me under the ſacred name of a friend, and by that means had eaſy acceſs to my houſe) on pretence of marrying her, but when he had gained his ends, he made propoſals of keeping her as his miſtreſs, which the girl not reliſhing, he baſely deſerted her to a cenſorious world, and, what was ſtill worſe, to infamy. The poor wretch, who but a few hours before was deluding herſelf with the thoughts of enjoying all her heart could wiſh, was now bereft of her temporal happineſs, and abandoned to the excruciating orments of enſuing miſery. Which way was ſhe to ſteer? To return to me ſhe was aſhamed, (being conſcious how much I had ſuffered on her account) and to dip deeper in debauchery, appeared to her in a moſt horrid light. But one of thoſe peſts of ſociety, who are a ſcandal to mankind, getting intelligence of the ſituation ſhe was in, perſuaded her, with promiſes, to purſue what ſhe had already begun, and with a thouſand alluring temptations (which the unhappy young creature eaſily believed) prevailed upon her to retire to a brothel, where, O dire misfortune! ſhe commenced a life which cuts me to the ſoul to think of; to be the ſport of drunkards, and a ſlave to the vicious appetites of brutes; to extenuate one crime, by committing a much greater. Thus was ſhe reduced to a ſtate of proſtitution, and I, during the time, racking my imagination to invent means of finding her out; from place to place had I traverſed in purſuit of her; but, alas, all availed me not: The vile jade had induſtriouſly kept her concealed from every one, but thoſe to whoſe purpoſe ſhe was conſigned; and had it not been for the humanity of an unknown perſon, who wrote me an anonymous letter, acquainting me where ſhe was, I might ſtill, in ſilent anxiety, have deplored the loſs of my daughter.

Pray, ſir, is there no human puniſhment can be inflicted on a villain who thus violates the moſt ſacred ties? Shall the poor wretch, who, through exceſs of want, robs me of a few ſhillings, be puniſhed to the utmoſt rigour of the law, and ſhall he, who robs me of the greateſt bleſſing upon earth, my happineſs, eſcape with impunity? Nay, ſhall he even make a bravado of it? However, I recovered my daughter, faint and emaciated by diſeaſe, which had overtaken her, and robbed of that jewel, which is the ornament of the ſex.

'In vain with tears, the loſs ſhe may deplore,
'In vain look back, to what ſhe was before,
'She ſets like ſtars, that fall to riſe no more.'

She was ſtill dear to me, and would now willingly make atonement to her angry God, and much injured parents.

But I would aſk thoſe inſects of men, what end they aim at in purſuing the unwary part of the females? Is there one of them exiſting, who would reſign a daughter or ſiſter, thus to be plundered of her virtue, conſigned to infamy? Would they not ſhudder at the thought, and even hazard life to prevent it? Can any ſenſe of humanity lodge in the breaſts of thoſe reptiles, who ſtab any man in ſo tender a part? Do they imagine the all-ſeeing God will look down with indifference upon ſuch offenders, or that their offence will meet with the ſame applauſe in the next world it has done in this? No, in the words of Shakeſpeare,

'-------- -------- 'Tis not ſo above,
'There is no ſhuffling: There the action lies
'In its true nature! and we ourſelves compell'd,
'Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults--------

I am yours, &c.

July 17, 1764. SCIOLTO.

The LUCKY ESCAPE.

IT happened one evening in the winter, that as one Mr. Freeman, a young gentleman, and his ſervant were travelling together in a ſtrange road, they were almoſt benighted; and rain, with darkneſs coming on, and the weather too being windy and cold, they enquired of a labourer, whom they happened to meet, how far it was to the next town or village, where they might be entertained. The man anſwered them about

about eight or nine miles. What! ſaid Mr. Freeman, is there no inn nearer than eight or nine miles, that can accommodate two people and their horſes? No, Sir, replied the man; but, if you have a mind to ride down that lane about half a mile, there lives a very wealthy and hoſpitable gentleman as any is in this country; he will entertain you well, with all his heart, and be very glad of your company; but it is ten to one he drubs you well before you part. Indeed ſays our traveller, and why ſo? Does he treat every body that he entertains thus? Yes, Sir, returned the man, all ſtrangers; I think I do not know that ever I heard of any that came away without; but for all that he is as generous as a prince; if you can eat or drink gold, as the ſaying is, you may have it. What is his name? demanded the gentleman. 'Squire Blunt, replied the countryman. Well, John, quoth Mr. Freeman, to his ſervant, What is your opinion? ſhall we riſk a drubbing by paying a viſit to 'ſquire Blunt, or ſhall we travel on theſe eight or nine miles farther? Troth, ſir, anſwered the ſervant, if we ride eight miles further in the dark, we cannot tell what misfortunes or accidents may happen to us, but if you go to this gentleman's houſe, the worſt that can befal us, as far as I can find, is only to fare well and be thraſh'd. If I might adviſe you, ſir, I ſhould rather chuſe the latter; and alſo to do the beſt we can not to croſs the old gentleman. Why really John, ſaid his maſter, I own I am of the ſame way of thinking. So he threw the poor peaſant a ſhilling for his honeſt intelligence; and down the lane they went in queſt of the hoſpitable 'ſquire Blunt's. And accordingly, in a very ſhort time, they came to a very great houſe, that ſtood on the ſide of the lane, finely ſituated, and very noble and beautiful to behold; and upon their enquiry they found it to be the aforeſaid 'ſquire Blunt's: Upon which Mr. Freeman addreſſed himſelf to one of the ſervants, who happened to be at the gate, thus: Pray, ſir, does not Mr. Blunt live here? Yes, ſir, anſwered the ſervant. Is he at home? demanded the gentleman. Yes, ſir, returned the ſervant, I believe ſo; he was juſt now. Pray ſir, ſaid Mr. Freeman again, will you be ſo kind as to let him know that here is a gentleman and his ſervant at his gate, who are benighted: and, if it ſhould not be very inconvenient to his family, he would beg the favour of a bed in his houſe to night. Yes, anſwered the ſervant, I dare ſay my maſter will make you very wel-

come. Away he went and delivered the meſſage, as the gentleman deſired, immediately; and in a few minutes out came the 'ſquire to wait on him, and, with the utmoſt good nature imaginable, deſired him to alight and walk into his houſe; aſſuring him, that he ſhould be extremely welcome, and that he was very glad of his good company. Then, he ordered his groom to take both their horſes, and ſee that they were taken proper care of. The other ſervants were alſo charged not to let John want for any thing that the cellar and pantry afforded. Mr. Freeman was now introduced to the lady and a niece, by the 'ſquire himſelf. My dear, ſaid he, here is a worthy ſtranger, whom fortune has ſent to pay us a chance viſit; you muſt ſee and provide him a bed. And turning to his gueſt, ſaid to him, ſir, will you drink a glaſs of any thing, to comfort your ſtomach, after your ride? ſir, I thank you; I do not care if I do, replied our traveller. What will you have, ſaid the 'ſquire; Rum or Brandy, or Wine, or Uſquebaugh, or any other particular thing? Be free, and pleaſe yourſelf. Sir, returned Mr. Freeman, I will thank you for a glaſs of Rum, if you pleaſe; which was immediately brought. After which, it being about the cuſtomary hour, they ſoon drank tea and coffee. And that being over, the 'ſquire aſked him if he choſe to play a game at cards with the ladies, to divert time, till ſupper was ready. With all my heart, ſir, replied he. Here the card-table was called for; and the 'ſquire, his lady, their niece, and their gueſt, diverted themſelves at Whiſt, till ſupper was ſerved up. When the 'ſquire aſked him, if he might help him to the wing of a fowl; and was anſwered with all my heart, ſir; and ſo likewiſe, with the ſame eaſy compliance, through the whole time of ſupper. After the cloth was taken away, the 'ſquire aſk'd his gueſt, what liquors he choſe to drink; who anſwered, that his ale was ſo extremely good and fine, that he preferred it to any thing elſe; and therefore, deſired that he might keep to that; which was granted. So after they had ſat ſome time, entertaining each other with agreeable and unaffected converſation, the hoſpitable 'ſquire acquainted his gueſt, that he would not have him to ſit up out of complaiſance to his family, longer than he found it agreeable to himſelf. And by and by, they all retired to bed. But when Mr. Freeman was taking his leave, he was aſked by his hoſt, whether he deſired to be called up in the morning any ſooner than ordinary? and being

anſwered

anſwered in the negative, they all wiſhed him a happy repoſe; and every thing ſeemed very well, ſo far.

In the morning, about nine o' clock, he was called down to breakfaſt; and being aſked which he liked beſt, Coffee, Tea, or Chocolate; and whether he would have bread and butter, or toaſt and butter? He anſwered Coffee if you pleaſe, and toaſt and butter. After breakfaſt was over, our young traveller, in a very grateful and polite manner, thanked the 'ſquire, and his good lady, for their kind hoſpitality; and propoſed to purſue his journey. Accordingly his horſe was got ready, the 'ſquire attending to ſee him mount. And being now got ſafe into his ſaddle, he thought himſelf very ſecure from this expected drubbing bout. But being very deſirous to know by what means he had as yet ſo well eſcaped it, he reſolved to let the 'ſquire know what the countryman had reported of him the night before: And his hoſt now taking him by the hand, and demanding of him, whether he choſe a glaſs of any thing before he ſet forwards? He replied, If you pleaſe, ſir, I will thank you for a glaſs of your rum; and, if you will promiſe not to take it amiſs, I ſhould be glad, ſir, to aſk you one queſtion before I depart.

Angry! quoth the 'ſquire; far be it from me: You are a very worthy, ſenſible young gentleman; and you may aſk me what you pleaſe, without the leaſt apprehenſion of my diſpleaſure. Sir, I am obliged to you, replied his gueſt, but a poor countryman, who directed me laſt night to your hoſpitable houſe, when I deſpaired of reaching the next village, informed me that you was a very generous gentleman, as indeed I have found you, and would freely entertain me; but that it was a thouſand to one, he ſaid, that you would give me a hearty Drubbing before we parted, for that he had never heard of any one ſtranger that had eſcaped it. Now, ſir, if this be true, continued he, I ſhould be glad to be informed, by what accident I have the good luck, as yet, to avoid it, and ſo likely to depart in good friendſhip with you. Why, ſir, anſwered the 'ſquire, I will tell you, truly, how the affair ſtands. What the fellow told you, concerning my general quarrel with my gueſts, was true enough; and I will give you my reaſon for it: I thank providence I have a good eſtate; and, I believe, few people keep a better houſe than I do. And you muſt know, ſir, that I am never better pleaſed, than when I have ſome agreeable gueſts to keep me company; nor

do

do I ever ſhut my door againſt a ſtranger. But then, you muſt know, ſir, that there are ſo many impertinent, troubleſome, ſtupid coxcombs in the world, that I muſt own, before they leave my houſe, they generally provoke me to uſe them as they deſerve. When I am willing, nay, proud to entertain them with the beſt I have; and aſk one of them, Sir, what do you chuſe to drink? What you pleaſe, ſir, ſays he; as though I aſked them to drink not to pleaſe themſelves, but to pleaſe me. When I aſk another, Sir, what ſhall I help you to? Do you like coffee or tea beſt? Will you have toaſt, or bread and butter? The anſwers I generally receive to theſe queſtions, are, juſt as you pleaſe, ſir, it is the ſame thing to me; I do not care which; I had as lief have one as the other, and ſuch like. Now, ſir, theſe uncertain and inſipid anſwers, for I can call them no better, weary my patience beyond all bearing: For in my opinion, ſir, it is great impertinence, and very ill uſage; and therefore, as the man told you, we generally quarrel about it; but none, I think, have ever yet had ſenſe enough to find out the cauſe. Now, ſir, when I aſked what you would drink, you choſe rum; when I aſked whether you would play a game at cards, to divert you, you anſwered, with all my heart. At ſupper, do you like the wing of a fowl?---If you pleaſe.---Shall I help you to a bit of tart?---With all my heart.---Do you chuſe wine, ale, cyder, or punch?---Sir, I like your ale beſt.---In the morning, would you have coffee, tea, or chocolate?---Coffee, if you pleaſe.-----Toaſt and butter, or bread and butter?---I chuſe toaſt and butter.----And ſo forth. Thus, ſir, you find it is owing to your own merit and good ſenſe, that you have not been treated as the reſt of my gueſts have hitherto generaly been. And if ever you travel this way again, I deſire, ſir, that you will call and ſee me; for I do aſſure you that not a man in the world ſhall ever be more welcome.

Here Mr. Freeman repeated his thanks; and, after ſome ſmall ceremonies had paſſed on each ſide, he ſet off, in purſuit of his journey, very well ſatisfied with his night's entertainment, and his having eſcaped the danger of a Drubbing.

*

The

The SPIDER, *and the* BEE.

A FABLE.

By Mr. Moore.

THE nymph, who walks the public ſtreets,
And ſets her cap at all ſhe meets,
May catch the fool who turns to ſtare,
But men of ſenſe avoid the ſnare.

As on the margin of the flood,
With ſilken line, my Lidia ſtood,
I ſmil'd to ſee the pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudful hook:
Along the foreſt as we ſtray'd,
You ſaw the boy his lime-twigg ſpread;
Gueſs'd you the reaſon of his fear,
Leſt, heedleſs, we approach'd too near?
For as behind the buſh we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the ſpray.

Needs there ſuch caution to delude
The ſcaly fry, or feather'd brood?
And think you with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?

The maid, who modeſtly conceals
Her beauties, while ſhe hides, reveals;
Give but a glimpſe, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was;
From Eve's firſt fig-leaf to brocade,
All dreſs was meant for fancy's aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the baſhful nymph conceals.

When Celia ſtruts in man's attire,
She ſhews too much to raiſe deſire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very ſhoe has pow'r to wound.

The

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air
May catch the fop; for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook, and bait, alike;
While salmon play regardless by,
Till art, like nature, forms the fly.

Beneath a peasant's homely thatch,
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night, with restless care,
She spun her web, and wove her snare.
Within the limits of her reign,
Lay many a heedless captive slain,
Or flutt'ring, struggled in the toils,
To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.

A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began----Mean thing give o'er,
And lay thy slender threads no more;
A thoughtless fly, or two at most.
Is all the conquest thou canst boast;
For bees of sense thy arts evade,
We see so plain the nets are laid.

The gaudy tulip, that displays
Her spreading foliage to the gaze;
That points her charms at all she sees,
And yields to every wanton breeze,
Attracts not me. Where blushing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant bosom lie;
Reluctant she my ardour meets,
And bashful, renders up her sweets,

To wiser heads attention lend,
And learn this lesson from a friend.
She, who with modesty retires,
Adds fewel to her lover's fires;
While such incautious jilts as you,
By folly your own schemes undo.

INSOLENCE and COWARDICE Companions.

The Brave, 'tis true, do never ſhun the Light,
Juſt are their Thoughts, and open are their Tempers,
Freely without Diſguiſe, they love and hate,
Still are they found in the fair Face of Day,
And Heaven and Men are Judges of their Actions.

ROW. FAIR PEN.

CAPT. Bounce was ſome years ago commander of a man of war in the royal Navy, but bore the character of an imperious cruel tyrant. Happening to be ſtationed in a ſquadron in the Weſt-Indies, he carried ſuch an overbearing ſway on board his ſhip, that all his officers became indifferent to their warrants, and many of them were about to give them up, rather than be villain-rid by ſuch a ſcoundrel, when the following accident happened.------One day this honourable and killing-captain, ſeignior Bounce, being aſhore at Port-Royal in Jamaica, Mr. Britiſh, his youngeſt lieutenant, having ſome buſineſs there alſo, obtained leave of his brother, the eldeſt lieutenant, who, in courſe, had the command when the captain was out of the ſhip, to go on ſhore to tranſact it; and being in a coffee-houſe, ſome hours after, who ſhould come in, but captain Bounce, his own magnanimous commander. As ſoon as he ſaw him, Mr. Britiſh, in a very polite and reſpectful manner, ſaluted him with his hat, which was as ſcornfully received by the captain; who, after ſtrutting two or three times about the room, to ſhew the dignity of his deportment, inſtead of returning the compliment, demanded, in a very haughty and inſolent ſtrain, What buſineſs he had on ſhore without his leave? Mr. Britiſh replied, Sir, If I had not had Buſineſs to do on ſhore, I ſhould not have come on ſhore. Who gave you leave to come out of the ſhip? Cries our mighty man of power. Why, the firſt lieutenant, ſir, replies Mr. Britiſh. Why then, ſays the captain, in a boiſterous tone, I command you to go on board again. Sir, ſays the lieutenant, I have not yet done my buſineſs for which I came on ſhore, nor can I this hour or two, but as ſoon as I can diſpatch it I will. Damme, ſir, replied the captain, I'll make you know that I am your commander, and I don't care whether you have done your

 buſineſs

buſineſs or not, you ſhall go immediately on board, or elſe I'll puniſh you. Damme! Sir, replied the lieutenant, you may proceed as you think proper, I know my duty as well as you know yours. Damme, ſir, ſays our ſovereign captain, don't you be ſaucy, but go directly on board, as I command you, or, damme, ſir, I ſhall cane you. No, ſir, replies the other, I fancy you know better than to do that. Sir, ſaid the captain again, ſwelling like a turkey-cock, do you dare me to it? No, ſir, replies the lieutenant, I have no reaſon to do that; I ſuppoſe you will not offer to do that which you cannot anſwer. Damme, ſir, cries the bold captain, in a very great paſſion, you are impudent! But if you do not go on board this minute, as I order you, I'll break your bones, you ſcoundrel! Sir, replies Mr. Britiſh, you may uſe your pleaſure. And ſo, ſir, demands the captain again, you will not obey my command? Damme, ſir, but I'll make you, for all your high ſpirit; I'll ſoon pull it down, I'll warrant you. With that he began laying on with his cane very heartily, and, as I have ſaid, in a public coffee-room. The lieutenant never offered to lift his hand again, or to oppoſe his blows in any ſenſe, but retreated backward out of the coffee-room in the beſt manner he could, and the captain purſued him with his active cane, to the very door; and then he returned ſtrutting and bluſtering, and as proud of victory, as though he had killed a giant. D-----n 'em, ſays he, theſe impertinent lieutenants are grown to ſuch a pitch of inſolence, that they think themſelves as good as their commanders, but I'll make them know the difference, and teach them otherwiſe, at leaſt thoſe that belong to me, or I'll ſerve them as they deſerve. Thus he ran on, ſeemingly as diſſatisfied as tho' he had taken no vengeance at all for the above monſtrous indignity; but the prudent young gentleman had no ſooner received his drubbing, but he went directly into his boat, and, as he was commanded, immediately on board his ſhip, where he informed his brother-officers of this rencounter with his captain; and, on the firſt lieutenant's demanding of him how he intended to proceed, in order to obtain ſatisfaction for his ill uſage, he anſwered, that he ſhould not have come ſo ſoon on board again, nor, at leaſt till he had done his buſineſs, for which he went on ſhore, but that he wanted a certain inſtrument of parchment, that was in his Eſcrutore, and hoped that he would give him leave

to

to go on ſhore again directly, becauſe his buſineſs was now with the commodore. The lieutenant knew his meaning, and told him he might go and welcome, if he pleaſed.

So he went into his cabin, and out of his eſcrutuore he took his warrant, which was the very thing that brought him ſo ſoon on board after his thraſhing-bout, and went with it immediately to the houſe of the commodore, who, as is cuſtomary for commanders in chief of a ſtationed ſquadron, lived conſtantly on ſhore, in a houſe facing the harbour; from whence, by an enſign, he could make a ſignal to his ſhip at pleaſure. Mr. Britiſh finding the commodore at home, ſent in his name and duty to that officer, deſiring leave to ſpeak with him, on a very particular buſineſs. On which he was immediately admitted. Well, ſir, ſays the commodore, what may be your commands with me? May it pleaſe your honour, replies Mr. Britiſh, this is the firſt time I was ever in the Weſt-Indies, and I find it ſo far diſagrees with my conſtitution, that I muſt beg leave to reſign up my warrant, for I am, at preſent, ſo far indiſpoſed, that I am incapable of ſerving his majeſty as I ought, and my intentions are to go for England with the firſt opportunity.

Come ſir, ſays the commodore, I fancy I can ſee into the true cauſe of your deſiring at preſent, to quit his majeſty's ſervice; your captain, and you, I am apt to think, may not agree ſo well as you ought; he is a very unpleaſant man to ſerve under, I own, and not very agreeable to his officers in particular. However ſir, if there is any ſuch meaning in the preſent caſe, and you'll acquaint me with it freely, I'll give you my honour you ſhall have that juſtice done you which your cauſe deſerves. Sir, replys the lieutenant, I thank your honour for your kind propoſal, but I have no complaint againſt my captain in the leaſt; I am above that, I do aſſure you that I am not well at eaſe, and my deſires and inclinations are to my native air, which I hope will again enable me to accept the honour of re-entering his majeſty's ſervice to my own ſatisfaction and the credit of my endeavours. Well, ſir, ſays the commodore, be it as you pleaſe; and I heartily wiſh you a better State of health, but I can't help doubting the ingenuity of your reaſons for giving up your commiſſion, and would willingly do any thing in my power to put things upon a right footing. Mr. Britiſh thanked him for his proffered good office, and deſired the favour of a line

to the commander of his late ſhip, for the uſe of his long-boat to put his things aſhore for him, which the commodore immediately ordered his ſecretary to write for him. So after he had taken his leave of that officer, he went with his order again on board, and informing the officers there, with what he had done, that he was now no longer their ſhip-mate, they all rejoiced at, applauded his ſpirit, and then drank a parting bowl, to the good ſucceſs of his prudent and noble determination; and after having all his things put into the boat, he very politely took his leave of the whole ſhip's company, who all expreſt their concern for the loſs of ſo worthy a man, and made again for ſhore.

As ſoon as the valiant captain Bounce came again on board, all his officers attended to accommodate him at his entrance into the ſhip, as uſual, but miſſing our young hero, Mr. Britiſh, amongſt the number, he calls to his firſt lieutenant with an accent of terror, or, perhaps fear; Where is Mr. Britiſh? Is he not on board? No, ſir, replyed the lieutenant, he aſked me leave to go on ſhore, to tranſact ſome particular buſineſs, and ſome hours after, he came on board again, with a written order from the commodore, to put all his things on ſhore, and told us, that he was no longer a ſhip-mate here; there, ſir, is the commodore's order. At this, our bully captain began to draw concluſions, and turned as pale as death. Sir, ſaid he to the lieutenant, did he ſay any thing to you, of what happened to-day on ſhore? No, ſir, replyed he, only that he found himſelf out of order, and deſigned to go for England the firſt opportunity. After the captain had aſked what queſtions his impatience had forced him to, and gaining but little ſatisfaction from the anſwers, he deſired the firſt lieutenant's company to ſup with him that night, in order to pump him a little further, for he was plaguy uneaſy; which the lieutenant accepted of. And after ſupper was over, ſays the captain to him, I fancy that Mr. Britiſh has quitted the ſervice on account of what happened to-day between him and me, at ſuch a coffee-houſe; and, if ſo, I am very ſorry for it; but, demme, he was very ſaucy to me, and my paſſion carried me ſo far as to ſtrike him for it; but I am ſorry he has laid down his warrant, becauſe I would have made him amends, and would have been his friend towards his promotion, had he continued in my ſhip; and now it may be a great while, perhaps, before he gets another; but however, if he

does

does not leave the iſland ſoon, I'll uſe my intereſt with the commodore in his behalf. Thus he ran on with his deceitful inſinuations for ſome time; but it was fourteen days after this, before he durſt venture again out of his ſhip: But, at the expiration of about that time, imagining, that by this there might be no great danger, he ordered out his barge, and went directly on ſhore to the ſame coffee-houſe, to ſound how the affair ſtood, and to inform himſelf whether Mr. Britiſh was ſailed from England or not. But, ſcarce was he got out of his barge, before Mr. Britiſh was informed of it; for he had employed ſeveral proper perſons to keep a continual look-out for him; ſo that he was almoſt as ſoon at the coffee-houſe as our mighty captain Bounce, who is now juſt upon the point of ſhewing his magnanimity. As ſoon as Mr. Britiſh ſaw his creditor, the captain, who was magnificently garniſhed out with ſcarlet and gold, he ſalutes him with his hat, in the following manner: Noble captain Bounce, your humble ſervant, I am extremely glad to ſee you, for I began to deſpair of ever ſetting eyes on you again. The captain, a good deal ſurpriz'd and ſhocked at this, turned about, pulled off his hat, and with his hand almoſt to the ground, ran to meet him. Dear, ſir, ſays he, I am infinitely glad to ſee you; I was told you was going for England; and, if ſo, I wiſh you a very good paſſage, and heartily beg your pardon for my ill treating of you in this room, the laſt time I ſaw you; and which had not happened, but that I had been croſs'd in my temper before, and put in ſo violent a paſſion, that I was not maſter of my reaſon; and therefore, ſir, I hope you'll think no more of it. Oh, ſir, replies Mr. Britiſh, as calm as could be, pray do not ſpeak of it, ſuch trifles as thoſe are not worth mentioning between friends; but faith, captain, when I ſee you in that fiery garb, it puts me in mind of a ſhort ſong that I have ſomewhere heard, and which I'll give you, if you'll not be offended at it. It runs thus:

(To the tune of a ſoldier and a ſailor.)

A Man that's cloath'd in ſcarlet,
Though never ſo great a varlet,
Will bully, ſwear, and threat, ſir,
And oft his oaths repeat, ſir,

Though

Though he dares not draw his ſword.
He'll ſtrut and boaſt commiſſion,
Though in a poor condition,
And ſneak to cram his paunch, ſir;
Yet damns at every word,
Yet damns at every word.

This ſong from Mr. Britiſh, ſet the whole coffee-room in a laughter, except our captain, who, by his various agitations, and his countenance, expreſs'd a great diſlike to it; and at length, being weary of the rubs and hints of the company, he determined to aſſume himſelf, and try one more air with this ſatirical ſongſter. So, after he had erected his creſt to the beſt advantage, he addreſs'd his old friend, as follows: Damme, ſir, what may you mean by the inſinuation of that ſong? any thing concerning my cloaths? No, ſir, not in the leaſt, replies Mr. Britiſh, only that, if I remember right, I am in your debt, and I do not like being under obligations, if I can help it, therefore, ſir, in order to come to a ſpeedy ballance with you, I muſt conſide you and I as the twin brothers, Caſtor and Pollux, and, conſequently, cannot ſhine together in one ſphere; and therefore, ſir, to be brief, either you or I muſt immediately quit this room. Now, ſir, as I was obliged to give place to you the laſt time I was here, I look upon it as reaſonable that you ſhould do the ſame at preſent to me. Here the captain began to look very fooliſh, if we can ſuppoſe ſuch a look from a captain of a man of war. But Mr. Britiſh, not ſtaying for an anſwer, clapped his left hand upon his ſword, to let the captain ſee that it was ready, and with his right began to cane him, as hard as he was able to lay him on; and, notwithſtanding the blows fell ſo thick, that he could guard but very few of them, he never offered to ſtrike one blow in return, or to lay his hand on his ſword, which was then by his ſide, either to defend or oppoſe it; but, with the greateſt cowardly confuſion, cry'd out, Damme, ſir, what do you mean? and, damme, ſir, what's this for? and with theſe words he retreated backwards out of the coffee-room. But Mr. Britiſh was not contented here, with barely keeping the field of battle, but kept purſuing his flying enemy, with many a heavy ſtroke, down to his very boat; who, like a luſty fellow, called out to his boat's crew, as loud as he could, for aſſiſtance; and ſeveral of them, though much

much againſt their wills, were coming to obey his command, when the young gentleman, ſtill caning their captain, called out to them, Look ye, gentlemen, if either of you ſhall offer to come near me, or to oppoſe the juſtice of my vengeance, I'll that moment ſhoot him dead on the ſpot. Here he drew a piſtol out of his pocket with his left hand, and ſtill continued drubbing the good captain with his right; ſo that the boat's crew hearing his threat, and ſeeing the piſtol ready in his hand, return'd to their boat, and with inward joy behold their worthy commander fairly drubb'd into his barge; and all that any of them offered to do in his defence, after the above menace, was to call out to Mr. Britiſh, with a kind of ſneer, Pray, ſir, don't kill the captain! For heaven's ſake, ſir, don't murder the captain! and ſo on, to that effect, till he jump'd into his barge. And then, Mr. Britiſh pull'd off his hat to him, ſaying, Now, noble captain, we are even; and if you have any further demand upon me, I am to be heard of at ſuch a place, and ſo, ſir, I wiſh you well on board, and am from this minute, your very humble ſervant, moſt valiant Captain. To which the captain reply'd, adjuſting himſelf in the Barge, and with an accent of diſguſt, Damme, ſir, I ſhall remember you! Mr. Britiſh made anſwer, I think, indeed, you cannot eaſily forget me now. And ſo he returned to the coffee-houſe, where he received the commendation of every perſon there, for his humourous Behaviour towards the good captain Bounce; and the ſhip's company received the news on board from the boat's crew, with a general joy and approbation. The commodore was likewiſe ſo well pleaſed with the above account, that he ſent for Mr. Britiſh, and made him lieutenant on board his own ſhip, with a promiſe to prefer him the firſt opportunity; and to make a vacancy for him, he ſent one of his own lieutenants on board of capt. Bounce in his room, whoſe place had only been ſupplied by an extra-lieutenant by the commodore's order. For, the next day after our young hero had reſigned his warrant, the commodore made ſome enquiry into the cauſe of it, and was ſoon informed how the captain had uſed him in the publick coffee-room. Upon which information, he ordered one of captain Bounce's mates to act as lieutenant, till he ſaw how Mr. Britiſh was diſpoſed to act; and being informed of his returning the complement, as I have here related it, he appointed one of his own lieutenants on board of captain

Bounce,

Bounce, with a letter to him under his own hand, wherein he gave him joy of his late entertainment at the coffee-houſe, and hoped it would prove a uſeful monitor to him for the future; but as for the officer which he had ſent him, and the bearer of that letter, he had adviſed him to be very cautious how he treated him, becauſe if he ſhould attempt to uſe him in the leaſt ill, he aſſured him that he ſhould be obliged to take cognizance of it himſelf. Which with the above-mentioned drubbing, they ſaid had a very good effect upon the honourable Mr. Bounce's behaviour for ſome time.

An ANECDOTE relative to MOLIERE.

MOLIERE, the great comic-poet of France, was eſteemed an excellent actor. He died in performing the part of the Hypochondriac in a comedy of his own writing, call'd Le Malade Imaginaire, which is part of a comedy in Engliſh called the Mother-in-law, on the 17th of February, 1679, in his grand climacteric. The archbiſhop of Paris would not allow his body to be buried in conſecrated ground, which the king being informed of, ſent for the archbiſhop, and expoſtulated with him; but he was an obſtinate churchman, and would not willingly condeſcend to his majeſty's perſuaſions. The king, finding him unwilling to comply, deſired to know how many feet deep the holy ground reached? The biſhop replied, *About eight. Well*, replied the king, *I find there is no getting the better of your ſcruples; therefore let his grave be dug twelve feet, that's four below your conſecrated ground, and let them bury him there.* The archbiſhop was obliged to comply; for Lewis the XIVth would be obeyed.

An ANECDOTE relative to the Earl of BATH.

THE celebrated Mr. P---------y, afterwards earl of Bath, ſoon after he had changed ſides and began to exert his eloquence in favour of the miniſtry, complained to the honourable Mr. * * * * of having received ſome coarſe indignities, and in particular, that a certain perſon had ſaid in his hearing that he was a *ſh-tt-n* fellow. *Aye*, ſays his honour, who ſtuttered very much, *that he was a da----m'd impu---dent fellow, though to be ſure with ref-----pect to your prin-----ciples you are* al----tur'd.

The ſtory incloſed in the following Letter contains ſuch a mixture of humour, and good ſenſe, that we cannot refuſe our correſpondent's requeſt to inſert it, juſt as he received it, leaving the public to judge as to the probability of circumſtances.

Mancheſter 15*th. Aug.* 1764.

To Mr. WHITWORTH.

I Have juſt procured the incloſed copy from the writer in town;---- as the account is ſomething curious, I thought you would perhaps allow it a place in your little, though entertaining collection.

I am, ſir,

your conſtant reader, &c.

EXTRACT *of a* LETTER *from a Gentleman in* Lancaſter, *to his brother in* London.

I Have been a walk into the country this afternoon, and am furniſhed with a ſtory, which I ſhall tell thee without aggravation. On Friday laſt was killed, about a mile from this town, a dog, whoſe robberies and ſagacity juſtly entitle him to be deem'd the Turpin of his ſpecies. This amazing animal has had addreſs enough to preſerve his being, (ſupported entirely by the blood of ſheep and lambs) on a common, not above two miles over, in ſpite of the united efforts of all the hang-dogs of this town and neighbourhood, for twelve months together; inſomuch, that the damage he has done in that time, is computed at above three hundred pounds.----When he firſt ſhook off his allegiance to mankind, and preferr'd liberty and danger, to eaſe and ſervitude, he begun, like moſt of his younger brethren, on the Bath road, with ſome modeſty and diffidence;----a lamb was tolerable proviſion for a week; and then no veſtiges of it betrayed the place of his abode.-----But growing more ſecure in his perſon, and more delicate in his palate, a ſheep or lamb fell almoſt daily victims to his thirſt; for it muſt be obſerv'd he only ſuck'd the blood; the careaſs he always buried with great decency in ſome remote part of the common, covering the grave with the green turf to prevent diſcoveries:----This

 made

made the ſhepherd believe the devil himſelf was turn'd ſheep-ſtealer, till they found out his fineſſe; and then lambs were frequently taken out of their graves alive, and by proper care recovered.

During theſe tranſactions the delinquent was ſcarce ever ſeen; and when he was, he knew his crimes too well to come within gunſhot of any of the human race: five guineas were offer'd by our corporation for his head, which created numberleſs adventurers; ſome with guns; others with traps; ſome with baits and trails; and others hunted him with his own ſpecies, but all in vain; till love, that diſturber of high and of low, that enemy to the peace and fame of the four as well as two-legged part of the creation, brought him to a death, infinitely ſhort of his merit and ſurprizing advances towards greatneſs. (Pr'y thee, what doſt call thoſe great men, that have been playing the devil ſo long in Germany? are they any thing more or leſs than ſheep-worriers?) but as I was ſaying, 'twas love that gave the finiſhing ſtroke to this great general of a Quadrupede; for he knew how to forage, or form a retreat, as well as the beſt of 'em.

In that genial ſeaſon, when nature throws the enlivening effluvia round the female of the ſpecies, his ſenſes were ſtruck! he felt----he long'd----forgot his danger----and with quivering tail----erect ears----and ſudden ſtarts----was telling unutterable things; when a diſcharge of ruſty nails from a conceal'd gun, put an end to both his love and life together! So fell Charles of the north, when he was courting his miſtreſs, *fame*, in a ditch!

Shall I ſay any thing more of my hero's abilities? how he foil'd his purſuers at their own weapons? or take my microſcope and find out the crevice that parts reaſon and inſtinct; indeed I cannot----'tis quite dark----ſo indeed is the evening, which furniſhes me with an excuſe to conclude

thy affectionate brother,

A. W.

A remarkable STORY *of* CLEARCHUS, *a devout Man in* ASIA.

A Certain heathen man in Aſia, who poſſeſſed vaſt herds of cattle, was accuſtomed to make moſt magnificent oblations to the Gods. This Grandee once made a pilgrimage

mage to Delphos, famous in those days for the Oracle of Apollo. He carried with him one hundred bulls, whose horns were enchased with gold, being spurr'd on with an extraordinary devotion, and desiring to do a singular honour to the God. When he arrived at the place, puffed up with his costly presents, and the flatteries of his attendants, he boldly approached the temple, thinking no man on earth more worthy of the God's friendship than himself; demanding of the Pythoness (for so they called the woman, who performed the office of priesthood there) who, among all mortals, made the most acceptable sacrifices, and departed with the greatest blessing from the Oracle? (for he presumed the preheminence would be granted to himself.) When she answered, *That one* Clearchus *of* Methydrium *was the most devout, and dearest to the* Gods, *of all men.*

Astonished above measure at this unexpected reply, the vain bigot resolved to find out this man, and learn of him what method he took to please the Divinity. He hastened therefore to Methydrium; and when he first came within view of it, he despised the meanness of the place, judging it impossible that one man, or all the town, could be able to present the Gods with more magnificent oblations than he. Having found out Clearchus, he asked him, what sacrifices he used to make to Apollo? To whom Clearchus replied, 'I am a poor man, and when I go to Delphos, I carry neither 'silver nor gold, but only a basket of fruit, the best that 'my farm affords, which I freely offer to the powers which 'govern all things, and from whom I receive whatsoever I 'enjoy. Moreover, I keep the appointed holidays, and my 'poorer neighbours go cheerful from my table. I never killed 'any thing; nor have I done to another, that which I would 'not have done to myself. I pray to Jupiter every morning 'before the sun arises, and at night when he goes down. I 'keep myself and my cottage clean. In all things else I live 'like the beasts.' That is according to nature.

You may perceive by this, that simplicity and innocence are the most acceptable sacrifices to the supremely merciful; and that the most high God takes no pleasure in the smoak of burnt-offerings, or the pompous addresses of the great; but the pure flames of a devout heart, the integrity of a just man, void of deceit and guile.

The SPARROW, and the DOVE.

A Fable.

IT was, as learn'd traditions ſay,
Upon an April's blithſome day,
When pleaſure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the ſpring,
And chear'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Inſtructing little hearts to beat;
A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold addreſs and flippant tongue,
Juſt left his lady of a night,
Like him, to follow new delight.
The youth of many a conqueſt vain,
Flew off to ſeek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a ſaucy eaſe, bow'd round.
For every ſhe his boſom burns,
And this, and that he woes by turns;
And here a ſigh, and there a bill,
And here-----thoſe eyes ſo form'd to kill!
And now with ready tongue, he ſtrings
Unmeaning, ſoft reſiſtleſs things;
With vows, and dem---me's ſkill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.
Not that he thought this ſhort eſſay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, truſt me, ſays our letter,
He knew the virtuous ſex much better;
But theſe he held as ſpecious arts,
To ſhew his own ſuperior parts,
The form of decency to ſhield,
And give a juſt pretence to yield.
Thus finiſhing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
With careleſs impudence drew near,
And whiſper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which like the maſon's ſign,
The conſcious can alone divine.
The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd, Sir-----pray Sir, explain your meaning----
Go prate to thoſe, that may endure ye-----
To me this rudeneſs!----I'll aſſure ye!-----

Then

Then off ſhe glided, like a ſwallow,
As ſaying----you gueſs where to follow.
To ſuch as know the party ſet,
'Tis needleſs to declare they met;
The parſon's barn, as authors mention,
Confeſs'd the fair had apprehenſion.
Her honour there ſecure from ſtain,
She held all farther trifling vain,
No more affected to be coy,
But ruſh'd, licentious, on the joy.
Hiſt, love!----the male companion cry'd,
Retire a while, I fear we're ſpy'd.
Nor was the caution vain; he ſaw
A Turtle, ruſtling in the ſtraw,
While o'er her callow brood ſhe hung,
And fondly thus addreſs'd her young.
Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpleſs pair;
Anon he comes, your gentle ſire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us, with only love to guide,
Our lord aſſumes an eagle's ſpeed,
And like a lion, dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wint'ry ſkies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudeſt wind,
From danger tears the vital ſpoil,
And with affection ſweetens toil.
Ah ceaſe, too ventrous! ceaſe to dare,
In thine, our dearer ſafety ſpare!
From him, ye cruel falcons, ſtray,
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!
Should I ſurvive to ſee the day,
That tears me from myſelf away,
That cancels all that heav'n could give,
The life, by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than loſt were I,
Who, in the thought, already die!
Ye pow'rs, whom men, and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, ſay,
Why mourning comes, by bliſs convey'd,
And ev'n the ſweets of love allay'd?

Where

Where grows enjoyment, tall, and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our ſouls poſſeſs,
Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bleſs;
Yet friendſhip forms the bliſs above,
And, life! what art thou, without love?
Our hero, who had hear'd apart,
Felt ſomething moving in his heart,
But quickly, with diſdain, ſuppreſs'd
The virtue, riſing in his breaſt;
And firſt he feign'd to laugh aloud,
And next, approaching, ſmil'd and bow'd.
Madam, you muſt not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I come thro' pure good nature----
(Upon my ſoul a charming creature)
Are theſe the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloiſter'd, moaping life?
No doubt, that odious thing, call'd duty,
Is a ſweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is meaſur'd by thy want of ſkill;
That good old-faſhion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other----
The greateſt ill in the creation,
Is ſure the want of education.
But think ye?----tell me without feigning,
Have all theſe charms no farther meaning?
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyſhip much better.
For ſhame, reject this mean employment,
Enter the world, and taſte enjoyment;
Where time, by circling bliſs, we meaſure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleaſure;
Come, prove the bleſſing, follow me,
Be wiſe, be happy, and be free.
Kind Sir, reply'd our matron chaſte,
Your zeal ſeems pretty much in haſte;
I own the fondneſs to be bleſs'd
Is a deep thirſt in ev'ry breaſt;
Of bleſſings too I have my ſtore,
Yet quarrel not, ſhould heaven give more;

Then

Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your moſt obedient.
Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant ſpoke, and ſmil'd ſuperior.
Methinks, to quit your boaſted ſtation
Requires a world of heſitation;
Where brats, and bonds are held a bleſſing,
The caſe, I doubt, is paſt redreſſing.
Why, child, ſuppoſe the joys I mention,
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You've cauſe ſufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curſe of marriage;
That ſly decoy, with varied ſnares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs;
Alike to huſband, and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life;
The only method of forecaſting,
To make misfortune firm, and laſting;
The ſin, by heaven's peculiar ſentence,
Unpardon'd through a life's repentance.
It is the double ſnake, that weds,
A common tail to diff'rent heads,
That lead the carcaſe ſtill aſtray,
By dragging each a diff'rent way.
Of all the ills, that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!
Give me frank nature's wild demeſne,
And boundleſs tracks of air ſerene,
Where fancy ever wing'd for change,
Delights to ſport, delights to range;
There, liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliſs is worth beſtowing;
Delights, ſtill varied, and divine,
Sweet goddeſs of the hills! are thine.
What ſay you now, you pretty pink you?
Have I, for once, ſpoke reaſon, think you?
You take me now for no romancer----
Come, never ſtudy for an anſwer;
Away, caſt every care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone ſhall find ye.
Soft yet, return'd our female fencer,
A queſtion more, or ſo----and then Sir.

You've

You've rallied me with ſenſe exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
Do thoſe of your world never wive it?
" No, no----How then?---" Why dare I tell?----
" What does the buſineſs full as well."
Do you ne'er love?---An hour at leiſure.'
Have you no friendſhips?---" Yes, for pleaſure."
No care for little ones?--- We get 'em,
" The reſt the mother's mind---and let 'em."
Thou Wretch, rejoin'd the kindling Dove,
Quite loſt to life, as loſt to love!
Whenc'er misfortune comes, how juſt!
And come misfortune ſurely muſt;
In the dread ſeaſon of diſmay,
In that, your hour of trial, ſay,
Who then ſhall prop your ſinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?
Say, when the black-brow'd welken bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all tranſient chear,
And blaſts the melancholy year;
For times, at no perſwaſion, ſtay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where's that tongue, by folly fed,
That ſoul of pertneſs, whither fled?
All ſhrunk within thy lonely neſt,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unbleſs'd;
No friend, by cordial bonds ally'd,
Shall ſeek thy cold unſocial ſide;
No chirping prattlers to delight,
Shall turn the long enduring night;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her conſtant heart.
Freedom, reſtrain'd by reaſons force,
Is as the ſun's unvarying courſe,
Benignly active, ſweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But torn from virtue's ſacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Fore-

Conclusion of the Fable of the Sparrow and the Dove.

Fore-boding cares, and ſtorms, and ſtrife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.
Thou fool! by union ev'ry creature
Subſiſts, thro' univerſal nature;
And this to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock, of a meaner kind.
While womb'd in ſpace, primæval clay
A yet unfaſhion'd embrio lay,
The ſource of endleſs good above
Shot down his ſpark of kindling love;
Touch'd by the all-enliv'ning flame,
Then motion firſt exulting came;
Each atom ſought its ſep'rate claſs,
Thro' many a fair enamour'd maſs;
Love caſt the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form, and order o'er the ſky,
Firſt train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The ſun diſplay'd his orb to ſight,
And burn'd with hymeneal light.
Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her firſt-born heir,
And ſcal'd the breathing ſteep of air;
Then infant ſtems, of various uſe,
Imbib'd her ſoft, maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom diſclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breaſt repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endleſs form, and hue;
Then pour'd her leſſer offſpring round,
And fondly cloath'd their parent ground.
Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumbring form detain'd;
But thence, ſubliming, and refin'd,
Aſpir'd, and reach'd its kindred mind,
Caught in the fond, celeſtial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown deſire,

And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there;
On all with circling radiance shone;
But centring, fix'd on one alone;
There clasp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.
Here ever blessing, ever bless'd,
Resides this beauty of the breast,
As from his Palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad,
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring, by which the world is bound,
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.
The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart and spirit live,
Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give;
Like echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty fold.
Their union firm and undecay'd,
Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade,
But as the stem, and scion stand,
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
They check the tempest's wintry rage,
And bloom and strengthen into age.
A thousand amities unknown,
And pow'rs perceived by love alone,
Endearing looks, and chaste desire,
Fan, and support the mutual fire,
Whose flame, perpetual, as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.
Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends,
Like Nile it opens, and descends;
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celestial head.
The fire, first springing from above
Becomes the source of life, and love.

And

And gives his filial heir to flow,
In fondneſs down on ſons below;
Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
To time's extremeſt verge they glide,
While kindred ſtreams, on either hand,
Branch forth in bleſſings o'er the land.
Thee, wretch! no liſping babe ſhall name,
No late returning brother claim,
No kinſmen on thy road rejoice,
No ſiſter greet thy entring voice,
With partial eyes no parents ſee,
And bleſs their years, reſtor'd in thee.
In age rejected, or declin'd,
An alien, ev'n among thy kind,
The partner of thy ſcorn'd embrace,
Shall play the wanton in thy face,
Each ſpark unplume thy little pride,
All friendſhip fly thy faithleſs ſide,
Thy name ſhall like thy carcaſs rot,
In ſickneſs ſpurn'd, in death forgot.
All-giving pow'r! great ſource of life!
O hear the parent! hear the wife!
That life, thou lendeſt from above,
Though little, make it large in love;
O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand,
To thoſe, from whom my days I drew,
To theſe, in whom thoſe days renew,
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd,
To friends, with ſteely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel, not unkind.
But chief, the lord of my deſire,
My life, myſelf, my ſoul, my ſire,
Friends, children, all that wiſh can claim,
Chaſte paſſion claſp, and rapture name,
O ſpare him, ſpare him, gracious pow'r!
O give him to my lateſt hour!
Let me my length of life employ,
To give my ſole enjoyment joy.

His love, let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight,
And ev'ry needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share.
When he with graceful action wooes,
And sweetly bills, and fondly coos,
Ah! deck, me, to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive to his own,
And in my circling wings caress'd,
Give all the lover to my breast.
Then in our chaste, conubial bed,
My bosom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with blissful slumbers close,
And watch, with me, my lord's repose,
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him, with a love like mine.
And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And spare me, for my husband's sake;
Let one unruffled, calm delight,
The loving, and belov'd unite;
One pure desire our bosoms warm,
One will direct, one wish inform;
Through life one mutual aid sustain,
In death, one peaceful grave contain.
While, swelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
The well-known wings a sound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart;
Quick drop'd the music of her tongue,
And forth, with eager joy, she sprung.
As swift her entering consort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view;
Their wings their souls embracing meet,
Their hearts with answ'ring measure beat;
Half lost in sacred sweets, and bless'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.
Strait to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless bed;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;

Transported

Transported, to their sire they bound,
And hang with speechless action round.
In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand;
The sire, his life sustaining prize
To each expecting bill applies,
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
With transport giv'n, though won with toil;
While all collected at the sight,
And silent through supreme delight,
The fair high heav'n of bliss beguiles,
And on her lord, and infants smiles.
The sparrow, whose attention hung
Upon the dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little slights disarm'd,
And from himself, by virtue, charm'd,
When now he saw, what only seem'd,
A fact, so late a fable deem'd,
His soul to envy he resign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind,
In secret wish'd a turtle too,
And sighing to himself, withdrew.

The Story of Seignior PIETRO CORNARO.

SEIGNIOR Pietro Cornaro, a young accomplished gentleman of an antient family, and of considerable fortune in the city of Ferrara in Italy, was led not many years ago, to travel through the various provinces of his celebrated country, that by improving his experience, he might entirely satisfy his eager curiosity, and enrich his mind with such refined notions and useful experience, as would distinguish him from, and give a right to an extraordinary regard among his fellow citizens. He came, amongst other places, to Leghorn, and took up lodgings at an inn, in order to observe the rarities of that populous city: Happening to have an apartment that opened to the public street, he would often in a morning walk about his room, and looking frequently into the street, divert himself by curious observations of whatever occurred. 'Tis a custom of the town abovementioned, to allow the Turks, who serve them as their slaves,

liberty

liberty to ply as porters, or betake themſelves to any other toilſome drudgery, obliging them to pay their maſters ſuch a ſum of money, as is judged convenient, and permitting them to keep the overplus to ſerve occaſionally their own neceſſities. Directly oppoſite to Seignior Pietro's chamber was a bench, on which he often ſaw a Turkiſh ſlave ſit thoughtful and dejected, leaning penſively his head upon his hand, and dropping now and then a ſilent tear, which he endeavoured ſecretly to wipe away with a large knot of ropes, the wretched badge of his unfortunate employment. The frequent repetition of this mournful practice, though begun too early for public obſervation, was noticed by the compaſſionate Italian, who earneſtly deſirous to become acquainted with the reaſons of his ſorrow, at laſt ſent a meſſenger for him, who having brought him to his own apartment, he aſked him ſeveral queſtions in the Italian language, wherein the Turk had then attained conſiderable knowledge; and receiving anſwers modeſt and pertinent, he proceeded to demand the manner of his being taken, and how long he had continued in a ſtate of ſlavery. With wringing hands, and eyes lifted up, which ſeemed to blame his ſtars for his unpitied miſery, the diſconſolate Mahometan began his tale, and watered his complaints with ſhowers of tears, whoſe falling ſtreams ſpoke piercing proofs of his ungovernable ſorrow. I am, ſays he, an honeſt Muſſelman, never a friend to war or rapine, but became a ſacrifice to both, in an unlucky viſit to an aged father, then in health and peace at Cyprus, now perhaps laid cold and breathleſs in ſome gloomy grave, having broke his heart to hear of my miſery.

Theſe ſad complaints were followed by a ſincere and affecting account of every accident which had unfortunately occurred to reduce him to his ſlavery; he ſoon at large informed his kind enquirer, that he had ſorrowfully ſpent four tedious years in that condition, and had left three * wives, two ſons, now men, and nine ſmall children, drowned in grief for his unfortunate loſs, and wholly deſtitute of any means whereby to know his preſent habitation. The pitying breaſt of Seignior Pietro, form'd for tender and compaſſionate impreſſions, generouſly melted with ſympathetic concern, to hear the wretched and forlorn condition of this complaining infidel; and aſking him his name, and what elſe he thought convenient,

* *The Turks are allowed as many wives as they can maintain.*

ent, he gave him money, and dismiss'd him kindly, not without a word or two of comfort.

The Turk returned disconsolately back to the unwelcome practice of his daily labours: And the tender-natured Seignior Pietro, seriously reflecting on his weighty sorrow, and considering that the will of providence, or some unthought-of turn of fickle chance, might one day make the case his own, and teach him, by the bitter proofs of sad experience, how to pity others miseries, by the insupportable extremity of his own misfortunes, he resolved to do a noble act of Christian charity; and making interest with the governor, found means to get the Turk released, for the ransom of about a hundred and forty-five ducats. Never could more welcome and suprising news rejoice the gladened heart of human sufferer, than that which brought the happy Turk an account of his delivery: With rapid transports of ungoverned joy, he fell upon his knees, embraced the feet of his adored redeemer, and with numerous vows of hearty gratitude, entreated Seignior Pietro to inform him how he might return twice told that friendly sum, which had so generously purchased him his valued liberty. The good Italian wish'd him well, but told him he expected no return; yet if his soul was truly noble, and urged him to be grateful, he only asked his solemn promise, that he would, at his return, redeem from slavery some Christian gentleman, whom he should think most deserved it, and send him back as soon as possible, to visit once again his native country; this being readily agreed to, the redeemed Turk being supplied with cloaths and all things necessary, embarked on board an English vessel bound for Turkey, and returned successfully to his former habitation. There pass'd about three months beyond the day of the Mahometan's departure from Leghorn, when Seignior Pietro, having been the greatest part of that time at Venice, pleased extremely with the city and its people, became enamoured of a young and beautiful lady, called Maria Margaritta Delfino, who had for several years resided in that town, under the care of a substantial merchant, youngest brother to her Father, who, with her sisters, and the major part of her relations, lived at Malta. Nothing could perswade the amorous Italian from a declaration of his growing passion; he focus cited her uncle with incessant importunities, and at last colliged him to permit him to address her upon this con engadition, that

that he ſhould accompany his niece and him to Malta, there to gain her father's approbation of his perſon and condition. This he promiſed, and continued four months daily viſiting the object of his affection, till he gained entirely her conſent to marry him, when he was authoriſed to do it by her father's leave; and it ſeems their ſympathetic ornaments of mind and body pointed out the match, and ſpoke them truly worthy of each other. They embarked on board a veſſel bound for Malta, and belonging to that iſland, which they were almoſt arrived in ſight of, when a Turkiſh gally met them, making an undiſtinguiſhed prize of all her cargo; and tranſporting ſeignior Pietro, with his miſtreſs and her uncle into ſlavery, landed them at Smyrna, together with the valuable prize in which they took them. The three companions in this miſerable ſtate had changed their cloaths for courſe and rougher habits, when they ſaw the danger they were falling into; that being ſo diſguiſed, they might expect a ranſom for a ſmaller charge, than otherwiſe would ſerve them; ſo that being taken with the common people, they were like them in chains conducted to the public market, where the ſlaves are bought and ſold like oxen. Seignior Pietro and the young lady's uncle were tied together, and placed with many more to wait the purchaſe of the faireſt bidder. Oppoſite to them the poor unhappy lady ſtood, half dead with fear and anguiſh, with a numerous croud of Chriſtian women, young and old, expecting every moment to be bought, and torn away from any hopes of ever ſeeing her lover and relations. At laſt a young and graceful Turk came up to the diſconſolate Maria, and bargaining immediately with the officer who kept her, paid the money, and throwing over her a veil he brought on purpoſe, took her from the reſt, and carried her away with an extraordinary ſatisfaction. Many a complaining look did the deſparing lady give her friends, who anſwered her with all the mournful marks of ſilent lamentation, and were now, eſpecially the lover, ſo confounded with their miſery, that they ſtood like ſtatues, looking ſtedfaſtly on the ground, and took no notice of the many purchaſers, who walked about from place to place, to view the perſons of the wretched captives.

While they ſtood thus fixed with contemplation on the vary bleſſings of this mortal life, there came a Turk from

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

from ſtall to ſtall, enquiring earneſtly of every officer what quality and country their ſlaves laid claim to; and examining particularly the ſlaves themſelves to the ſame effect; at laſt he came to Seignior Pietro, who hanging down his head, the Turk ſtooped forward to look upon his face; a courteſy not often practiced by thoſe barbarous people, who, when a ſlave refuſes to hold up his face, will generally take them roughly by the chin, as when a jockey looks upon a horſe's mouth. The Turk no ſooner ſaw his face, but ſtarting back in great ſurprize, he raiſed his arms and eyes towards Heaven, and tranſported at the ſtrange diſcovery, cried out aloud, "I thank thee holy Prophet, thou haſt guided well my lucky footſteps." The griev'd Italian looking up at this ſurpriſing exclamation, ſaw before his eyes the very man whom in Leghorn he ſo kindly freed from ſlavery. No pen can deſcribe the raptures he conceived at this happy meeting; ſwift embraces followed their ſurprize, and when the wonder of the Turk would give him leave to ſpeak again, he thus addreſs'd himſelf to ſeignior Pietro; "I promiſed thee, ſaid he, thou beſt of chriſtians, that I would certainly redeem from ſervitude ſuch a ſlave as I ſhould judge did more than any elſe deſerve that bleſſing; and now, thank Mahomet, in thee I have diſcovered him." With that he ordered him who guarded them to ſend ſome Perſon to receive his ranſom, and conduct him preſently to his own houſe. The overjoy'd Italian heard with pleaſure the deſign of his gratitude; but told him, "If he would be doubly kind, he might redeem his friend who ſuffered with him, and they would find ſome ſpeedy means to reimburſe his charges." The propoſal was embraced as ſoon as offer'd, and a perſon being ſent to take the money, received immediately the ranſom he demanded, and returning to market left the gentlemen to the care of their redeemer! The Turk's two ſons, when told the accident by which their father met the man to whom before he owed his liberty, expreſs'd the moſt ſincere and grateful joy, and bid them welcome with an inexpreſſible civility; and after having heard the manner of their being taken, and their ſorrowful complaint for the Loſs of an unhappy virgin, whom they loved ſo dearly, he who was the eldeſt of the two ſons cry'd out with earneſtneſs, "Now, by the religion of our prophet and his people, my father's houſe contains this virgin." He then proceeded to inform them, that he had

bought that very morning a young christian slave, to wait upon his mother and his father's other wives; that she had given the same account as they had done of the particulars of her captivity; that she was then above among the women, and he would for their satisfaction fetch her down that moment. 'Tis easy to imagine the disorder they were in, possessed alternately by hope and fear; which raged impetuously and rack'd their minds, till doubt gave way, and boundless joy o'erspread their souls, to see the person they so lately lost, conducted to their arms, by him to whom the laws of Turkey gave her up as a lawful purchase.

They stay'd a week with their landlord, who would not rest till he had ransom'd two men-servants, and a maid who waited on the lady; these, together with as many of the goods and cloaths as he could purchase from the Turk who took them, he bestowed again on their lawful owners, gave them a considerable sum of money, and contriv'd to get them a passage on board a vessel of Marseilles, then bound to Malta. Seignior Pietro, the young lady, and her uncle, frequently endeavoured to oblige this honest Turk to take their bills, or find some other method to secure his money, but he persisted in a positive refusal of all their proffers, telling seignior Pietro the debt was paid before it was contracted; and would often lay his hand devoutly upon his bosom, and with a zealous sigh repeat this proverb, *The God of heaven has given us plenty, that we may give for God where need requires.* To cut short the story, when they arrived at Malta, seignior Pietro soon obtained the consent of the young lady's father, and their nuptials were quickly after most joyfully celebrated.

An ANECDOTE relative to Sir Richard Steel.

SIR Richard Steel having one day invited to his house a great number of persons of the first quality, they were surprized at the number of liveries which surrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had set them free from the observation of rigid ceremony, one of them enquired of sir Richard how such an expensive train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune. Sir Richard very frankly confessed that they were fellows, of whom he would very willingly be rid; and being then ask'd why he did not

not discharge them, declared *that they were bailiffs, who had introduced themselves with an execution; and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they staid.* His friends were diverted with the expedient, and by paying the debt discharged their attendance; having obliged sir Richard to promise that they should never again find him graced with a retinue of the same kind.

An ANECDOTE relative to Mr. Wycherly.

MR. Wycherly, the celebrated comick Poet, had many extravagant humours, as well as many extraordinary flights of wit and fancy; among the former was his resolution never to marry till his life was despaired of, which he used to tell in the gaiety of conversation to all his acquaintance. Accordingly, a few days before his death he underwent the ceremony, and joined together those two sacraments, as Pope expresses it, which wise men say should be the last we receive. The old man then lay down satisfied in his conscience, of having, by this one act, paid his just debts, obliged a woman who (he was told) had merit, and shewn an heroic resentment of the ill usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with this lady discharged those debts; a jointure of 400l. a year made her a recompence; and the nephew that had used him so ill he left to comfort himself, as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. The evening before he died, he called his young wife to the bed-side, and earnestly intreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, *My dear it is only this; that you will never marry an old man again.*------ Such a stroke as this from a dying man, verifies the justice of Mr. Pope's observation, that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has the power to remove that talent which the world calls humour.

An ANECDOTE relative to lord Bolinbroke.

IN the last year of queen Anne's reign, when lord Bolinbroke and some others of the ministry had appointed Mr. Barber, (afterwards alderman Barber) to print a pamphlet,

which was entitled, *The public Spirit of the Whigs*, in answer to sir Richard Steel's *Crisis*, and, at that time, was calculated to serve some other important purposes; there happened to be one passage in it highly injurious to the Scots, and severely reflecting on their whole nation. This exceptionable part was soon fastened upon by the nobility of that kingdom, and resented as soon as it appeared in public. The Scots Peers took notice of it in the house of lords, with the strongest marks of indignation; they complained of the insult, and insisted on having the author and printer punished with the greatest severity. This was an unexpected alarm to the ministry, who were under an absolute necessity of disowning publickly, what they privately had committed to the press. In this dilemma Barber was sent for with all imaginable haste, in order to consult what method or expedient could be hit upon to extricate them all out of their present difficulty. The ministry, not willing to appear in the affair, rather promoted a prosecution of the printer, than in any degree seemed to discourage it; and therefore it was agreed to by the lords, that the printer should be brought before them the day following. This, Barber knew, and with great sagacity took back all the unsold copies from the publishers before the state messengers had made any search for them, and in an exceeding short space of time sent them an equal number of pamphlets, which to all appearance were the very same; but lord Bolinbroke had drawn up for Barber another paragraph which was inserted, instead of the obnoxious one. This alteration was executed so speedily, and the faulty sheet cancelled through the whole impression with so great care and expedition, that when the books were seized in his custody, and he brought to answer before the lords, the whole was settled and adjusted to the safety as well as the satisfaction of the author. According to order Barber appear'd before the house the next day; and being interrogated as to his printing and publishing such a pamphlet, he deny'd, that in the edition he had printed there was any such paragraph as they ordered to be read publickly to him. To convict him effectually they called for one of those very books which were taken in his possession, and referred to the particular page. But, to their amazement, as well as great disappointment, no traces of such reflections were to be found, the suspected page being filled rather with compliment than invective; on which he was honourably discharged.

An

An ANECDOTE relative to Sir Richard Steel.

IN 1722, ſir Richard Steel, who had formerly repreſented the towns of Burroughbridge in Yorkſhire, and Stockbridge in the county of Hants, was at a loſs where to make his election in parliament, as his finances were at that time a little diſordered; however, he was at laſt adviſed by his friend Hambden, to try Wendover in Bucks; which he did, and in order to ſave expences, he thought of a ſtratagem that had the deſired effect. Inſtead of the uſual method of treating at every public houſe in town, he cauſed a handſome entertainment to be provided at the principal inn, and invited every marry'd elector with his wife, to be preſent at it. All who know the character of ſir Richard, are ſenſible how capable he was to make ſuch a company immoderately merry, and to keep them ſo for more than an evening or two if it had ſuited his purpoſe. Accordingly, he ſoon brought them to a pitch, and in the height of their jollity he took occaſion to addreſs himſelf to the ladies, telling them, that if what he was going to offer were agreeable to them, he hoped for their intereſt with their huſbands to chuſe him as their repreſentative in parliament for that borough. The women were all impatient to hear what he had to ſay; and at laſt, ſaid ſir Richard, *Ladies I hope there is none here but wiſhes herſelf the mother of a man-child, and as an encouragement to uſe your beſt endeavours, I promiſe each of you twenty guineas for every male you ſhall bring into the world within theſe ten months, and forty provided you bring twins.* The time when this was ſaid, and his manner of ſaying it, produced what he had imagined it would, a good deal of love and a good deal of laughing; it gained upon the affections of the wives, and the wives got the voices of their huſbands; ſo that ſir Richard carried his election againſt a powerful oppoſition by a great majority.

An ANEODOTE relative to Mr. Betterton.

MR. Betterton, the Tragedian, almoſt every body has heard of; but there is one circumſtance of his life, and that a very material one, which is but little known. This gentleman's

gentleman's character in private life was extremely fair, and his company very agreeable; he had abundance of friends at both ends of the town, but more especially in the city. Amongst these there was a merchant of great reputation, and of considerable fortune, who not only honoured him with his favour and protection, but entered with him also into the strictest intimacy and friendship. This gentleman, in the year 1692, was concerned in an adventure to the East-Indies, upon the footing then allowed by the company's charter. The vessels so employed were stiled Interlopers. The prospect of success was great, the gain unusually high; and this induced Mr. Betterton, to whom his friend offered any share in this business that he pleased, to think of so large a sum as 8000l. but it was not for himself, for he had no such sum in his power; and whoever considers the situation of the stage at that time, will need no other argument to convince him of it; yet he had another friend whom he was willing to oblige, which was the famous Dr. Radcliffe; so, Mr. Betterton advanced somewhat more than 2000 l. which was his All, and the Doctor made it up 8000 l. The vessel sailed to the East-Indies, and made as prosperous a voyage as those who were concerned in her could wish; and the war with France being then very warm, the captain very prudently came home north about, and arived safely in Ireland; but whether obligby the orders of his owners, or elated by his success hitherto; so it was, that in his passage from Ireland he was taken by the French. His cargo was worth upwards of 120,000 l. which ruined Mr. Betterton, and broke the fortune and heart of his friend in the city. As for Dr. Radcliffe, he expressed a great concern for Mr. Betterton, and none at all for himself. *It is*, said the Doctor wittily, *only trotting up some hundred pair of stairs more, and things will be with me as they were.* The gentleman in the city left behind him an only daughter, whom Mr. Betterton took home, educated with all the care, and treated with all the tenderness of a parent, till she thought fit to marry herself to Mr. Bowman the Player, who is but lately dead. Mr. Betterton never wholly recovered this stroke of ill-fortune, though in his decline of life he was enabled to retire from the stage by the annual bounty of the town, who in gratitude for fifty years sevice for their entertainment made him up a good 500 l. a year at his benefit. He resided chiefly at Reading in his latter years, where he was honoured

and

and respected like the prince he had so often and so justly personated.

An ANECDOTE relative to Mr. Pope.

WHEN the *Essay on Man* was first published, it came out in Parts, and without a name. A little after the appearance of the first, Mr. Morris, who had attempted some things in the poetical way, particularly a piece for music, which was performed in private before some of the royal family, accidentally paid a visit to Mr. Pope, who after the first civilities were over, enquired of him, what news there was in the learned world; and what new pieces were brought to light; Morris reply'd, that there was little or nothing; or at least little or nothing worth notice: That there was indeed a *thing* come out called *an Essay on Man*, the first Epistle, threatening more, for he had read it, and it was a most abominable piece of stuff, shocking poetry, unsufferable philosophy, no coherence, no connection at all. *If I had thought*, continued he, *that you had not seen it, I would have brought it with me.* Upon this Mr. Pope very frankly told him, that *he had seen it before it went to press, for it was his own writing, a work of years, and the poetry such as he thought proper for the expression of the subject; on which side, he did not imagine it would ever have been attack'd, especially by any pretending to knowledge in the harmony of numbers.* This was like a clap of thunder to the mistaken bard: He reach'd his hat, and with a blush and a bow, took his leave of Mr. Pope, and never more ventured to shew his unlucky face there again.

The EAGLE and the Assembly of BIRDS.

Addressed to her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales.

THE moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, Fair Excellence to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart,
And choak the paths that lead astray
The wandring nymph from wisdom's way.

I flatter none. The great and good
Are by their actions underſtood;
Your monument if actions raiſe,
Shall I deface by idle praiſe?
I echo not the voice of fame,
That dwells delighted on your name;
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.
The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my ſtrain;
To theſe, deteſting praiſe, I write,
And vent, in charity, my ſpite.
With friendly hand I hold the glaſs
To all, promiſcuous as they paſs;
Should folly there her likeneſs view,
I fret not that the mirror's true;
If the fantaſtic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.
Virtue, in every clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-ſoothing page;
While ſatire, that offends the ear
Of vice and paſſion, pleaſes her.
Premiſing this, your anger ſpare,
And claim the fable, you who dare.
The birds in place, by factions preſs'd,
To Jupiter their prayers addreſs'd;
By ſpecious lyes the ſtate was vex'd,
Their counſels libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to ſtop ſeditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs;
Jove grants their ſuit. The Eagle ſate,
Decider of the grand debate.
The Pye, to truſt and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permiſſion to be heard.
Says he, Prolixity of phraſe
You know I hate.------This libel ſays,
" Some birds there are, who prone to noiſe,
" Are hir'd to ſilence wiſdom's voice,
" And ſkill'd to chatter out the hour,
" Riſe by their emptineſs to pow'r."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt, you'll readily agree;

[*To concluded in our next.*]

Yet

Yet well this ſage aſſembly knows,
By parts to government I roſe;
My prudent councels prop the ſtate;
Magpies were ever known to prate.
The Kite roſe up. His honeſt heart
In virtue's ſuff'rings bore apart.
That there were birds of prey he knew;
So far the libeller ſaid true;
" Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
" Who knew no int'reſt but their own;
" Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
" Nor pidgeon, chick, nor duckling ſpar'd,"
This might be true, but if apply'd,
To him, in troth, the ſland'rer ly'd.
Since ign'rance then might be miſled,
Such things, he thought, were beſt unſaid.
The Crow was vex'd; as yeſter-morn
He flew a-croſs the new-ſown corn,
A ſcreaming boy was ſet for pay,
He knew, to drive the crows away;
Scandal had found out him in turn,
And buzz'd abroad, that crows love corn.
The Owl aroſe with ſolemn face,
And thus harang'd upon the caſe.
That magpies prate, it may be true;
A kite may be voracious too;
Crows ſometimes deal in new-ſown peaſe;
He libels not who ſtrikes at theſe;
The ſlander's here------" But there are birds,
" Whoſe wiſdom lies in looks not words;
" Blund'rers, who ſhoot beſide the mark,
" And never aim, but in the dark."
He names not me; but theſe are hints,
Which manifeſt at whom he ſquints;
I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
To queſtion if he meant an owl.
Ye wretches, hence! the Eagle cries,
'Tis conſcience, conſcience, that applies;
The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd by innocence from harm;
While guilt, and his aſſociate fear,
Are ſtartled at the paſſing air.

The POET, and his PATRON. A FABLE.

WHY, Celia, is your ſpreading waiſt
So looſe, ſo negligently lac'd?
Why muſt the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your ſnowy boſom's ſwelling pride?
How ill that dreſs adorns your head,
Diſtain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
Thoſe clouds, that ſhade your blooming face,
A little water might diſplace,
As nature ev'ry morn beſtows
The cryſtal dew, to cleanſe the roſe.
Thoſe treſſes, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Deſtroy the face, that once they deck'd,
Whence this forgetfulneſs of dreſs?
Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceaſes,
No matter now how looſe your dreſs is;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your ſiſter now may take the trade.
Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed averſion, ſtrife,
And all that ſours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatneſs guides it to the heart;
Let neatneſs then, and beauty ſtrive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conqueſt, than ſubdue;
Admit us once behind the ſcreen,
What is there farther to be ſeen?
A newer face may raiſe the flame,
But ev'ry woman is the ſame.
Then ſtudy chiefly to improve
The charm, that fix'd your huſband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dreſs,
That gave your beauty power to bleſs?
Purſue it ſtill; be neater ſeen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;

So

So ſhall you keep alive deſire,
And time's ſwift wing ſhall fan the fire.
In garret high (as ſtories ſay)
A Poet ſung his tuneful lay;
So ſoft, ſo ſmooth his verſe, you'd ſwear
Apollo, and the Muſes there;
Through all the town his praiſes rung,
His ſonnets at the playhouſe ſung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddeſs Want her pinions ſpread,
And with poetic fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inſpir'd.
A noble Youth of taſte and wit,
Approv'd the ſprightly things he writ,
And ſought him in his cobweb dome,
Diſcharg'd his rent aud brought him home.
Behold him at the ſtately board,
Who, but the Poet and my Lord!
Each day, deliciouſly he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His ſides were plump, his ſkin was ſleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Aſtoniſh'd at the change ſo new,
Away th' inſpiring goddeſs flew.
Now, dropt for politics, and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muſe;
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He ſtifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor ſonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.
With juſt contempt his Patron ſaw,
(Reſolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late repenting fool beſpoke.
Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the ſun of favour ſhone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Eſteem was growing in my heart?
But idly thou reject'ſt the charm,
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking fools, alone deſpiſe
The arts, that taught them firſt to riſe,

An ABSTRACT of the LIFE of Mr. Savage.

IN the year 1697, Anne, countess of Macclesfield, having lived for some time upon very uneasy terms with her husband, thought a public confession of adultery the most obvious and expeditious method of obtaining a divorce, and therefore declared, that the child with which she was big was begotten by the earl Rivers. This, it may be imagined, made her husband no less desirous of a separation than herself, and he prosecuted his design in parliament with such effect, that he soon procured an act for dissolving the marriage, annulling the nuptial contract, and illegitimating their children; in consequence whereof, on the 3d of March, he was separated from his wife, whose fortune, which was large, was repaid her, and who on the 10th of January had been delivered of a son. This son, earl Rivers very frankly acknowledged, by standing godfather, giving him his own name, and recommending the care of his education to his mother, of whose tenderness of her own offspring he could not harbour the least suspicion. No sooner, however, were all these ceremonies over and recollection began to operate upon her mind, than lady Macclesfield began to consider this innocent infant as the cause of that infamy which her own incontinence and the violence of her aversion to her lord, had brought upon herself, and to discover a resolution of disowning him: Accordingly, in a very short time, she caused him to be removed from her sight, and committed to the care of a poor woman, with whom she made an agreement to educate him as her own, enjoining her at the same time never to inform him of his true parents. However, as it was impossible to avoid the enquiries which the curiosity of her relations made after the child, she was obliged to give some account of the measures she had taken, to her mother, the lady Mason, who, in conjunction with Mrs. Loyd his godmother, paid that regard to his infant weakness which the barbarity of his mother made particularly necessary till death put a period to the tenderness of the latter, and perhaps his own ingratitude to that of the former. When Mrs. Loyd died, he was then about ten years of age, and lady Mason placed him at a small Grammar-school near St. Alban's, where he was called by the name of his nurse, without the least intimation

timation that he had a claim to any other, and where his progreſs in learning muſt have been very rapid, as the improvements he made were more than proportioned to the time that was allotted him; for in a few years the cruelty of his mother prompted her to form a project of diſcarding him for ever, by ſecretly ſending him to the American plantations. Failing however in this, ſhe cauſed his reputed mother to place him with a ſhoemaker in Holborn, where it is probable he was employ'd at the awl much longer than he himſelf was willing to confeſs. It muſt be remembered, that while our youth was at ſchool, his father the earl Rivers was ſeized with a diſtemper, which in a ſhort time put an end to his life. He had frequently enquired after this ſon of his, and had always been amuſed with fallacious and evaſive anſwers; but being now in his own opinion on his death-bed, he thought it his duty to provide for him among his other natural children, and therefore demanded a poſitive account of him, with an importunity not to be diverted or deny'd. His mother declared that he was dead. The earl did not imagine there could exiſt in woman's form a mother that would ruin her ſon without enriching herſelf, and therefore beſtowed upon ſome other perſon 6000 l. which he had in his will bequeathed to Savage. All this while the youth remained in a literal ſenſe *a ſtranger to himſelf;* but his nurſe dying, who had always treated him as her ſon, in rummaging her effects, which he now looked upon as his own, he found ſeveral letters written to her by lady Maſon, which informed him of his birth, and the reaſons for which it was concealed. On this diſcovery, the vileneſs of his occupation appeared deteſtable to him; he thought he had a right to ſhare the affluence of his mother, and therefore applied to her as her ſon, uſing every art to awaken her tenderneſs and attract her regard; but without effect. She ſtill reſolved to neglect, though ſhe could no longer diſown him; and ordered him to be excluded from her houſe by whomſoever he might be introduced, and what reaſon ſoever he might give for entering it. The poor youth was at the ſame time ſo touch'd, or perhaps ſo elated with the diſcovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for ſeveral hours before her door, in hopes of ſeeing her as ſhe might come by accident to the window, or croſs the apartment with a candle in her hand. But all his aſſiduity and tenderneſs were

to

to no purpose; he could neither soften her heart, nor open her hand; and was reduced to the utmost miseries of want, while he was endeavouring to awaken the affection of a mother. He was therefore obliged to seek some other means of support, and having no profession, became by necessity an Author. With the few instructions he had received, and his own observation, he finished a comedy called *Woman's a Riddle*, and in his eighteenth year offered it to the stage; but not being accepted, two years afterwards he wrote *Love in a Veil*, another comedy, which was received and acted; but being late in the year, he reaped no other advantage from its success than the acquaintance of sir Richard Steel and Mr. Wilks, by whom he was pitied, caressed, and relieved. Sir Richard having declared in his favour with all the ardour of benevolence which constituted his character, promoted his interest with the utmost zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded his merit, took all opportunities of recommending him, and asserted, *that the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father*. By Mr. Wilks's interposition he once received from his mother the sum of 50 l. with a promise of 150 l. more, which she never paid him. But Mrs. Oldfield was so much pleased with his conversation, and touched with his misfortunes, that she allowed him a settled pension of 50 l. a year, which during her life was regularly paid; and this, added to the profits of his writings, and the liberal contributions of his friends, and the favour of the players, by whose interest he sometimes procured a benefit, might have supported him even to prodigality, had his expences been regulated with œconomy; but the abuse of riches was among the foibles of this unhappy man's life, the most distressful incident of which, just as he was advancing in reputation, I shall beg leave to relate, as it is properly the Anecdote to which what has hitherto been said, is only by way of introduction. On the 20th of November, 1727, Mr. Richard Savage came from Richmond, where he then lodged, that he might pursue his studies with less interruption, with an intent to discharge another lodging which he had in Westminster; and accidentally meeting two gentlemen of his acquaintance, whose names were *Merchant* and *Gregory*, he went with them to a neighbouring coffee-house, and sat drinking till it was late, it being in no time of his life any part of his character to be the first of his company

pany that deſired to ſeparate. He would willingly have gone to bed in the ſame houſe, but there was not room for all three, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the ſtreets, and divert themſelves with ſuch amuſements as occurred till morning. In their walk they happened unluckily to diſcover light in Robinſon's coffee-houſe near Charing-Croſs, and therefore went in. Merchant with ſome rudeneſs demanded a room, and was told that there was a good fire in the next parlour, which the company were about to leave, being then paying their reckoning. Merchant, not ſatisfy'd with this anſwer, ruſhed into the room, and was followed by his companions. He then petulantly placed himſelf between the company and the fire, and ſoon after kick'd down the table. This produced a quarrel, ſwords were drawn on both ſides, and one Mr. James Sinclair was killed; Savage having likewiſe wounded a maid that held him, forced his way with Merchant out of the houſe; but being intimidated and confuſed, without reſolution either to fly or ſtay, they were taken in a back court by one of the company and ſome ſoldiers whom he had called to his aſſiſtance. Being ſecured and guarded that night, they were in the morning carried before three juſtices, who committed them to the Gate-houſe, from whence upon the death of Mr. Sinclair, which happened the ſame day, they were removed in the night to Newgate, where however they were treated with ſome diſtinction, exempted from the ignominy of chains, and confined not among the common criminals, but in the Preſs-yard. When the day of trial came, the court was crowded in a very unuſal manner, and the public appeared to intereſt itſelf as in a cauſe of general concern. The witneſſes againſt Mr. Savage and his friends were the woman who kept the houſe and her maid, the men who were in the room with Mr. Sinclair, and a woman of the town who had been drinking with them. They ſwore in general that Merchant gave the provocation, which Savage and Gregory drew their ſwords to juſtify; that Savage drew firſt, and that he ſtabb'd Sinclair when he was not in a poſture of defence; or which was worſe, while Gregory commanded his ſword; that after he had given the thruſt he turn'd pale, and would have retired, but the maid clung round him, and one of the company endeavoured to detain him, from whom he broke by cutting the maid on the head, but was afterwards taken in a court. Add to this, that Sinclair had declared

ſeveral

ſeveral times before his death, that he received his wound from Savage; nor did Savage on his trial deny the fact, but endeavoured partly to extenuate it by urging the ſuddenneſs of the whole action, and the impoſſibility of any ill deſign or premeditated malice, and partly to juſtify it by the neceſſity of ſelf-defence, and the hazard of his own life, if he had loſt that opportunity of giving the thruſt: with regard to the violence with which he endeavoured his eſcape, he declared, that it was not his deſign to fly from juſtice, or decline a trial, but to avoid the expences and ſeverities of a priſon, and that he intended to have appeared at the bar without compulſion.-------This defence which took up more than an hour, was heard by the multitude that thronged the court with the moſt attentive and reſpectful ſilence. Thoſe who thought he ought not to be acquitted, owned, that applauſe could not be refuſed him; and thoſe who before pitied his misfortunes, now reverenced his abilities. Had his audience been his judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted: but Mr. Page, who was then upon the bench, treated him with his uſual inſolence and ſeverity, and when he had ſummed up the evidence, endeavoured to exaſperate the jury, as Mr. Savage uſed to relate it, with this eloquent harangue; *Gentlemen of the jury, you are to conſider, that Mr. Savage is a very great man, a much greater man than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he wears very fine cloaths, much finer cloaths than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; but, gentlemen of the jury, is it not a very hard caſe, gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Savage ſhould therefore kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury.* In conſequence of this ſpeech, and the evidence of the witneſſes, Mr. Savage was found guilty, and had now no hopes of life but from the mercy of the crown, which was very earneſtly ſollicited by his friends, and which, with whatever difficulty the ſtory may obtain belief, was obſtructed only by his mother. The counteſs of Hertford, however, ſo ſucceſsfully interceded for him, that he was ſoon admitted to bail, and on the 9th of March, 1728, pleaded the king's pardon.

An ANECDOTE relative to the Marquis of Ormond.

WHEN the Marquis of Ormond, who followed the fortune of king Charles II. in his exile, was over in London ſolliciting the king's affairs, it was remarked that Oliver knew the very day of his arrival and the day of his departure, and was informed every day what ſteps had been taken, and who he had conferred with the day before; but though he iſſued out orders to the magiſtrates of London, and to all his officers to uſe their utmoſt diligence in order to apprehend him, yet all was to no purpoſe; which at that time ſurpriſed every body. But when the death of Oliver unhinged the new form of government, ſome who were in the ſecreteſt part of Cromwell's affairs, began to think how they might do ſuch ſervice to the king as to merit his regard; accordingly, Mr. Moreland (afterwards Sir Samuel) who had a poſt in the ſecretary's office, ſent an expreſs to his majeſty to inform him, what perſons might be induced to ſerve him, and what methods he muſt take to induce them to it; and what other perſons would never ſerve him, what profeſſions ſoever they might make. He made offer of his own ſervice to his majeſty; and, as an inſtance of his fidelity, he advertiſed his majeſty of a perſon who was much truſted by him, and conſtantly betrayed him; that he had received a large penſion from Cromwell, and that he continually gave Thurloe intelligence of all that he knew; but with ſo great circumſpection that he was never ſeen in his preſence; that in his contract he had promiſed to make ſuch diſcoveries as ſhould prevent any danger to the ſtate; but that he would never endanger any man's life, nor be produced to give in evidence againſt any; and this very perſon had diſcovered the marquis of Ormond's being in London, but could not be induced to diſcover where his lodging was, only undertook that his journey ſhould be ineffectual, and that he ſhould quickly return; and then they might take him if they could, to which he would not contribute. The gentleman accuſed was ſir Richard Willis, who had from the beginning to the end of the war, given teſtimony of his fidelity to the king. He was a gentleman very well bred, and of very good parts; of courage eminently known, and a very good officer; and in general of ſo good a reputation, that, if the king had pro-

 feſſed

feſſed to have harboured any doubt of his honeſty, his friends would have thought he had received ill impreſſions without ground; and he had given a very late teſtimony of his ſincerity by concealing the marquis of Ormond, who had communicated more with him than with any man in England, during his being there. For theſe reaſons, neither the king nor thoſe about him could believe this information of Moreland's, but concluded it a contrivance to amuſe them; and therefore returned for anſwer, that the king confeſſed himſelf much ſatisfied in the information he had received, acknowledged the great ſervice; only frankly declared, that nothing could convince him of the infidelity of that gentleman but the evidence of his own hand-writing. The meſſenger no ſooner brought Moreland this letter, than he diſpatched another with all that manifeſtation of the truth, that there remained no farther doubt. A great number of letters were ſent, whereof the character was well known; and the intelligence communicated was of ſuch things as were known to very few beſides the perſon himſelf.

The MERRY REVENGE.

Crude Impoſition's like a Bow that's bent,
To twang an Arrow with an ill Intent,
Which being ſhot, the impenetrable Mark
Rebounds it back, and wounds the Markſman's Heart.

ANONYM.

THERE are a ſort of trades-people in the world, ſo ſelfiſh, and ſo ignorant, that they vainly imagine a ſhilling extorted, or impoſed, and extraordinarily put into the pocket, is all clear gain and good managment; not conſidering that the ſmalleſt impoſition may be liable to ruin their reputation for the future; and that a man may eaſier gain a bad character than recover a loſt one. He that would make a fortune by public buſineſs, had much better under-ſell than over-reach, for as much as the one brings cuſtom to the ſhop, the other drives it away. Few will patiently bear an impoſition; nor do all men reſent an abuſe alike. However, it behoves every perſon, whoſe livelihood depends upon the public, to be very tender how they offend them. The following

lowing ſtory is a true inſtance of a merry revenge upon one of the Penurious: And the affair happened as follows:

TWO Merchants agreed, one Sunday in the ſpring, to take a ride ten or twelve miles out of town, and dine at ſome ordinary in the country. Accordingly they pitched upon ſome village in Eſſex, where there was a twelvepenny ordinary every Sunday; but it happened, that after they were come to the houſe, and had acquainted the landlord that they intended to dine with him, one of them was taken ill of a ſudden, ſo that, when dinner was brought upon the table, the gentleman could not bear the ſmell of it; but ſoon after growing ſomething better, he ordered ſome wine to be made hot for him, with an egg beat up in it, which ſoon recovered him again. An hour or two after this, the gentleman being again pretty well, they ſate and drank a bowl of hot punch together; and at laſt calling for the reckoning, the landlord, out of his princely munificence, had charged the gentleman that was ill, the ſame for his ordinary, although he never taſted of it, as he did all the reſt, *viz.* a ſhilling for eating. What, ſays the gentleman, do you charge me a ſhilling for eating; I ſuppoſe you mean for not eating; you know very well I never ſat down to your ordinary, nor came near the table. I cannot help that, Sir, replies the landlord, you ſaid you came to dine with me, and had a knife and fork laid ready for you, and there were victuals enough, ſo that if you did not chuſe to eat, that was no fault of mine; you was in the ſame company, and I ſhould have been as well pleas'd if you had eaten a hearty dinner, as none at all; it makes no difference to me; and I muſt not break through an eſtabliſhed cuſtom. Very well, replies the gentleman, if it be an eſtabliſhed cuſtom, I do not deſire you ſo much as to crack it upon my account. So they paid their reckoning, and away they went, but not very well pleaſed, as we may ſuppoſe, with their landlord's impoſition; but when they were upon their road home again, ſays one of them, I have a thought come into my head, that if it be put in execution, I fancy we may pay him in his own coin, and perhaps it may be a means of mending his manners for the future. What is't? ſays the other. Why, replies he, what if we bring our Joe, the porter, to dine there next Sunday? Joe has the character of an eight or nine pounder upon occaſion, and

is a very humourous kind of fellow into the bargain. Well, ſays the other, you could not have thought of a better ſcheme: Joe is capable of giving us a feaſt, though the landlord ſhould make us pay for faſting. I'll go half in the expences of the day with all my heart, and let's inform him of the thing to-morrow, that he may have time enough to prepare himſelf. All this being agreed on between them, they, the next day, acquainted Joe with their plan for the next Sunday's recreation. Joe was overjoy'd with the thoughts of the fine country ride he was to have, and vow'd he'd well revenge his maſter's quarrel. Accordingly, when the next Sunday came, they all three ſet out together, and took two friends more with them, to partake of the ſport. Well, ſays one of them, as they were going along, I hope Joe your ſtomach is in good order. Indeed, Maſter, ſays Joe, I muſt have a piece of bread and cheeſe preſently, to keep the wind out of my ſtomach, or elſe I ſhall not be able to eat two pounds by that time dinner is ready. Ay, ay, ſays the gentleman, thou ſhalt have what thou wilt to eat and drink, ſo that you take care not to ſpoil your appetite till you come there; but be ſure you don't call any of us Maſter, but call us by our names, juſt as free as we do you, for today we are all upon a footing. But, above all, be ſure not to riſe from the table a-hungry. Thus they went on diverting themſelves with the thoughts of approaching revenge; and Joe to put his ſtomach in tune, ſtopp'd two or three miles before they came there, and ſnapp'd up a pound of bread and cheeſe, and then ſaid he was right. When they came there they again acquainted the landlord that they were come to dine with him, ſo putting their horſes up, they all walked about the garden till dinner was ready, when Joe mounted the ſtage, without the leaſt regard to either fear or mercy. The firſt thing that came upon the table was a Diſh of Soup; Joe did not chuſe any of that; he ſaid it was too waſhy, and had no ſubſtance in it, but there being about nine or ten people more, beſides theſe five, the Soup was pretty well finiſhed, and then comes a buttock of boil'd Beef, with Carrots and Greens; Joe faſtens on this, and at the firſt ſtroke he cuts off a ſlice all round the whole piece, full two inches thick, and becauſe it was too broad for his plate, he divided it into four quarters, and began to lay about him with vengeance, ſaying, there was ſome meaning in a good piece of Beef;

Beef; and the firſt piece he put into his mouth, he ſwore it was very good, and he believed he ſhould make his dinner on it. The company were all amazed when they looked upon his plate, and ſaw how he pitched it into his mouth, and began to carve for themſelves as faſt as they could, leſt they ſhould not each of them havea mouthful; but they had ſcarce helped themſelves round, before Joe's plate was empty, and he began to whet his knife for a ſecond trial; he hauls the Diſh to him, and round again he goes with another ſlice, very little inferior to his firſt, which ſurprized them all more than he had done before; but one of his companions aſking him, if he would not help himſelf to ſome Greens or Carrots, he replied, they are windy, and only ſerve to blow up the ſtomach, but there is no ſubſtance in them: With that, the drawer ran down ſtairs to his maſter as hard as he could drive. Sir, ſays he, there's a man above ſtairs, that has eaten above half the Buttock of Beef himſelf already, and there is not above a pound and a half of it left on the diſh; he throws it into his mouth, as though he was filling an oven. Zounds, quoth the maſter, ſend up the breaſt of Veal as faſt as you can for your life, and I'll bring down what's left; ſo away he runs up ſtairs, to take a view of his new cormorant; but by that time he came up ſtairs, Joe had clear'd his plate a ſecond time. In two minutes up comes a roaſted Breaſt of Veal, and the landlord going to take off the Beef, for there was not much of it left, Joe catches faſt hold of the diſh, and ſwore a great oath that he had not half din'd, and in a moment whip'd off the remainder of the boil'd Beef upon his plate. Seeing this, the maſter runs down again to his wife, with a very dejected countenance, and ſhewing her the empty diſh that the Buttock of Beef went up in, he ſwore a great oath that there would not be a morſel of victuals left for his family to dine on; ſo up he went again, to be a woeful ſpectator of Joe's wonderful performance; but now Joe, being pretty well cloyed with the Beef, began to lie bye a little, and called for ſomething to drink. By-and-bye, one of the company demanded of the landlord, what there was elſe for dinner? He replied, with a very faint voice, Gentlemen, I have nothing elſe but a boiled plumb pudding; I did not expect ſo much good company to-day, continued he, with a ſigh, and at the ſame time looking very hard upon Joe, or I would really have provided

vided ſomething more. No, no, replied Joe, it is very well, we can make ſhift well enough; and I am very glad you have got a plumb-pudding, with all my heart, for I am fond of all ſorts of pudding. What then, ſays one of the gentlemen, won't you taſte the veal, ſir? I believe not, replies Joe, it is but a hungry ſort of food, I had rather ſtay for the Pudding. The reſt of the company having had but a very ſmall ſhare of the Beef, had now almoſt finiſhed the veal, when the Pudding made its appearance; and the landlord going to take off the ſmall remnant that was left, Joe, who had ſet his argus-eye upon it, ſtabs his fork faſt into it, crying out, hold landlord, you ſhall not ſay but I'll taſte it however, elſe perhaps you may be affronted, and when I am gone ſay I was nice, and could not eat roaſt veal. So there was a third diſh emptied, and all the company as much amaz'd, and ſtar'd at Joe, as though he had been the greateſt prodigy in nature. But here Joe, being a little cloy'd, called for a bumper of red Wine, and having piddled a little while with the bones of his veal, till he had cleaned them, he called for another bumper of red Wine, which he had no ſooner tipp'd off, but he called for another, which made the company, I mean the ſtrangers, begin to think, that he intended to drink as much as he had eaten. Now, ſays he, Gentlemen, few people that are fond of plumb-pudding, know how to eat it, or any thing of a proper ſauce to it; and as moſt ſorts of pudding are heavy and cloying, but eſpecially Plumb-pudding, no ſauce can be better to it than red Wine, becauſe the fine ſmartneſs of the Wine helps to digeſt the Pudding. With that, he pours the bumper of red Wine into his plate, and cuts to it, full two thirds of what Pudding was remaining in the diſh. This crowned the whole work; for his companions ſeeing that, divided the other amongſt them, and Joe was now admired as a prodigy indeed.

Some time after dinner was over, the landlord came up ſtairs, and deſired to ſpeak a word with one of Joe's friends. Sir, ſays he, as that gentleman is your acquaintance, and has a more than common volubility of appetite, I ſhall eſteem it as a favour, if you'll take an opportunity, by-and-by, of ſpeaking to him for me, that I hope he'll be ſo kind as to conſider me ſomething more than the common price of my ordinary, for, upon my word, ſir, he has obliged me to dreſs

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a freſh dinner for my own family, or they muſt have gone without victuals. Indeed, ſir, replies the gentleman, I'd do it with all my heart, but I know it will ſignify nothing, for it might have happened, you know, that he had not eaten a morſel, and it is no eaſy matter, you know, landlord, for a perſon to break through an eſtabliſhed cuſtom. This anſwer confounded the landlord in an inſtant, and convinced him, that this was only a bill due to him, which they had thus contrived to pay off in his own coin.

An ANECDOTE relative to Oliver Cromwell.

DURING the protectorſhip of Oliver Cromwell, a deſign was formed for re-eſtabliſhing the Jews in this kingdom, with full liberty to carry on trade, and exerciſe their religion; but though this affair met with violent oppoſition from the heads of the different ſectaries, yet Oliver ſo far carried his point as to encourage a ſmall body of them to ſettle in their old quarter, under the direction of Manaſſeth Ben Iſrael, a great rabbi, who ſoon built a ſynagogue, and publicly performed divine worſhip. The intelligence which the protector received, from time to time, by means of the extenſive correſpondence and cloſe amity every where maintained throughout the univerſe among the ſcattered remains of the Jewiſh nation, contributed not a little to the ſucceſs of his enterpriſes abroad, and particularly to that of his naval expeditions; an inſtance of which is ſomewhere upon record, and thus related: As the earl of Orrery was once walking with Cromwell in one of the galleries at Whitehall, a man almoſt in rags appeared in view; upon which Cromwell immediately left the earl, and took that perſon with him into his cloſet, who told him of a ſum of money that the Spaniards were ſending over in a Dutch man of war, to pay their army in Flanders; and alſo the very part of the ſhip where the money was depoſited. The protector then immediately ſent an expreſs to Smith (afterwards ſir Jeremy Smith) who lay in the Downs, informing him that within a day or two ſuch a Dutch ſhip would paſs the channel, which he muſt ſearch for the Spaniſh money. Accordingly, when the ſhip paſſed by Dover, Smith ſent, and demanded leave to ſearch her. The Dutch captain return'd, *That none but his maſters ſhould ſearch him.* Upon which Smith ſent him word again, *that he had ſet up an hour-glaſs, and if he did not ſubmit to*

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the ſearch before it was run out, he would ſink him. The Dutchman ſeeing it was in vain to contend with ſuperior force, ſubmitted in time; and ſo all the money was found. And the next time Cromwell ſaw the lord Orrery, he told him, *he had his intelligence from that ſeemingly forlorn Jew he ſaw him go to ſome days before.*

An ANECDOTE relative to Queen Anne's Wars.

ABOUT the latter end of queen Anne's wars, when the Tory miniſtry came into play, they made a mighty rout about enquiring into the conduct of their predeceſſors the whigs; particularly as to corrupt management, and miſ-application of public money. Among the reſt, Mr. Walpole (afterwards the famous ſir Robert) then a member of the houſe, and once ſecretary at war, fell under its diſpleaſure; not ſo much perhaps, for what he had done, but out of pique for the violent oppoſition he had made to the meaſures then carrying on. The charge urged againſt him was this: After he, in conſequence of his poſt, had contracted with ſome undertakers for forage for the horſe that lay in Scotland; he, finding that the two perſons who contracted for it made conſiderable gain by it, named a friend of his own as a third perſon in order to know the ſecret of their management; ſo they offered him 500 l. for his ſhare, which he accepted, and the money was remitted. But they not knowing his place of reſidence, directed their bill, *To Mr. Walpole, Secretary at War*, who of conſequence was obliged to endorſe the bill before it could be received, which he accordingly did, and the perſon concern'd received the money. This being diſcovered, Mr. Walpole was charged with it, as a bribe that he had taken for his own uſe for making the contract. Both the perſons that remitted the money, and he who received it were examined by the committee, and affirmed that Mr. Walpole was neither directly nor indirectly concerned in the matter; but the houſe inſiſted upon his having endorſed the bill, and not only voted this a corruption, but ſent him to the Tower, and expell'd him the houſe. However, the violence with which this charge was carried on againſt him by the Tories, turned in the end to his advantage. For in the next reign he was conſidered as one who had ſuffered perſecution for his zeal to the houſe of Hanover; and the poſts of honour that were then heaped upon him, made him ſufficient amends for the ſcandalous aſreſions that had been thrown out againſt him before.

None so Deaf as those who will not Hear;

A true humourous TALE, and a Proverb; exemplify'd in the following merry Story of Mr. *James Spiller*, Comedian, of facetious Memory.

AS the art of true humour is very difficult to attain, and very rarely met with, I shall present my readers with a quotation on that subject from the Spectator, Vol. Num. 35. "Among all kinds of writing, there are none in which authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters; an head that is fill'd with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of filling the world with diversions of this nature; and yet, if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought do we meet with? If they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humourists, by such monstrous conceptions as almost qualify 'em for bedlam; not considering that humour should always be under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature to be observed in this sort of composition, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought within must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man than laugh at any thing he writes. It is indeed, much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is, and very difficult to define it any otherwise than as Cowley has done. 'Wit----by negatives.' For a further definition of humour, and a beautiful comparison between true humour and false humour, I would recommend my readers to the remaining part of the above Speculation, and now shall proceed to my story.

In the ſummer ſeaſon, Mr. Spiller was one day riding to Epſom, and in the evening met with an intimate acquaintance of his, who was returning, ſome three or four miles from that town, where, I know not upon what occaſion, except the races, it was ſo prodigiouſly full of company that he could not get accommodation for himſelf or his horſe upon any account. After ſome little ceremony had paſſed between them, the gentleman aſked Mr. Spiller where he was bound for, who anſwered him, to Epſom. What, ſays his friend, do you intend to ſtay there all night? Yes, ſir, replyed Mr. Spiller, you may be ſure of that. Why then, returned the gentleman, if you do you muſt take beds with you, both for yourſelf and horſe too, except you are provided for already, or elſe you will find that you muſt do as I have done; that is, come back again: For I have try'd every place in the town, and there is not one bed to be got for love or money, as the ſaying is.

I'll lay a wager, reply'd Mr. Spiller, that I get a lodging both for myſelf and my horſe too, let the town be never ſo full; and that too, in one of the beſt inns in the town. Perhaps, ſaid the gentleman, you may have one already there beſpoke. No, indeed, ſir, reply'd Mr. Spiller, I have not, I can aſſure you, nor am I acquainted with any one perſon that lives in the town, to the beſt of my knowledge. Why then, ſaid the gentleman, I'll lay you a gallon of claret that you don't lie in the town to night, I mean in a bed; or, get your horſe put into any ſtable there. Done, ſir, ſaid Mr. Spiller, I'll lay you a gallon of claret that I do; and that too, in one of the beſt inns in town: And if you will favour me with your company, and return back with me, you ſhall ſee yourſelf, that I will. No, no, reply'd the gentleman, I'll take your word for it; and the firſt time we meet in London, if we have time, we'll have our wager, and a fowl, to make us merry over the hiſtory of this night's adventure; with all my heart, returned Mr. Spiller; at which ſign do you reckon is the beſt? For that ſhall be the place I mean to lodge at. After the gentleman had ſatisfy'd him in that point, they confirm'd their wager, and ſo they parted.

When Mr. Spiller came to the inn where he was directed by his friend, he rides directly into the yard, and calling aloud for the hoſtler, he found it quite taken up with other gueſts, and every body in ſuch a hurry and confuſion, that no

no creature offered to attend him, or ſee for any body that would.

With that he alights from his roſinante, and leads him directly into a ſtable, which was before ſo full of horſes, that there was not room for him poſſibly to lie down, but however, there he meets the hoſtler, with whom he begins his humour, in the manner following. Here, friend, take care of this horſe, and do you hear, let him be well rubb'd down. Sir, anſwered the hoſtler, you ſee that the ſtable is already quite full; here is no room for him; nor have I any other place where there is more; well, well, ſaid Spiller, you may do ſo then, if you pleaſe, rub him down well, and give him ſome hay now, and about half an hour hence, give him a quarter of corn and ſome beans: Sir, ſaid the hoſtler, again I tell you, here's no room for him. Ay, do, do, reply'd Mr. Spiller, if thou think'ſt ſo, put a little bran amongſt his corn, with all my heart. Sir, ſaid the hoſtler, roaring as loud as ever he could, imagining that he was deaf, I tell you that I'll not take any charge of your horſe; and if you don't take him away with you, I'll turn him out of the ſtable, and let him go to the devil if he will. Why thou art an honeſt, ſenſible, good-natured, young fellow, reply'd Mr. Spiller, and I'll leave it entirely to thee: But be ſure do not let my horſe be changed. Curſe your deaf head! quoth the hoſtler; you may be d----n'd, and your horſe too; I wiſh you were both in hell together. Here, Mr. Spiller took not the leaſt notice of what the hoſtler ſaid to him, but left his horſe with him in the ſtable, and goes himſelf directly into the houſe to get ſomething to drink.

And the hoſtler reflecting, that if the horſe ſhould be loſt he might ſwear that he had left him in his charge, and might, by that means, come upon him for damages; he therefore tied him up to the manger, gave him ſome hay, and then run into the houſe, to acquaint his miſtreſs, for ſhe was a widow, what a ſtrange and deaf odd ſort of a fellow ſhe had got to deal with. By this time Mr. Spiller was come into the kitchen, and had juſt called for a pint of red wine; but the good hoſteſs being in a hurry, anſwered him, that ſhe was very ſorry that ſhe had no place to aſk him to ſit down in. When he, not willing to underſtand her, reply'd, 'tis all one to me, madam, if your red wine is not good, let me have a pint of white. Juſt as he had made her this contrary anſwer, in

comes the hoſtler; and as his miſtreſs was endeavouring to make Mr. Spiller underſtand what ſhe had ſaid to him, the hoſtler cried out to her, Ay, d----n his deaf head, madam, you may ſpend as much of your breath, as you pleaſe, to talk to him, but he will never hear a word you ſay: I have been plagu'd with him this hour in the ſtable, about his d----n'd horſe; and though I roared in his deaf ears, as loud as ever I could, till I had almoſt ſplit my throat, I could not make him underſtand me one word; and there is his horſe ſtill in the ſtable; I dare not turn him out, for fear he ſhould be loſt, and the deaf ſon of a b-----ch ſhould ſwear that I took charge of him. Lord! cried the hoſteſs, I do not know how we ſhall get ſhut of him. Troth, madam, anſwered the hoſtler, I fancy it will be beſt to let him alone; and give him nothing that he calls for to eat or drink; and perhaps that may ſoon tire him of being here.

The hoſtler's advice was thought very good, and therefore reſolved on, by his miſtreſs, to be put in execution. So there ſtood poor Spiller, for ſome time, ſtaring about him, and could neither get a ſeat to ſit down, nor any thing to drink. But bye-and-bye, obſerving the ſervants to carry out of the kitchen, a cover of ſmoaking-hot diſhes, he immediately follows them into a room, where there was about twenty gentlemen going to ſupper. So, as ſoon as he came into the room, he pulled off his hat; and after hanging it upon a peg, he ſtood there, mute as a fiſh. At length, one of the gentlemen obſerving him, and alſo, that he was a ſtranger, demanded, who does the gentleman want?

Here they all ſtared at him for ſome time; but no-body claiming any knowledge of him, one of them ſaid to him, Sir, we are here a ſelect company; do you want any-body, pray? No ceremony with me, replied Mr. Spiller; I beg, gentlemen, that you will not diſturb yourſelves upon my account; I can ſit any where. D-----n the fellow! ſays another of them, what does he mean? Turn him out of the room! The ſervants being all buſy, at his firſt coming into the room, placing the diſhes on the table, and putting things to rights, had not obſerved his coming in before; but now hearing of the gentlemen's diſpute, they ſoon found the cauſe on it; and thereupon, ſaid one of them, Lord, gentlemen! you will get no ſatisfaction by ſwearing or quarrelling at him; for he is ſo deaf, that you may fire a cannon at his ear, and

he

he will not hear you. He has been in the kitchen this hour, but no-body can make him underſtand a word that any-body ſays to him. They have been ready to knock his brains out ſeveral times; but he never underſtood them in the leaſt. He is a poor, ſimple, honeſt fellow, I dare ſay; but what brought him here, the Lord knows; or how you will get him down again, the Lord knows. Well, well, cried one of them, what does it ſignify? 'Tis better to let him ſtay here, now he is here; he looks like an inoffenſive gentleman; and as he is ſo deaf, we may be ſure that he will not be offended at any thing that is ſaid in company; nor ſhould we get any great honour in throwing him down ſtairs.

This ſpeech met with ſo general an approbation, that they all ſat down to ſupper, and let their deaf viſitant quietly partake with them; which we may ſay was another point gained. So after they had ſupped, and had ſat drinking wine and punch, and other liquors, for about the ſpace of an hour, Spiller got up, and with great ceremony, thanked them all round for their very good company; and then, throws down his ſhilling upon the table, for his ſhot. At which, one of them roared out, as loud as he could bellow, Zounds! ſir! what do you mean by a ſhilling? a ſhilling will not do, nor two neither! ſix ſhillings a-head will hardly pay the reckoning.

Why, now, gentlemen, replied Mr. Spiller, it does not ſignify making a multitude of words, for upon my ſoul I will be my ſhilling, if you were to talk till to-morrow; therefore, no apologies, gentlemen; I ſcorn to ſpunge upon any-body. Here, after ſome ſtir, they found it was but in vain to talk with him, ſo they were forced to take the ſhilling, and be contented.

Some little time after, when Mr. Spiller was returned to the kitchen, as his eyes were rolling about, he eſpied one of the maids, with a pan of coals in her hand, at which he inwardly rejoiced; ſo watching his opportunity, he ſlinks eaſily after her, quite unperceived by the girl; till when ſhe was warming of the bed, he ſays to her, What is this the room that I am to lie in? At this unexpected demand, the poor girl, in the utmoſt ſurprize to ſee him there, replied to him as loud as ſhe could roar, No, ſir; this bed is for two gentlemen, who are juſt coming into the room; and has been hired for them this month.

very

Very well, my dear, ſaid Mr. Spiller, I like it very well; and I hope the ſheets are well aired; but where is my night-cap? At hell! quoth the girl, for ought I know, and I wiſh you were there too; for I am ſure you are a worſe plague than the devil: But d---n your deaf head? I will have your neck broke down ſtairs preſently.

With that, away ſhe flies, with the warming-pan in her hand, as faſt as ſhe could, to inform her miſtreſs, and the two gentlemen, what had befel her. Madam, ſaid ſhe, yonder is that curſed dunny man that has plagued the whole houſe ſo, has followed me ſlily up ſtairs, into ſuch a room, where I was going to warm the bed for two gentlemen, and I cannot, for my life, get him down again.

So, away flies the miſtreſs up ſtairs full drive, and the two gentlemen, who had beſpoke the room, along with her. But when they came to the door, to their great diſappointment, they found it both locked and bolted; and he had alſo drawn a great cheſt of drawers againſt it, and placed a great wainſcot table againſt the drawers, and ſeveral chairs upon them: So that the gentlemen, at this baulk, were in a terrible paſſion; and ſtrove to burſt the door open: But it being a thick Oak door, and ſo ſtrongly ſtayed within, it was too much for them to accompliſh. So, after they had bounced againſt it half a dozen times, to no purpoſe, they ſtood to liſten whether they could learn what he was about; and Spiller, at the ſame time, rightly gueſſing what their ſudden ſilence was for, ſays to himſelf, but loud enough for them to hear him, the public inns are ſometimes very dangerous places; and a man cannot be too ſecure in them. But though I have the misfortune to have loſt my hearing, I think they cannot eaſily make their way through that ſtrong door, and that heavy cheſt of drawers, and all the other things which I have put againſt them: And if they ſhould, they can want nothing but to rob and murder me, I am ſure.

When they all heard this, the landlady gravely ſaid to the two gentlemen. There, gentlemen! do you hear this? I am glad you did not force open the door, with all my heart! For, if you had, we might have been all ruined. What could be done with ſuch a man? One of the gentlemen, being a practitioner of the law, anſwered the hoſteſs, thus: By G---d, Madam, you are very much in the right in it; for

for although he has no right to the room he is in, yet, as this is a public-inn, and he being in poſſeſſion, to break open a door upon him, would be ſuch an aſſault, as I ſhould not care to be concerned in, for an hundred pounds. This ſpeech of the lawyer's ſoon determined the matter; for down they all went again very quietly, and left Mr. Spiller ſecure enough in his lodgings.

In the morning, when Mr. Spiller came down, he very complaiſantly bid them all a good morrow; and they in return, all curſed him heartily for his good humour, and called him a thouſand vile names; but he underſtanding never a word that they ſaid, it was all given to the wind. Then he deſired half a pint of white wine made hot, with an egg beat up in it, for his breakfaſt; and then giving the hoſtler a ſhilling for looking after his horſe, and a ſhilling to the maid for warming his bed, he mounted his nagg. And being now ſettled in his ſaddle, he deſired the good hoſteſs to give him a glaſs of brandy; which ſhe did; and he drank to her very good health, rendering her his hearty thanks for her great civility. But while ſhe ſtood talking with him, for that little ſpace, having an occaſion to break wind, and not dreaming that he could be at all informed of the report, and recover his hearing ſo eaſily, ſhe never ſtood upon ceremony, but let fly, at once, with the voice of a demmy cannon. At this vociferatious ſalute, Spiller returned, well ſaid, madam! By heaven that was a rouzer! I hope, madam, you are better; I never heard a more banging f-----t in my life!

Gad's curſe you! cried the hoſteſs, is this you, that was deaf all night, and can hear a f----t in the morning? You ſcoundrel dog! you richly deſerve your brains knock'd out. Here, her paſſion was ſo great, that ſhe could not contain herſelf; but while ſhe was looking about for ſomething to throw at his head, he threw her down the ſix-pence for his Brandy, turned about his horſe, and after repeating theſe words: *None*, Madam, *ſo Deaf, as thoſe who will not Hear*, he rid out of the yard as faſt as he well could; leaving the whole houſe in the greateſt alarm imaginable. And

Thus he fairly won his wager, and maintained his Humour undiſcovered to the very laſt.

ANECDOTE relative to Dr. DALE.

WHEN queen Elizabeth firſt propoſed to the famous civilian Dr. Dale, his being employed by her in Flanders,

ders, ſhe, among other encouragements, told him that he ſhould have twenty ſhillings a-day for his expences: *Then, madam,* ſaid he, *I will ſpend nineteen ſhillings a-day.* What will you do with the odd ſhilling, the queen replied? *I will reſerve that for my Kate, and for Tom and Dick*; meaning his wife and children. This induced the queen to enlarge his allowance. During the doctor's ſtay in Flanders, he once ſent, in a packet to the ſecretaries of ſtate, two letters, one to the queen and the other to his wife; but that which was meant for the queen was ſuperſcribed *To his dear wife*; and that for his wife, *To her moſt excellent majeſty*; ſo that the queen having opened his letter, found it beginning with *Sweet-heart*, and afterwards with *my dear*, and *dear love*, with ſuch-like expreſſions, acquainting her with the ſtate of his body, and that he began to want money. You may eaſily gueſs what motions of mirth this miſtake raiſed; but the doctor by his overſight got a ſupply of money. When upon the overtures for a treaty, the other ambaſſador came to propoſe in what language they ſhould treat, the Spaniſh ambaſſador ſaid, that the French was the moſt proper, becauſe, ſaid he to Dr. Dale, your miſtreſs intitles herſelf queen of France. Nay, then, ſaid the doctor, let us treat in Hebrew, for your maſter calls himſelf king of Jeruſalem.

ANECDOTE relative to Mr. JOSEPH TREFUSIS.

MR. Joſeph Trefuſis, the original *Trapland* in Love for Love, and a well-eſteemed low comedian (a theatrical term to diſtinguiſh that branch from the genteel;) was famous alſo for dancing an aukward country clown. He was an experienced angler: and as he was fiſhing by the Liffy ſide, ſome friends of his were going in a boat in order to embark for England. Joe ſeeing them, called to them to take him in, that he might ſee them ſafe on board. He gave his fiſhing-rod to a friend on ſhore, to take care of it till his return; but Joe, it ſeems, was prevailed on by his companions to make the journey to London with them, with his fiſhing cloaths on his back, not a ſecond ſhirt, and but ſeven ſhillings in his pocket. His companions left him at London, and Mr. Wilks found him gazing at the dial in the ſquare of Covent-Garden. He hardly knew him at firſt, as Mr. Wilks ſaid, but by his particular gait, which was beyond imitation. When he aſked him how he came there, and in that pickle; *Hum! ha! why faith, Bobby,* replied Joe, *I only come from Dublin to ſee what it was o'clock at Covent-Garden.*

An ANECDOTE relative to Mr. LUN.

LUN, the famous harlequin, uſed frequently to ſup at Jerry Lucas's, the Sun-Tavern in Clare-Market, which has a door in one ſtreet and windows in another. One night, after the entertainment, he had got into a hackney-coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun: It happened that as the fellow was driving by the window, Lun perceived it to be open, and threw himſelf out of the coach into the room; the coachman having turned the corner drove up to the houſe, and getting from his box, opened the coach-door and let down the ſtep; then taking off his hat, he waited ſome time expecting his fare to alight, but at laſt looking into his coach and ſeeing it empty, he beſtowed a few hearty curſes on the raſcal that had bilked him, and remounting his box, turned about and was driving the ſame way back: As he paſſed again by the window, Lun watched the opportunity and again threw himſelf into the coach; he then looked out and calling to the coachman, aſked where the devil he was going, and bid him turn about. The fellow got down, and looked into the coach upon Lun with great amazement, and then as he was ordered, turned about and came once more to the Sun-Tavern door. When Lun got out, after reproaching the fellow for his ſtupidity, he would have given him his fare; *No God bleſs your honour*, ſays the man, *my maſter has ordered me to take no money to-night. Why then*, ſays Lun, *he's a fool, and here's a ſhilling for yourſelf. No*, ſays the man, who by this time mounted the coach-box, *that won't do, I know you too well for all your ſhoes; and ſo Mr. Devil, for once you are outwitted.*

An ANECDOTE relative to the Counteſs of Eglington.

THE counteſs of Eglington, one of the greateſt beauties in Scotland, fell under the diſpleaſure of her lord for no other cauſe than that of having brought him ſeven daughters, and no ſon. His lordſhip went ſo far as to aſſure her, he was determined to ſue for a divorce. The lady replied, he need not do that, for ſhe would readily agree to a ſeparation, provided he would give her back what he had

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with her. He, supposing she meant only pecuniary affairs, assured her, she should have her fortune to the last penny. *Nay, nay, my lord,* says she, *that winna do; return me my youth, beauty, and virginity, and dismiss me as soon as you please.* His lordship being unable to comply with his demand, spoke no more of parting with his lady, and before the year was out, she brought him a son, who established the content and affection of his parents for each other.

An ANECDOTE relative to Doctor *SAVAGE.*

DOCTOR Savage, soon after he had been consecrated bishop of **** in Ireland, desired Mrs. Pilkington to give his compliments to the dean of St. Patrick's, and tell him, as he owed his preferment to his recommendation, he was surprised he had never seen him since: While I was plain Dr. Savage, says he, the dean used to send his wine and bread before him, and frequently take a dinner with me; but now I believe he is ashamed to own me. Mrs. Pilkington delivered the bishop's message, to which the dean listened with great attention, and then said----*Oh! I remember something of it, Lord C------t applied to me for a person to make a bishop of, whom I knew was not an honest man; and as I wanted the living of W-------'s for D-------y I recommended S-----ge to the bishoprick, with an assurance that he would answer his excellency's purpose; and pox take me if I ever thought him worth my contempt till I had made a bishop of him.*

An

An ACCOUNT *of the DEATH, &c. of* BEBE, King STANISLAUS's *famous* DWARF.

BY the extract of a letter from Comte de Tresan, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, to M. Morand, of the same Academy, we are informed of the death of Bebe, King Stanislaus's famous dwarf. Bebe was the issue of two healthy, well made, labouring people. His mother reared him with great difficulty, his mouth being so small, that he could only take in part of the nipple. A wooden shoe served him for a long time by way of cradle; and his growth, to the age of twelve, was in proportion to his original littleness. At that age, nature seemed to make an effort that was not uniform, his growth being unequal in many parts: His nose in particular being disproportioned to the rest of his features. Bebe gave very imperfect marks of understanding, and had no notion of the supreme being, or the immortality of the soul. He seemed to be fond of music, and beat time with tolerable exactness. He was susceptible of all the passions incident to human nature, such as anger, jealousy, &c. At the age of 18, Bebe was so amorously inclined that he is said to have anticipated old age by the indulgence of this propensity, for he naturally died of old age, before he was 30, and began to decline from two and twenty. The king of Poland gave leave to have him dissected, and the anatomists discovered many obstructions, to which they attribute the stoppage of his growth.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

AS Christendom, or the professors of christianity, departed from the spirit, and vitals of religion, they became not only fond, but contentious about legal rites and ceremonies, (even to persecuting those, who, through a disbelief of the real necessity of them, have been in the non-performance thereof,) and have instituted one type in the stead of another, little knowing, or desiring to know, what they pointed to, that, if I may be allowed the simile, like the dog in the fable, they have catched at the shadow, and lost the substance.

It being more agreeable to the natural disposition of man to sacrifice than to obey, and to offer oblations than to hearken to the voice of the lord, that is, to adhere to, and mind the reproofs and dictates of conscience; from whence have proceeded the many inventions and superstitions, in the Latin, Greek, and also in some of the reformed churches, that so by the many performances, and trust, and confidence put in externals, the inward divine life of religion, which leads into purity of heart, productive of moral rectitude, becomes neglected.

I was drawn into these serious reflections from reading the account of the mode or form of baptism as used by the Mingrelians (of the Greek church) in the east; and as christians in general, lay such stress on that ceremony, or sacrament, as it is called, give me leave to describe the form used among those people, which please to take as followeth.

Yours,

Aug. 29, 1764. ASELLUS.

The mode, or form of baptism, used among the Mingrelians, a Greek church, in the East. Related by Sir John Chardin, in his Travels through Persia, who saith,

"I Was invited to two christenings, whither I went to observe the manner of the Mingrelian baptism, and the ceremony was thus: It was performed in a neighbour's house, adjoining to where I lodged in Anarghia; the priest was sent for about ten o'clock in the morning; he was no sooner come but he went into the *buttery*, where they kept the wine, and sat himself down on a bench, without any other than his ordinary habit, and then began reading a book that was greatly torn, about the size of a New Testament in octavo. Not that the child was brought to him when he first began to read, for the father and godfather did not bring him till a quarter of an hour after, and then appeared a little boy, about five years old, at which time the godfather brought *a little fearing candle*, and *three grains of incense*, the candle the godfather lighted, and fixed to the cellar door; though it was burnt out before the child was baptized, they lighted not up another; and as for the three grains of incense, they w re strewed on some embers, and smoaked away; all this while the priest read on very fast, with a loud voice, and in

ſuch a careleſs manner, as if he minded not what he did; the father and godfather walking backward and forward all all the time, as did the boy, *eating all the while.* At length, after an hour's reading, *a bucket of warm water* was brought, into which, after the prieſt had poured a ſpoonful *of oil of amber*, he bade the godfathers undreſs the child, which, when done, he put the child naked therein, where, as the child ſtood on his feet, the godfather waſhed his body all over, and when he was well waſhed, the prieſt took out of a leather pouch as much *myrrh* or *oil of unction*, as to the weight of a pea, and gave it the godfather, who anointed with it almoſt all parts of the child's body, as the top of the head, the ears, forehead, noſe, cheeks, chin, ſhoulders, elbows, back, belly, knees, and feet, all which time the Prieſt continued reading; nor did he give over till the godfather had again dreſſed the child; which being done, the father brought *bread, wine, and boiled pork*, and firſt gave the child to eat, and then preſented it to the Prieſt, the godfather, and the gueſt, and then they all ſat down to a table; nor was there one that was not *drunk* before he went away."

The PANTHER, *the* HORSE, *and other* BEASTS.

A FABLE.

THE man, who ſeeks to win the fair,
(So cuſtom ſays) muſt truth forbear;
Muſt fawn and flatter, cringe and lye;
And raiſe the goddeſs to the ſky;
For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeneſs, which ſhe cannot bear -------
A rudeneſs? ---- Yes.---- I ſpeak my thoughts;
For truth upbraids her with her faults.
How wretched, Cloe, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lye;
And ſtill to make you leſs my friend,
I ſtrive your errors to amend.
But ſhall the ſenſeleſs fop impart
The ſoft paſſion to your heart,
While he, who tells you honeſt truth,
And points to happineſs your youth,

Determines,

Determines, by his care; his lot,
And lives neglected, and forgot?
  Truſt me, my girl, with greater eaſe,
Your taſte for flatt'ry I could pleaſe,
And ſimilies in each dull line,
Like glow-worms in the dark, ſhould ſhine,
What if I ſay your lips diſcloſe
The freſhneſs of the op'ning roſe?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreſhing ſhow'rs?
Yet certain as theſe flow'rs ſhall fade,
Time ev'ry beauty will invade.
The butterfly, of various hue,
More than the flow'r reſembles you;
Fair flutt'ring, fickle, buſy thing,
To pleaſure ever on the wing,
Gayly coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.
  Would you the bloom of youth ſhould laſt?
'Tis virtue that muſt bind it faſt;
An eaſy carriage, wholly free
From ſour reſerve, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unſkill'd in any art;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties, which a friend makes known,
And decent pride enough to know
The worth, that virtue can beſtow.
  Theſe are the charms, which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away,
And time, which all things elſe removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.
  You'll frown, and aſk to what intent
This blunt addreſs to you is ſent?
I'll ſpare the queſtion, and confeſs
I'd praiſe you if I lov'd you leſs;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude, while you are vain.
  Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,
When beaſts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther, of majeſtic port,
(The vaineſt female of the court)

With ſpotted ſkin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every boſom with deſire;
Where e'er ſhe mov'd, a ſervile croud
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd;
Aſſemblies ev'ry week ſhe held,
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd;
Where noiſe, and nonſenſe, and grimace,
And ſcandal echo'd round the place.

Behold the gay, fantaſtic thing,
Encircled by the ſpacious ring;
Low-bowing, with important look,
As firſt in rank, the monkey ſpoke.
" Gad take me, madam, but I ſwear,
" No angel ever look'd ſo fair------
" Forgive my rudeneſs, but I vow,
" You were not quite divine till now;
" Thoſe limbs! that ſhape! and then thoſe eyes!
" O, cloſe them, or the gazer dies!"

Nay, gentle pug, for goodneſs hush,
I vow, and ſwear, you make me bluſh;
I ſhall be angry at this rate------
'Tis ſo like flatt'ry, which I hate.

The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taſte, and ſenſe,
To which the fair have vaſt pretence;
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they ſtrive not to attain,
And play'd ſo cunningly his part,
That pug was rival'd in his art.

The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
And burnt----for what he durſt not name;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning underſtood.
Half angry at the bold addreſs,
She frown'd; but yet ſhe muſt confeſs,
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But ſtill his phraſe was ſomewhat rude.

The Hog her neatneſs much admir'd;
The formal Aſs her ſwiftneſs fir'd;
Thus all to feed her folly ſtrove,
And by their praiſes ſhar'd her love.

The

The Horſe, whoſe gen'rous heart diſdain'd
Applauſe, by ſervile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage, ſilence broke,
And thus with indignation ſpoke.
When flatt'ring monkeys fawn and prate,
They juſtly raiſe contempt, or hate;
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful Fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his ſelfiſh ends;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendſhips, to betray.
Diſmiſs the train of fops, and fools,
And learn to follow wiſdom's rules;
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;
For who would court that lovely ſhape,
To be the rival of an ape?
He ſaid; and ſnorting in diſdain,
Spurn'd at the croud, and ſought the plain.

EPITAPHS.

I.

HERE lies *honeſt* Kate, the deſpiſer of Pelf,
Who ſerv'd all her friends, and neglected herſelf.

II.

JOIN'D with the cleareſt head, the pureſt heart,
Oh, much-lamented LEGG, was given to thee;
Talents to act an honeſt ſtateman's part,
Thy country's friend, the friend of liberty!
Oh, loſt too ſoon! The loſs let Britons mourn,
And add the public to the private tear;
While truth inſcribes upon thy honour'd urn,
The worthieſt of men repoſes here.

To the Editor, &c.

AT the death of king Edward VI, when his ſiſter Mary aſcended the throne, her whole drift, and deſire, was to bring about an alteration and change in religion, from that eſtabliſhed in her brother's reign, to popery, which ſhe accompliſhed; for venal tools enough ſhe found to ſerve her purpoſe, who had cried down the maſs, and all the ſuperſtitions of the church of Rome, as ſtark naught in her brother's days. But in every age, and reign, there are not wanting thoſe, who will veer, and turn about, with every ſtate-wind that blows, and alter ſyſtems, either religious or political, as beſt ſuits their intereſt and purpoſe; for courtiers in general, ſeek not to know, or follow, truth and juſtice, but power and preferment, and to aggrandize themſelves and families.

But to put a better face and gloſs on things, a diſputation between the Catholics, and Proteſtants was appointed and held; which after long conteſt and debate, ended with theſe words from the Catholics, or moſt powerful part, to the Reformed, *You have the word; but we have the ſword, and we will make uſe of it;* a moſt nervous and cloſing argument.

In the courſe of my reading, I have ſomewhere found to the follow import; that on the acceſſion of king James II. to the throne, one of his nobles congratulated him in theſe words; "God bleſs your majeſty; and may your reign be as happy as was that of queen Elizabeth's." The king ſaid, "Pray, how came her reign to be ſo happy?" The noble replied, "She was a judicious, wiſe princeſs, who ſtudied to know the temper of the people ſhe governed, and choſe the miniſtry accordingly; who ſhould have the good and intereſt of the common people at heart, as ſhe had; for a wiſe prince will always have a wiſe miniſtry."

To the Printer, &c.

TRAVELLING lately in the moſt romantic county of England, as I was attentive to the threatening piles of rocks, every way around me, my pleaſing ſpeculations were ſuddenly interrupted by the hoarſe voice of my guide, who, without the leaſt apology, told me very gravely, he thought

we had loſt our way, and without giving me time to recover out of my ſurpriſe, added, we could not be leſs than twelve miles diſtant from the proper road. My whole attention was now more particularly fixed upon the ſurrounding landſcape, and obſerving it was terminated with beautiful verdant incloſures, I told my erroneous directing-poſt, we could not be far from ſome manſion of the living, at which we might make ſome enquiries ſuitable to our preſent circumſtances. My conjecture proved not ill-grounded; for we h d rode ſcarce a mile before a ſpacious, regular-built edifice preſented itſelf to our view; upon taking a ſurvey of it, I had but juſt turned my eye to the door, when it was opened, and a gentlemen in appearance of quality came out, and approaching me with a moſt engaging ſmile, enquired if curioſity, and a deſire to ſee the wanton ſports of nature, had brought me to his wild manor, which was ſo little known to, and ſo ſeldom viſited by the inquiſitive traveller. I informed him of the accident which had occaſioned this, and received by way of anſwer, that it was full forty miles to my intended ſtage, that I had three miles to go among the rocks, and twelve over a dangerous moor before I could reach the high-way. The information raiſed up many painful ideas; I examined the countenance of my guide, gazed on the proſpect before me, and then looking ſtupidly on the ground, fell into a reverie: Having come to a reſolution, I lift up my eyes, but was agreeably ſurpriſed to ſee the whole family about me, and my own with another ſervant, in a waiting poſture, to attend my diſmounting. Sir, continued the hoſpitable ſtranger, I have been ſome time courting you to ſpend the remainder of the day with me, but receiving no anſwer, thought it not amiſs to bring the reſt of my family to back the invitation. This they did in ſuch alluring terms, that if my ſituation had not been ſuch as it was, I ſhould not have ſcrupled to accept ſo polite an offer. I went in: I was pleaſed with every perſon and object around me: I for once thought, there is, in this life, perfect happineſs: The Eve[illegible] the next day, ſeveral others, ſtole unperceived away in ſo[illegible] and unreſerved converſe. I never before was ſo eaſily prevailed on to part with taciturnity; but it was impoſſible not to be communicative amidſt the moſt engaging and undeſigning companions. The maſter of the houſe diſcovered an aſpect ſerenely bright, a carriage tinctured with inexpreſſible

expreſſible ſoftneſs, a ſincere complaiſance in his converſation, a freedom without levity, in his profeſſions truth without oſtentation or vile hypocriſy; his indifferent actions had ſomething in them peculiarly attracting; he would be upon a level with you, and his ſentiments of the follies and failings of mankind bordered always upon the tender. His amiable confort I heard called by no other appellation than Charity; ſhe was, I have ſince been informed, a branch of the family of the All-worthies: her good qualities, eſpecially thoſe of benevolence, and a readineſs to forgive, render her acquaintance a peculiar bleſſing. The eldeſt ſon of this happy pair is named Prudence, the next Integrity, and the youngeſt Equanimity. With ſuch friends how ſwiftly run out the ſands of time! How ſoon are misfortunes alleviated and foregone!

The hours now approached, which compelled me to take leave of thoſe with whom I wiſhed for ever to reſide. At the morning of my departure, while at breakfaſt, I happened to diſcover in a hint, my inclination to know the name, and ſomething of the hiſtory of my generous benefactor. Sir, ſaid he I underſtand you. It is my ſtudy, my delight, to find out the wants of my fellow-creatures; and to aſſiſt the delicate and modeſt, before they feel the pain of declaring them. You ſhall not depart with one reaſonable deſire unſatisfied.

My name is Good-Nature. Once, in early days, my reſidence was fixed at the metropolis, near the court end of the town. By frequent tours, confined to my own country, and by exerting the whole of my influence to render thoſe I viſited happy, I obtained the cordial eſteem of all ſorts of people. The poor loved me for my good actions, and the rich for my affability. At the ſame time dwelt in town, a perſonage, known by the name of Selfiſhneſs, and univerſally deteſted, on account of the numerous baſe actions his ruling paſſion urged him to commit. As envy and meanneſs are cloſely united, my growing fame gave him umbrage; and no ſooner were my friends and their careſſes multiplied, but he meditated by what ſubtle policy he might check the one, and deprive me of the other. To this end he employed every artifice a baſe mind can ſuggeſt: But finding, what often happens, his many diſconcerted ſchemes, and detected falſities, only rendered him more odious, he had recourſe to

other expedients; and his plodding genius too ſoon invented a device, which conduced not a little to his once hated, but now too much admired character: In ſhort, he ſet himſelf in earneſt to act the part moſt averſe to him: He affected to become my diſciple, and aimed to captivate the unthinking part of mankind with exterior ſhew inſtead of reality: He bowed low to a chariot-wheel, ſhook by the hand the moſt noted knave, was profuſe in his ſmiles, and apparently friendly in his numerous invitations. He could be ſeemingly tender in mentioning any report to the prejudice of the man he deſigned to calumniate; was continually *wiſhing* for the proſperity of thoſe, and *hoping* they would do well, whom he would injure, and if poſſible perpetrate their ruin. A ſhrug of the ſhoulder, a rolling eye, a down-caſt look, a pathetic ſigh, expreſſed the force of his compaſſion, which was not ſtrong enough to do one diſintereſted real good action. This hypocriſy he exerciſed in all its forms, enemies as well as friends; the bad as well as the good, every one who might be ſerviceable, had their ſhare. In proceſs of time his artificial eaſineſs of temper was looked upon as natural; his outward complaiſance won the ignorant; and his uſeleſs humanity, reduced to an art, rendered him popular; for the very mimickry of good nature covers, or beautifies the deformity of ill actions and ill deſigns: Theſe ſubtleties, ſubſervient to arbitrary power, ſo ſtrongly operated upon the political world, that they took him and his family under their protection. Sir Robert adopted one of his children, and called him Intereſt. Alas! ever ſince that period of corruption, his deſcendants, like the preſent northern locuſts, are endeavouring to ſcatter their brood over the whole earth; nor is there a village where ſome of them are not to be met with, though under different names; theſe they aſſume according to the genius and temper of the people; at court they are ſtiled Good-breeding; in the city, Oeconomy; in the country, Good-nature and prudent perſons.-------- As to myſelf, it ſoon appeared I was marked out to have the load of odium Selfiſhneſs bore, caſt on my ſhoulders: With this view my words were miſconſtrued, my actions miſrepreſented: I was at times too grave;---I was not witty enough; ------if I viſited the ſick, it was oſtentation; -----if I relieved the neceſſitous, it was extravagance, or with an intention to become popular.-------Thus, being continually calumniated

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by falſe reports, ill-treatment compelled me to ſeek a ſhelter in this ſilent retreat, where I live happy to myſelf, and I hope uſeful to the world; for you muſt know I continually make excurſions abroad, and viſit thoſe ſincere friends who have not deſerted me, and whom I have the pleaſure to ſee are not a few, in this land productive of Liberty and Benevolence.

Here my hoſpitable friend ended his narrative, and I took an unwilling, but haſty, leave. In my way home this thought employed my mind. Surely! what I have heard is nothing more than an allegory, framed to teach me how to diſtinguiſh real good-nature from its appearances: hence I learn that, however the former is to be ſeen in every ſtreet we paſs through, yet ſelfiſhneſs, intereſt and private views, are frequently under the maſk; and we may venture to ſay, for one truly-good-natured man, known to be ſuch by his actions, you will meet with five ſmooth-tongued, talkative flatterers.

Chicheſter, Suſſex. Your's, &c.

LIBERTAS.

ANECDOTE relative to Dr. HALLEY.

ABOUT the year 1715, when Dr. Halley's ſcheme, and other aſtronomical ſchemes of the great ſolar eclipſe, which foretold the preciſe time of the beginning and ending of that eclipſe, and that it would be total, was cried about every where in London, there happened to be a Mahometan envoy there, from Tripoli, who at firſt thought people diſtracted for pretending to know ſo exactly when GOD Almighty would totally over-ſhadow the ſun, which his own muſſulmen were not able to do. He concluding thus, that GOD Almighty never would reveal ſo great a ſecret to us unbelievers, when he did not reveal it to thoſe whom he eſteemed true believers. However, when the eclipſe came preciſely as thoſe ſchemes had foretold, he was then aſk'd by lord Forfar, what he now thought of the matter? His anſwer was, *That they muſt have their intelligence from the devil; for he was ſure that GOD would never correſpond with ſuch a wretched ſet of unbelievers as the Engliſh aſtronomers were.*

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ANECDOTE relative to VICTOR AMADEUS.

VICTOR AMADEUS, the late king of Sardinia, had governed that kingdom with great wisdom for many years, when he at last formed a resolution of resigning the crown in favour of his son, the present reigning monarch; which he accordingly did, Sept. 30, 1730, contrary to the advice of his ministers, and against the remonstrances of the prince himself, who conjured him to keep the reins of government in his own hands till death should put a period to his dominion. His secret motive for this step, was, that he might retire, and wear out the remainder of his days in dalliance with the countess of Sebastian, whom he had resolved to marry; but the reason declared in the act of demission were, the fatigues of a long reign, and the infirmities of age. After this ceremony the old king set out with his mistress for Chamberry, the place he had chosen for his residence. But whether he grew tired of dalliance, or was instigated by the ambitious views and solicitations of the countess his wife, he soon entertained thoughts of re-ascending the throne; and for that end wrote secretly to several of his former favourites, who carried his letters to the new king. His majesty, willing to make his father easy, paid him a visit at Chamberry; but found him much out of temper. Charles, however, for that is the present king's name, desired the countess of Sebastian to employ her good offices to pacify him, offering any thing to content him; but adding, *As my father has made me king, king I will be.* The lady promised him fair, but had no intention of keeping her word. Soon after Charles's return to Turin, Victor wrote him word, that the air of Chamberry did not agree with him, and desired leave to reside at Montcalier; but without waiting for an answer, set out for that castle. The young king was not displeased to have him under his eye; but the ministry finding the old king resolute to remount the throne, advised him to confine him, which with great difficulty he consented to do; but in signing the order his hand shook so, that the secretary was obliged to guide it. In consequence of this order the count de la Peronse arrested the old king at Montcalier, and conducted him to the castle of Rivoli. At his departure, he asked only for three things; his wife, his papers, and his snuff-box;

box; but only could obtain the laſt. He was treated at Rivoli with great reſpect by the officers appointed to guard him, but nobody was allowed to ſee him. He died there in 1732, aged about 66.

ANECDOTE relative to Sir RICHARD STEELE.

DURING the reign of king George the firſt, while Sir Richard Steele had the direction of his majeſty's company of comedians, plays were frequently acted in the great Hall of the palace at Hampton-Court, for the diverſion of the royal family. One day his majeſty had ordered Shakeſpear's Harry the 8th, which is no other than a ſort of dramatic chronicle of an Engliſh court, to be preſented before him; and when it was over, the earl of Sunderland meeting ſir Richard in the Colonade, and aſking him gravely, how the king liked it, replied with his uſual humour, *So terribly well, my lord, that I was afraid I ſhould have loſt all my actors! For I was not ſure the king would not keep them to fill the poſts at* Court, *he ſaw them ſo fit for in the* Play.

A remarkable Story of a criminal capitally convicted by a Dog; in an Extract of a private Letter from a Gentleman at Dijon, to his Friend in London, dated Aug. 15, 1764.

SINCE my arrival here, there has been a man broke on the wheel, with no other proof to condemn him than that of a water ſpaniel about the ſize of your's; the circumſtances attending it being ſo very ſingular and ſtriking, I ſhall communicate them to you. A farmer, who had been to receive a ſum of money, was way-laid, robbed, and murdered by two villains: The farmer's dog returned with all ſpeed to the gentleman's houſe who had paid the money, and expreſſed ſuch amazing anxiety for the gentleman to follow him, pulling him ſeveral times by the ſleeve and ſkirt of the coat, that at length the gentleman ſubmitted. The dog led him to the field, a little from the road ſide, where the body lay; from thence the gentleman went to a public houſe, in order to alarm the country: The moment he entered, as the two villains were there drinking, the dog ſeized the murder-

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er by the throat, and the other made his escape. This man lay in prison three months, during which time they visited him once a week with the dog; and though they made him change his cloaths with other prisoners, and always stand in the midst of a crowd, yet would the dog fly at him. On the day of trial, when the prisoner was at the bar, the dog was let loose into the court-house, and in the midst of some hundreds he always found him, though dressed entirely in new cloaths, and would have tore him to pieces, had he been allowed; in consequence of which, he was condemned, and at the place of execution confessed the fact.------Surely so useful, disinterestedly faithful an animal, should not be so barbarously treated as I have often seen them, particularly in London.

ANECDOTE relative to MICHAEL ANGELO.

MIchael Angelo, in his picture of the last judgment in the pope's chapel at Rome, had painted, among other figures in hell, that of cardinal Campegio, who had once done him some ill offices abroad, with such a striking likeness, that every body knew it at first sight. Upon which Campegio complained of the affront to his Holiness, and desired it might be erased. The pope replied, *It was out of his power to oblige him.* Why so? said Campegio. *Because*, said his Holiness, *we can only deliver out of Purgatory, but not out of Hell.*

ANECDOTE relative to a Curious Painting.

SOme years ago, among other fine paintings that adorned the great church at Harlem, was one of *Abraham offering up his son Isaac*, which in every respect but the design exceeded all the rest in the church; but *that* was *of true Dutch invention indeed!* For, Abraham was represented as shooting Isaac with a pocket-pistol, when instantly as the hammer was supposed to be striking up the steel, a little Cherub descends and pisses out the fire. Bishop Burnet, speaking of Holland one day to king William, said, *he had seen a curiosity in that country, which he believed was not to be matched in the whole world;* and his majesty being desirous to know what it was, the bishop mentioned this picture. His majesty smiled; but when he returned to Holland, caused it to be removed.

TWO VULGAR ERRORS, respecting the Sowing of GRASS-SEEDS, *pointed out.*

TWO errors (which give me leave to call *vulgar ones*, not from being the errors of the country people, but of the writers on husbandry, by whom they are constantly inserted, and which for want of the test of experience, are mere conjectures) shall be the subject of this letter.

The first is a general assertion, that the proper times to sow grass-seeds are at the latter end of the summer, or about Michaelmas.

In the year 1762, I sowed some ground with grass-seeds, at the above-directed time. The season was tolerable, and the seeds came up well, the ground being very fine. The winter was in general frosty, and much snow. The seeds, when I expected them to flourish in spring, were almost quite eradicated, only here and there one being to be seen; so I was obliged to plough it up again.

In 1763, concluding that the theory was still right, and the failure owing to the frost, I sowed another piece of ground at the end of the summer with grass-seeds, and some more with saintfoin. The following winter was quite open and mild; some rains before Christmas, but good weather afterwards. The success has been the same as the year before, viz. a very great deficiency, especially in the saintfoin which I have been forced to sow again.

I only mention those two trials, as the success was the same in different seasons, but have often before tried this system, persisting from an apprehension that the fault was either in the seed, or seasons, or soil; but now I am perfectly convinced, that (unless winter can be turned into summer) late sowing will not succeed once in five times, nor will spring sowing fail above once in five.

The second error in the husbandry-writers is a constant assertion, that seeds should never be sown with corn; that the greediness of the farmer, by sowing them together, is a great loss to him in the future goodness of the grass, &c.

I will not so positively (as before) insist on the falsity of this advice, but, on constant trials, will venture to say, that in light soils it is better for the land, and much more advantageous to the farmer to sow them together.

Let ground be never so well tilled, there will remain in it a quantity of the seeds of annual weeds: these will, on the

land resting, immediately sprout, and about midsummer become a considerable crop, running out the goodness of the soil, and smothering the seeds, (which are of a slower growth, being intended by nature to continue longer) and if not prevented by mowing, will shed their seeds, and fill the ground for a next years crop.

If seeds are sown with corn, the corn, being of quick growth, prevents many of the weeds from growing; and the farmer, for the sake of his crop, will have the more gross ones weeded out: By this means the following year the ground will be clear for the growth of the grass-seeds; not to mention some advantage of the standing stubble being a shelter in winter for the young plants.

I have frequently sown, for the sake of the experiment, part of a field in one way, part in the other; and will venture to affirm, that in general the seeds sown with corn make the cleanest and best swarth; not but it will happen, in particular years, that the corn will damage the seeds by being too rank. I have a crop of barley just now on my ground, that I expect to ruin the saintfoin which was sown with it, but it is particular, and may not happen again, at least, I never had it so before unless from my own mismanagement.

[*Museum Rusticum.*]

Letter of Baron HOLBERG, on BELLS, and the Custom of Ringing in England.

I Was last week in a company of men of letters, where several conjectures were offered concerning the origin of the word Campana; a Klocke, that is, Bell, in the northern tongues. On my return home, I consulted several writers; some think the word Klocke to be of northern etymology; these words, *Ut Cloca habeatur in Ecclesia*, occurring in the most antient histories of the North. It appears from hence, that in the infancy of Christianity, the word Cloca was used in the North instead of Campana. Some French writers derive the word Cloca from Cloche, and this again from Clocher, that is, to limp; for, say they, as a person who limps, falls from one side to the other, so do Klocks, bells, when rung. Some have recourse to the Latin word Clangor, others recur to the Greek *Kaleo*, I call; some even deduce it from the word Cochlea, a snail, from the resemblance of it's shell

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to a bell; thus here is plenty of derivations for you to make choice of. As to the Latin word Campana, it was first used in Italy, as Nola is in Campania; and it appears that the greater bells only were called Campana, and the lesser Nola. The invention of them is generally attributed to Bishop Paulinus; but this certainly must be understood only of the religious use of them; it being plain, from Roman writers, that they had the like machines called the Tintinnabula.

The use of bells continued long unknown in the East, the people being called to public worship by strokes of wooden hammers; and to this day the Turks proclaim the beginning of their service, by vociferations from the steeple. Antiently priests themselves used to toll the bell, especially in cathedrals and great churches, and these we distinguished by the appellation of Campanarii. The Roman Catholics christen their bells, and godfathers assist at the solemnity; thus consecrating them to religious use. According to Helgaudus, bells had certain names given them like men; and Ingulphus says, *he ordered two great clocks*, bells, *to be made, which were called* Bartholomeus, *and* Bettelinus, *and two lesser*, Pega, *and* Bega. I think the time yet remains uncertain when the hours first began to be distinguished by the striking of a bell. In the empire this custom is said to have been introduced by a priest of Ripen, named Elias, who lived in the twelfth century; and this the *Chronican Anonymi Ripense*, says of him, *hic dies & horas campanarum pulsatione distinxit*; i. e. *this man first distinguished the days and hours by the stroke of a bell.* The use of them soon became extended from their original design to other solemnities, and especially burials: which incessant tolling has long been complained of as a public nuisance; and to this alludes the famous French poet, who, like most of his fraternity, I suppose, loved silence.

Pour honorer les morts, ils font mourir les vivans.

i. e. *To honour the dead, they murder the living.*

Besides the common way of tolling bells, there is also ringing, which is a kind of chimes used on various occasions in token of joy. This ringing prevails in no country so much as in England, where it is a kind of diversion, and, for a piece of money, any one may have a peal. On this account it is, that England, is called the Ringing Island. Chimes are something very different, and much more musical: there is not a town in all the Netherlands without them, being an inven-

tion of that country. The chimes lately ſet up at Copenhagen, are one of the fineſt ſets in all Europe; but the inhabitants, from a pertinacious fondneſs for old things, or the badneſs of their ear, do not like them ſo well as the old ones which were deſtroyed in the late conflagration of that city.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

THough the following Particulars are recommended to the Miniſtry, many of them, particularly the laſt, which is not the leaſt important, may be promoted by almoſt every individual.

To the PRINTER, &c.

THE following particulars are recommended to the ſerious conſideration of the preſent Miniſtry, and to thoſe that ſhall ſucceed them; for whoever will contribute moſt to the redreſs of national grievances, will be moſt approved of by the Public.

To take away all penſions, except to indigent perſons, or to reward real ſervices and merit.

To annihilate all *fine cures* in the State, and to make the ſalaries and profit of places hold a proportion to the dignity of the office, and the trouble of executing it.

To lop off, or at leaſt to regulate, and fix the fees at public offices.

To render private Acts of Parliament leſs expenſive.

To Raiſe the Credit of the Public Funds.

To Repeal the Marriage Act, and make matrimony more eaſy and open to the common people.

To reduce the amazing number of Beggars, Vagrants, and Gipſies, by inflicting heavy puniſhments upon thoſe who quit their legal ſettlement; to confine all the old and infirm of thoſe that are born Beggars, and ſending the young and healthy to America.

To limit a time for the final deciſion of all law-ſuits, ſuppoſe to one year or two at fartheſt, which is ſurely ſufficient for all parties to produce their evidences of every kind.

To prevent the pernicious practice of ſmuggling, which is ſo eaſily done.

To enforce the conſumption of our own manufactures, by prohibiting, under ſevere penalties, the importation of ſuch foreign commodities as injure our trade.

To

To take off ſuch taxes as immediately affect the poor Manufacturers, in order to enable them to work as cheap as our neighbours, for the dearneſs of our ſilks, lace, &c. induces great people to furniſh themſelves with ſuch things from France.

To contrive ſome more ſummary way to puniſh petty thefts, and ſmall offences; the ſending ſuch to common goals, teaches them more roguery than they knew before.

To encourage a ſpirit of induſtry and frugality, and to puniſh ſloth and drunkenneſs.

HYMEN and DEATH. A FABLE.

SIxteen, d'ye ſay, Nay, then 'tis time;
Another year deſtroys your prime.
But ſtay----The ſettlement! "That's made."
Why then's my ſimple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable ſcan.
The ſhades were fled, the morning bluſh'd,
The winds were in their caverns huſh'd,
When Hymen, penſive and ſedate,
Held o'er the fields his muſing gait.
Behind him, through the green wood ſhade,
Death's meagre form the god ſurvey'd,
Who quickly, with gigantic ſtride,
Out went his pace, and join'd his ſide;
The chat on various ſubjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began.
Relentleſs Death, whoſe iron ſway,
Mortals reluctant muſt obey,
Still of thy pow'r ſhall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign!
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
All over ſtuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel ſhafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot, that Hymen ty'd.
Shall not the bloody, and the bold,
The miſer, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the ſtew,
Alone thy fell revenge purſue?

The

But muſt the gentle, and the kind,
Thy fury, undiſtinguiſh'd, find!
The monarch calmly thus reply'd;
Weigh well the cauſe, and then decide.
That friend of yours, you lately nam'd,
Cupid, alone is to be blam'd;
Then let the charge be juſtly laid;
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly once in twenty years,
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus ſends;
Hence care, and bitterneſs, and ſtrife,
Are common to the nuptial life.
Believe me; more than all mankind,
Your vot'ries my compaſſion find;
Yet cruel am I call'd, and baſe,
Who ſeek the wretched to releaſe;
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indiſſoluble, but for me.
'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
By me, your crouded altars ſmoke;
For mortals boldly dare the nooſe,
Secure that Death will ſet them looſe.

The WOLF, the SHEEP, and the LAMB. A FABLE.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should ſanctify the daughter's choice;
In that, is due obedience ſhewn;
To chooſe, belongs to her alone.
May horror ſeize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchaſe vile and baſe,
The loathing maid for his embrace.
Hence virtue ſickens; and the breaſt,
Where peace had built her downy neſt,
Becomes the troubled ſeat of care,
And pines with anguiſh, and deſpair.
A Wolf, rapacious, rough and bold,
Whoſe nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-ſpent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.

His

His purpoſe known, the ſavage race,
In num'rous crouds, attend the place;
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance ſought;
But cold by age, or elſe too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.
It happen'd, as at early dawn,
He ſolitary croſs'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a ſportive lamb
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy Dam;
When Cupid, foe to man and beaſt,
Diſcharg'd an arrow at his breaſt.
The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimbleſt ſpeed the Wolf o'ertook,
And courteous, thus the Dam beſpoke.
Stay, faireſt, and ſuſpend your fear,
Truſt me, no enemy is near;
Theſe jaws in ſlaughter oft embru'd,
At length have known enough of blood;
And kinder buſineſs brings me now,
Vanquiſh'd at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter-----Sweet, forgive
A Wolf's addreſs----in her I live;
Love from her eyes like lightening came,
And ſet my marrow all on flame;
Let your conſent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.
Me ample wealth, and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the ſhepherd's cur may ſleep,
While I ſecure his maſter's ſheep.
Diſcourſe like this, attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breaſt inflam'd;
Now fearleſs by his ſide ſhe walk'd,
Of ſettlements, and jointures talk'd;
Propos'd and doubled her demands
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
The Wolf agrees. Her boſom ſwells;
To miſs her happy fate ſhe tells;

And of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.
The loathing Lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her Dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mamma beſt knew
What unexperienc'd girls ſhould do;
So, to the neighbouring meadow carry'd,
A formal aſs the couple marry'd.
Torn from the tyrant mother's ſide,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride;
Reluctant, meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murther'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a ſiſter-lamb is ſerv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;
The craſhing bones he grinds for food,
And ſlakes his thirſt with ſtreaming blood.
Love, who the cruel mind deteſts,
And lodges but in gentle breaſts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment paſt,
The ſavage hunger'd for the feaſt;
But (as we find in human race,
A maſk conceals the villain's face)
Juſtice muſt authorize the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durſt not eat.
As forth he walk'd, in queſt of prey,
The hunters met him on the way;
Fear wings his flight; the marſh he ſought;
The ſnuffing dogs are ſet at fault.
His ſtomach balk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling he grinds his empty jaws;
Food muſt be had-----and lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudful lye.
Is this (diſſembling rage he cry'd)
The gentle virtue of a bride?
That, leagu'd with man's deſtroying race,
She ſets her huſband for the chaſe?
By treach'ry prompts the noiſy hound
To ſcent his footſteps on the ground?
Thou trait'reſs vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood?
So ſaying, on the lamb he flies,
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

LETTER from Lady M----y W----y M----e *to the Lady* --- *describing a Convent at* Vienna, *&c.*

Vienna, October 1.

YOU desire me, Madam, to send you some accounts of the customs here, and at the same time a description of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands; but you must, upon this occasion, take the will for the deed. if I should undertake to tell you all the particulars, in which the manners here differ from our's, I must write a whole quire of the dullest stuff that was ever read, or printed without being read. Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article, but wearing petticoats.-----They have many fashions peculiar to themselves; they think it indecent for a widow ever to wear green or rose colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion. The assemblies here are the only regular diversion; madam Rabutin has the assembly constantly every night at her house; and the other ladies, whenever they have a mind to display the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend, by complimenting them on the day of their saint, they declare, that on such a day the assembly shall be at their house in honour of the feast of the count or countess----*such a one*. These days are called days of Gala, and all the friends or relations of the lady, whose saint it is, are obliged to appear in their best clothes and all their jewels. The mistress of the house takes no particular notice of any body, nor returns any body's visit; and, whoever pleases, may go, without the formality of being presented. The company are entertained with ice in several forms, winter and summer; afterwards they divide into several parties of Ombre, Piquet, or conversation, all games of hazard being forbid.

I saw t'other day the Gala for count Altheim, the emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine clothes ill fancied.----They embroider the richest gold stuffs, and provided they can make their clothes expensive enough, that is all the taste they shew in them. On other days the general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of Vienna, I am sure you expect I should say something of the convents; they are of all sorts and sizes, but I am pleased with that of St. Lawrence, where the ease and neatness they seem to live with, appears to me much more edifying than those stricter orders, where perpe-

tual penance and naſtineſs muſt breed diſcontent and wretchedneſs. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them a little cell, perfectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures, more or leſs fine, according to their quality. A long white ſtone gallery runs by all of them, furniſhed with the pictures of exemplary ſiſters; the chapel is extremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their ſhewing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which they aſſured me ſpoke during the ſiege of Vienna; and, as a proof of it, bid me remark its mouth, which had been open ever ſince.---- Nothing can be more becoming than the dreſs of theſe nuns. It is a white robe, the ſleeves of which are turned up with white callico, and their head-dreſs the ſame, excepting a ſmall veil of black crape that falls behind.----They have a lower ſort of ſerving nuns, that wait on them as their chamber-maids. They receive all viſits of women, and play at Ombre in their chambers with permiſſion of their abbeſs, which is very eaſy to be obtained. I never ſaw an old woman ſo good-natured; ſhe is near fourſcore, and yet ſhews very little ſign of decay, being ſtill lively and chearful. She careſſed me as if I had been her daughter, giving me ſome pretty things of her own work, and ſweetmeats in abundance. The grate is not one of the moſt rigid; it is not very hard to put a head through; and I don't doubt but a man, a little more ſlender than ordinary, might ſqueeze in his whole perſon. The young count of Salamis came to the grate, while I was there, and the abbeſs gave him her hand to kiſs. But I was ſurprized to find here, the only beautiful young woman I have ſeen at Vienna, and not only beautiful, but genteel, witty and agreeable; of a great family, and who had been the admiration of the town. I could not forbear ſhewing my ſurprize at ſeeing a nun like her. She made me a thouſand obliging compliments, and deſired me to come often. It will be an infinite pleaſure to me (ſaid ſhe ſighing) but I avoid, with the greateſt care, ſeeing any of my former acquaintance, and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myſelf in my cell. I obſerved tears come into her eyes, which touched me extremely, and I began to talk to her in that ſtrain of tender pity ſhe inſpired me with, but ſhe would not own to me, that ſhe is not perfectly happy. I have ſince endeavoured to learn the real cauſe of her retirement, without being able to get any other account, but that every body was ſurprized at it, and no body gueſſed the reaſon. I have been ſeveral times

times to ſee her; but it gives me too much melancholy to ſee ſo agreeable a young creature buried alive. I am not ſurprized that nuns have ſo often inſpired violent paſſions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when they ſeem worthy of another deſtiny, making an eaſy way for yet more tender ſentiments. I never in my life had ſo little charity for the Roman Catholick religion, as ſince I ſee the miſery it occaſions, to ſo many poor unhappy women! And then the groſs ſuperſtition of the common people, who are ſome or other of them, day and night, offering bits of candle to the wooden figures, that are ſet up almoſt in every ſtreet. The proceſſions I ſee very often are a pageantry, as offenſive, and apparently contradictory to common ſenſe, as the pagods of China. God knows whether it be the *womanly* ſpirit of contradiction that works in me, but there never, before, was ſuch zeal againſt popery in the heart of,

Dear Madam,

Your's &c. &c,

Behaviour of Philip II. *of* Spain, *when his Perſon happened to be miſtaken.*

PHILIP the ſecond, walking one day alone in one of the cloiſters of the convent of the Eſcurial, an honeſt tradeſman, ſeeing the door open, went in. Tranſported with admiration of the fine paintings with which that houſe was adorned, he addreſſed himſelf to the king, whom he took for one of the ſervants of the convent, and deſired him to ſhew him the paintings, and explain the ſubjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condeſcenſion of a lay-brother, conducted him through the apartments, and gave him all the ſatisfaction he could deſire. At parting the ſtranger took him by the hand, and ſqueezing it affectionately, ſaid, 'I am much obliged to you friend: I live at St. Martin's, 'and my name is Michael Bambis, if you ſhould chance to 'come my way, and call upon me, you will find a glaſs of 'good wine at your ſervice.' 'And my name, ſaid the pre-'tended ſervant, is Philip the ſecond, and if you will call 'upon me at Madrid, I will give you a glaſs of as good.'

An ANECDOTE relative to Mr. DENZIL HOLLIS.

MR. Denzil Hollis, (afterwards lord Hollis) had been one of the commiſſioners employ'd by the parliament in the treaty at Uxbridge; where he had carried on a private correſpondence with the king; this could not be kept ſo ſecret, but that it got vent, and ſome of the parliament had notice of it. Mr. Hollis being afterwards attacked in parliament by a contrary party, there wanted nothing perfectly to ruin him, but a witneſs to give credit to ſuch an accuſation againſt him. Sir Ant. Aſhly Cooper they thought fit for their purpoſe; they doubted not but he knew enough of it, and they made ſure that he would not fail to embrace ſuch a fair and unſought-for opportunity of ruining Mr. Hollis, who had been long his enemy upon a family quarrel, which he had carried ſo far, as, by his power in the houſe, to hinder him fr m ſitting in the parliament though entitled to it by a fair election. Upon this preſumption he was ſummoned to the houſe, and being called in, was there aſked, whether when he was at Oxford, he knew not, or had not heard ſomething concerning Mr. Hollis's ſecret tranſaction with the king at the treaty of Uxbridge. To this queſtion he told them he could anſwer nothing at all; for though poſſibly what he had to ſay would be to the clearing of Mr. Hollis, yet he could not allow himſelf to ſay any thing in the caſe, ſince whatever anſwer he made, it would be a confeſſion that if he had known any thing to the diſadvantage of Mr. Hollis, he would have taken that diſhonourable way of doing him a prejudice, and wreak his revenge on a man that was his enemy. Thoſe who had brought him there preſſed him mightily to declare, but in vain, though threats were added of ſending him to the Tower. He perſiſting obſtinately ſilent, was bid to withdraw, and thoſe who had depended upon his diſcovery being diſappointed, and conſequently very much diſpleaſed, moved warmly for his commitment; of which he, waiting in the lobby, having notice, unmoved expected his doom, though ſeveral of his friends coming out were earneſt with him to ſatisfy the houſe, but he kept firm to his reſolution, and found friends enough among the great men of the party that oppoſed Mr. Hollis to bring him off; who very much applauded the generoſity of his carriage, aud ſhewed that action ſo much to deſerve the commendation, rather than the cenſure of that aſſembly, that the angry men were aſhamed to inſiſt

farther

farther on it, and so dropt the debate.----Some days after, Mr. Hollis came to his lodging, and having in terms of great acknowledgment and esteem expressed his thanks for his late behaviour in the house with respect to him; he replyed, *that he pretended not thereby to merit any thing of him, or to lay an obligation on him; that what he had done was not out of any consideration of him, but what was due to himself, and what he should equally have done, had any other man been concerned in it, and therefore he was perfectly as much at liberty as before to live with him as he pleased. But with all this he was not so ignorant of Mr. Hollis's worth, nor knew so little how to put a just value on his friendship, as not to receive it as a very great and sensible favour, if he thought him a person worthy on whom to bestow it.* Mr. Hollis not less taken with his discourse than what had occasioned it, gave him fresh and repeated assurances of his sincere and hearty friendship, which were received with suitable expressions. And thus an old quarrel between two men of high spirits and great estates, neighbours in the same county, ended in a sound and firm friendship, which lasted as long as they liv'd.

To the EDITOR, *&c.*

SIR,

BEING the other day on Epping Forest, to pursue the diversions of the season, I slept at a village in that *voisinage*, and that I might not spend a solitary evening, I prevailed on the curate of the parish to partake of a duck, and a bottle of port, who gave me the following anecdotes concerning Waltham-Abbey, a small town on the Forest.

I. FORMERLY this Abbey was tenanted by a number of jolly friars, who used to make frequent excursions by moon-light to visit a nunnery at Cheshunt, which is distant about two miles from Waltham.----Harry the VIIIth, who heard of this, and envied the luxurious enjoyments of these holy Inamoratos, was once ill-natured enough to spoil their sport; for being a hunting on the forest, he contrived, with his courtiers, to place toiles in the way, from Waltham to Cheshunt, by which means he caught five brace of bald heads in one night.

II. Between thirty and forty years ago, the manor house of Waltham Abbey was inhabited by the famous Bumper 'Squire Jones.-----In digging to enlarge his cellar, the body of

of king Harold was found, as evidently appeared from HAROLDUS REX, inſcribed on the lid of the coffin. Jones thought he could not do greater honour to the corpſe, than by placing it at the head of the cellar where it had been interred; and whenever any of his friends were led by curioſity to ſee it, he made them offer libations to the memory of the deceaſed, till they could not ſee it.

III. In the church-yard of the town above-mentioned, this common epitaph,

Praiſes on tombs are trifles vainly ſpent,
A good man maketh his own monument,

is thus ingeniouſly engraved on a tomb-ſtone;

Praiſes *and* tombs are trifles vainly ſpent,
A good man *needeth* his own monument.

IV. The curate of a neighbouring pariſh was invited by his churchwardens to meet his pariſhioners at a public dinner, and when the reckoning came to be paid, to their immortal honour, they made him pay his full quota of ſix ſhillings, though he could plainly make it appear, that after his taylor, laundreſs, and lodgings were paid off, he could not ſave above 4s. 6d. out of his income at the year's end.

Such, Mr. Editor, are the anecdotes I had from my friend the curate; to which I ſhall only add, that during my excurſion, I had the pleaſure to ſee the Fair Penitent acted, and next morning had the honour to be ſhaved by Lothario, to have my ſhoes cleaned by Altamont, and my linen waſhed by Lavinia.

Your's FESTINA LENTE.

The NIGHTINGALE and GLOW-WORM.

A FABLE.

THE prudent nymph, whoſe cheeks diſcloſe
The lilly, and the bluſhing roſe,
From public view her charms will ſcreen,
And rarely in the croud be ſeen;
This ſimple truth ſhall keep her wiſe,
"The faireſt fruits attract the flies."
One night, a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cry'd, Sure there never was in nature,
So elegant, ſo fine a creature.

All

All other insects, that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn,
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth, to live and shine.
Those lights, that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky,
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.
She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forebore his Lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
A while he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke.
Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate;
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain;
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

THE
HISTORY of ALIBEG the *Persian*.

CHA-ABBAS, king of Persia, being on a progress, withdrew from his retinue, in order to visit the country, and there, without being known, to behold mankind in all their native freedom. He took with him only one of his courtiers.

I am ignorant, says the king to his companion, of the genuine characters of men. Every thing about us is disguised. 'Tis art, and not simple nature, that appears before us. I long to know what a rural life is, and to converse with those men who are so much despised, though they are the real support of all human society. I am weary of living among sycophants,

phants, who take all occasions to over-reach me whilst they flatter me. 'Tis necessary that I should visit husbandmen and shepherds, who know nothing of me.

He travelled with his confidant through several villages, where the peasants were dancing; and was over-joyed to see that his subjects, though at such a distance from court, had their diversions, and these withal so innocent and inexpensive. He refreshed himself in a cottage; and being very hungry, by walking farther than usual, the homely fare, which he there found, seemed more agreeable to him than all the exquisite dainties of his own table.

Passing over a meadow enamelled with flowers, which decked the borders of a limpid stream, he espy'd a young shepherd playing on his pipe beneath a shady elm, whilst his flocks were grazing round about him. The king accosts him, surveys him closely, finds his aspect agreeable, and his air, tho' easy and natural, yet graceful and majestic. The mean habit, with which the shepherd was clad, no ways diminished the lustre of his person. The king supposed him at first to be some person of an illustrious birth who had disguised himself: But he learned from the shepherd that his parents dwelt in an adjacent village, and that his name was Alibeg. The more questions the king put to him, the more he admired the strength and solidity of his genius. His eyes were lively, and yet had nothing in them wild or glaring; his voice was sweet, moving and melodious. His features were not strong, neither were they soft and effeminate. The shepherd, though sixteen years of age, was not conscious of those perfections which were conspicuous to others. He imagined that his thoughts, his conversation, and his person, were the very same as his neighbours. But without education, he understood every thing that reason dictates to those, who listen to her admonitions. The king, after a familiar inter-view, was charmed with his conversation. Alibeg informed him of the state of the people; a truth which monarchs never learn from a crowd of sycophants, who surround them. He would frequently smile at the innocent freedom of the youth, whose answers were all artless. 'Twas an agreeable novelty to the king to hear him talk without the least reserve. He gave the courtier, who accompanied him, a private signal not to discover that he was the king; for fear Alibeg, if he once knew with whom he conversed, should lose in an instant his wonted freedom, and all his other graces. I am now convinced, said the prince to his courtier, that nature is as beautiful in the

lowest

loweſt ſtation, as in the higheſt. No monarch's ſon was ever born with nobler faculties than this young ſhepherd. I ſhould think myſelf infinitely happy, had I a ſon, ſo beautiful, ſo amiable, and ſo diſcreet. He ſeems to me to have a promiſing genius; and if he be but duly inſtructed, he will doubtleſs, in proceſs of time, become a great man. I'll have him educated in my own court.

The king accordingly took Alibeg away with him, who was much ſurpriſed to find that a prince ſhould be ſo pleaſed with his converſation. He was firſt taught to read, write, and ſing; afterwards improved, by proper tutors, in all the arts and ſciences which adorn the mind. At firſt, he was ſomewhat ſtartled at the grandeur of the court, and his ſudden revolution of fortune in ſome meaſure influenced his temper. His youth, and the king's favour together, wrought too viſible a change in his prudence and moderation. His crook, his pipe, and ſhepherd's dreſs were now forſaken, and inſtead thereof, he appeared in a purple robe, embroidered with gold, and a turbant enriched with jewels. He made a more agreeable figure than any one at court. He was qualified to tranſact the moſt important affairs, and merited the confidence of his maſter; who, conſcious of Alibeg's refined taſte for grandeur, conferred on him, at laſt, one of the moſt advantageous poſts in all Perſia, that is, made him jewel-keeper, and treaſurer of his houſhold.

During the whole reign of the great Cha-Abbas, Alibeg's reputation daily encreaſed. The more advanced in years, the oftener he reflected on his former ſtate of life, and ſometimes with regret. O happy days! would he whiſper to himſelf; O innocent days! days wherein I taſted true joys without any danger. Days! ſince which I ne'er ſaw one ſo pleaſant, nor ſhall I ever ſee you more. He who has deprived me of you, by making me thus great, has utterly undone me.

Alibeg determined to reviſit his native village; he gazed with fondneſs on all thoſe places where he had formerly danced, ſung, and tuned his pipe with his fellow-ſwains. He made liberal preſents to all his friends and relations, but adviſed them, as they valued their peace of mind, never to reſign their rural pleaſures, never to experience the anxieties and misfortunes of a court.

Alibeg felt thoſe anxieties and misfortunes himſelf, ſoon after the death of his good maſter Cha-Abbas. Cha-Sephi ſucceeded his father. Some envious, artful courtiers found means to prejudice the young prince againſt Alibeg. He has,

ſaid they, betrayed the truſt repoſed in him by the late king. He has hoarded up immenſe treaſures for his own uſe, and embezzled ſeveral valuable effects with which he was entruſted. Cha-Sephi was young, and withal a monarch, which was more than ſufficient to make him credulous, remiſs, and indiſcreet. He had the vanity to think himſelf qualified to reform his father's actions, and judge of things better than he. To have ſome plea for removing Alibeg from his poſt, he charged him, purſuant to the advice of his malicious courtiers, to produce the ſcymetar, ſet with diamonds of an immenſe value, which his royal grandſire uſed to wear in battle. Cha-Abbas had formerly ordered thoſe coſtly decorations to be taken out, and Alibeg brought ſufficient evidence to prove, that they were ſo removed by expreſs command of the late king, long before his promotion to that office. When Alibeg's enemies found this ſcheme too weak to effect his ruin, they prevailed on Cha-Sephi to give him ſtrict orders to produce, within a fortnight, an exact inventory of all the rich furniture entruſted to his care. As ſoon as that term was expired, the king inſiſted on ſeeing every thing himſelf. Alibeg opened every door, and ſhewed him every thing committed to his charge. No one article was miſſing; every thing was clean, in its proper place, and preſerved with great care. The king, ſurpriſed to ſee ſuch order and œconomy every where obſerved, began to entertain a favourable opinion of Alibeg, till he eſpied, at the end of a long gallery, full of the richeſt furniture, an iron door with three ſtrong locks. There 'tis, whiſpered the envious courtiers in his ear, that Alibeg has concealed all the valuable effects which he has purloined from you. Thereupon the king in a paſſion cried out; I will ſee what is in that room. What have you concealed there? Shew me. Alibeg, thereupon, fell proſtrate at his feet, conjuring him, in the name of God, not to diſpoſſeſs him of all that he held valuable upon earth. 'Tis not juſt, ſaid he, that I ſhould loſe at once all that I am worth, all my future dependence, after having ſerved your royal father ſo many years. Strip me, if you think fit, of every thing beſides; but leave me this.

Cha-Sephi now took it for granted, that all Alibeg's ill-gotten treaſure lay concealed there. He exalted his voice, and peremptorily commanded the door to be opened. At length, Alibeg, who had the keys in his pocket, unlocked it himſelf. Nothing, however, was found there, but his crook, his pipe, and the rural habit which he wore in his youth, and often viewed

viewed with pleasure, for fear he should forget his mean extraction. Behold, great sir, said he, the valuable remains of my former felicity, which neither fortune, nor your majesty, have taken from me. Behold my treasure! which I reserve to make me rich, when you shall think proper to make me poor. Take back every thing besides; but leave me these dear pledges of my rural station. These are my substantial riches, which will never fail me. These are simple, innocent, and ever grateful to all such as can live contented with the necessaries of life, and ne'er torment themselves about superfluous enjoyments: These are riches, which are possessed with liberty and safety: These are riches which never gave any man one moment's disquiet. O ye dear implements of a plain, but happy, life! I value none but you: With you I'll live and die. Why should those other false alluring riches thus delude me, and rob me of my repose? I here resign, great sir, the many favours which your royal bounty has bestowed upon me: I will only reserve what I had when the king your father, by his munificence, made me miserable.

The king, upon his declaration, was convinced of Alibeg's innocence, and resenting the perfidiousness of those courtiers who conspired his downfal, banished them from court. Alibeg became his prime minister, and was entrusted with the most important secrets. He visited, however, every day his crook, his pipe, and rural habit, which he always kept lockt up in his treasury, that he might have them ready whenver fickle fortune should throw him out of favour. He died in a good old age, without the least inclination to have his enemies punished, or to encrease his possessions; and left his relations no more than what would decently maintain them in the station of shepherds, which he always thought the safest, and most happy.

TWO SAILORS,

With their LETTER to King CHARLES II.

Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.
DRYD. DON SEB.

SOME slight sketch of the following story, I remember to have heard told some time ago; but so distorted, and out of all shape of probability, nature, propriety, and character,

that it ſeemed like a mere hodgepodge of French catery, dreſſed and diſhed up by an ignorant, ſlovenly, Scotch cook. However, there are ſome things in the incidents new and natural, as to the proceedings of the ſailors, and their ſucceſs with the king, not very unlikely, according to the character which that prince bears in hiſtory. As I have ſpent ſome time at ſea amongſt thoſe ſtrange and amphibious politicians, I have ventured to alter and faſhion the whole ſtory, according to my own notions; and if it happens to ſatisfy and entertain my good-natured readers, it will effectually anſwer the higheſt point of my ambition and deſire.

JACK OCUM and TOM SPLICEWELL, two ſailors, who had been ſome time on ſhore, in the reign of king Charles II. had ſpent the produce of their laſt voyage; after a ſmall time, their Wapping landlady, who was called mother Double-ſcore, began not only to look coldly upon them, but alſo, according to cuſtom, when their money was gone, to behave roughly towards them; and they not being entered again in any ſervice, began now to ſcheme how they ſhould raiſe a little money for their preſent uſe; and, after ſeveral propoſals made between them, that ſtill met with ſome objections, one of them at length ſaid, Zoons! meſsmate, what think you of a trip or two, for a venture, o'privateering, about theſe coaſts a little? In my mind, we might pick up a prize or two, without firing a ſhot. Ay, replied the other, but ſuppoſe we ſhould be taken; will not a court-martial hang us for pyrates? Zoons! ſaid the other, we muſt take what care we can, not to be taken; and be ſure to cruize out of this latitude, leſt we ſhould be known by our rigging. And if we ſhould chance to be chaſed, we muſt croud all the ſail that we can, and be ſure never to ſtrike, as long as we can ſwim above water.

To be brief, after ſome little debate, they reſolved upon a venture; and out they ſet, with no other weapons of offence, or defence, than a couple of great broomſticks. And when they were got into the fields, a little way from the town, one of them, ſeeing a gentleman coming towards them, pretty well dreſſed, ſays to the other, Damme, Jack! this is a prize worth boarding: Shall we bring him too? He ſeems well rigged and loaded. So he does, replied the other; and with that, they both made ready for the attack. And when the gentleman came to them, they both brandiſhed their weapons; and he, who was commodore ſaluted him as follows:

D-mn

D-mn my blood, my boy, but we muſt have ſome money with you! or elſe, by G--D, you ſhall have a broadſide! The gentleman finding by their arms, manner, and language, that they were but young in their buſineſs, anſwered them thus: Well, gentlemen, as you ſeem to be ſailors, and good hearty cocks, do not uſe me ill, and you ſhall be welcome to what money I have about me, with all my heart, was it ten times as much. With that, he preſented them with about three ſhillings and ſixpence. Here, gentlemen, ſays he, is all the money I have at preſent, and I wiſh it was more for your ſakes. The ſailors ſeeing the gentleman ſo good-natured, ſeemed quite ſatisfied; took the money: told him it was enough, and wiſhed him a good voyage. But they had not gone far with their booty, before they were purſued; for the gentleman telling the adventure juſt after, to ſome people that he met, the poſſe was raiſed; and, in leſs than half an hour, one of them was taken; the other, by ſome means or other, made his eſcape. The next ſeſſions at the Old Bailey, my young commodore was convicted of felony, and ſentenced to be hanged. Though the ſimplicity of their proceedings, made many people ſorry for him. After this misfortune, his fellow adventurer was in great perplexity, though he had eſcaped himſelf; for nobody had yet enquired or ſought after him about it. But Jack reſolved to ſpare no pains, and if poſſible to ſave his poor meſſmate's life. And being one day at their rendezvous, talking about it, with another of their old ſhipmate's, after ſeveral methods had been propoſed between them, and all fell to the ground, Jack boldly cries, 'Sblood, Tom! I have a good mind I'd write a letter for him, to the king, myſelf. I am told that nobody elſe can pardon him; and I fancy that would be the moſt likely way to do the buſineſs; only I cannot tell who to get to carry it, and deliver it to him. Zoons! cries the other, I like your ſcheme, Jack! and if you can write it, I will go along with you, and we will carry it to him ourſelves, and then we ſhall be ſure that he will have it, for I never ſaw the king in my life. Nor I neither, replies the other; and by G--D, Tom! if you will go with me to him, I will write a letter immediately; and by the meſs I will not turn my back to any man in England, either for writing or ſpelling. Here the other anſwering with an oath, that he would be as good as his word, and go with him, Jack called immediately for pen ink, and paper; but as he was going to begin his polite Epiſtle, a great blotch of ink dropped from his pen, upon the top of

of his paper. Jack never called for any thing more; but wiping it along the ſheet, he began, and writ as follows:

An pleaſe your kingſhip,

THIS is to let you know, that my meſsmat, Tom Splicewell, is condemd to be hangd; for you muſt no, that he waſs fooliſh enuff to ſet out a privatearing, without applying to the admirlty for leave; and the firſt prize he took, gave ſum intelligenſe of his courſe; ſo that he was chaſed by a hole ſquadron, and ſoon aſter taken and carrid into port. However, he's a very honeſt fellco, I aſhure you, and by G--D, as gode a ſeman, as ever ſlept between ſtem and ſtarn. He ſhall Not and Splice, Reef and Hande a Sail, Stear and Rig a Ship, with eer a man in the navee, and thats a hold word. And if youle be ſo kind as to order his diſcharge, I dare ſware he'll never be gilty of ſuch a nother cryme, as long as he lives, which will alſo much oblyge

your humble Servant,

Jack Ocum.

From the Ship alehouſe
in Wapping. Witneſs,

Thomas Fliplove, ſhipmate.

When Jack had finiſhed the above letter, and the other had ſet his hand to it, as a proof of his approbation, and the truth of its contents, they ſealed it up, and directed it as follows:

This for the King,
with ſpeed.

As ſoon as this was done, without further delay, out they ſet, to deliver their letter, as directed; and all the way they went, they enquired where the king lived. At laſt, when they came into the Strand, near Charing croſs, a gentleman who was come out of St. James's, and hearing them enquire ſo earneſtly after the king, and ſeeing they were ſailors, ſtept up to them, and ſpoke to them thus: Hark-ye, my lads, what do you want with the king, pray? Have you any expreſs for his majeſty? An expreſs! No! anſwers one of them, we have no expreſs, nor do not know what you mean; but we have got a letter for him, and want to deliver it to him, if we can. What! replies the gentleman, to the king himſelf? King himſelf, ay, to the king himſelf, cried the ſailor, ſuppoſe it was to the lord high admiral; what of that? Why, my lad, replied

replied the gentleman, if it be a thing of consequence, you may very easily see the king, for he is now walking in the mall; I saw him there within these ten minutes myself. What, sir, demands Jack, is he walking there alone? No, replies the gentleman, there are a great many of the nobility and gentry along with him. How may a body know then which is he? Why, says the gentleman again, the king is a very tall black man, and you may know him by a star on his left breast, and a blew ribbon hanging from his neck.

By this time a great number of people were gathered about the sailors; and hearing what had passed betwixt them and the gentleman, as above, after the sailors had thanked him, they proceeded, and the mob resolved to bear them company in their embassy. So that by that time they were got to the Park, their attendance were increased to several hundreds. But just as they came to the end of the Mall, they happened to meet a nobleman, who in some measure answered the description which the gentleman had given of the king, being knight of the Garter, with his star and ribbon. Jack no sooner saw him, but he roared out to his companion, by G--D! Tom, here is the king! Now for it! So after feeling for the letter, he stepped up to the nobleman, and saluted him thus: Your humble servant, sir; pray, are you the king? No, Friend; replied his lordship, I am not, indeed. Why, pray, do you ask me that question? Nay, sir, returned the sailor, I beg your pardon! I hope no offence! But I was told just now by a gentleman that saw the king within this half hour, that he is rigged in much the same trim as you are; so that I did not know but you might be him. Have you any dispatches for his majesty, demands the nobleman, that you are in such quest of him. Spaches! Yes, sir, qouth Jack, I have; I have a letter for him; I must deliver it into his own hand, if I can find him. The nobleman imagining that there might be something in this rencounter, told them, that if they pleased he would go back with them, and not only shew them the king, but would also introduce them to him. Upon which the sailors thanked him for his good-will, and away they went together. When they came to the middle of the Mall, they met his majesty; and the nobleman going up to him, in a low voice acquainted him with what had passed between him and the sailors; and pointing to them, desired his majesty would please to permit them to deliver their letter to him. By all means, my lord, replied the king. With that, he beckoned the sailors to approach. Here, my lads, said his lordship, this

this is his majesty, if you have any letter for him, you may now deliver it. Here Jack advanced with his hand to his hat, but without pulling it off, and having come pretty near the king, said to him, Pray, sir, are you the king? Yes, sir, answered his majesty smiling, I believe so. Then, sir, says Jack, there is a letter for you an please you. The king looking hard at the fellow, could not help smiling at his blunt uncourtly address; but he took the letter from him, and looking upon the superscription, fell a laughing, and shewed it all round to the nobles that attended him. Jack seeing the king look so pleasantly, says to his shipmate, By G--D, Tom, I believe it will do; the king seems in a very good humour. And, when his majesty had read the letter, he delivered it to the nobleman who introduced the sailor to him. Look here, my lord, says he, read that letter, and learn a new diction. Upon my honour, this fellow has no deceit in him; I dare say it is his own hand writing and his own dictating too. However, this I may say, to his credit, that his stile and behaviour are both honest towards me; for he has not troubled me with compliments in the one, nor ceremonies in the other. So turning to the sailors, he says to him who gave him the letter, Well, friend, as this is his first offence, upon the account of your kind letter here, you may let your friend know, that I will pardon him this time, but let him take care that he never transgresses so again. Ant please you sir, quoth Jack, I dare sware he never will; and if you will take care that he shall not be hanged this time, I am sure Tom's a very honest fellow, and will be very thankful to you. Well, said his majesty, you may assure yourself that he shall not die for this crime; and you may let him know that I shall save his life for the sake of your letter here. Ay, sir, said the sailor, but how may a body be sure that you will not forget it? Why, replied the king, you may take my word for it, I will not forget it. Cause, if you should, quoth Jack, perhaps they may hang him, and you be never the wiser. But if once we could get him a shipboard with us, by the blood! But you must then ask the captain first, or a thousand of you could not hang him. Why then, replied the king, if you will take care and get him a shipboard as soon as he is at liberty, I will take care he shall be discharged in a very few days. Sir, replied the sailor, I return your kingship a great many thanks; and I am sure poor Tom will be ready to hang himself for joy that he is to go on board again; and by the mess! there is no good to be got staying

so

ſo long on ſhore. So, he made the king a low bow, hitched up his trowſers, tacked himſelf about, and ſteered of in triumph, that his polite letter had ſaved his meſsmate's life. And the ſtory ſays, that the king and his attendance were no leſs delighted with the poor ſailors embaſſy, than they were with the ſucceſs of it.

THE

GOOSE, and the SWANS.

A FABLE.

I Hate the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The liſping tone, the ſhape conſtrain'd,
The ſtudied look, the paſſion feign'd,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they ſtrive to mend.
With what ſuperior grace enchants
The face, which nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom, and good-humour ſit,
And eaſy gaiety, and wit!
Tho' perfect beauty be not there,
The maſter lines, the finiſh'd air,
We catch from every look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the ſight;
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love,
While the agreeable ſtrikes ſure,
And gives the wounds, we cannot cure.
Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, leſs fair?
If nature on your cheek beſtows
A bloom that emulates the roſe,
Or from ſome heav'nly image drew
A form Apelles never knew,

Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And ſpoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care ſhe ſtill rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When ſuch, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still preſs the foremoſt in the croud,
At ev'ry public ſhew are ſeen,
With look awry, and aukward mien,
The gaudy dreſs attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.
Nature may underdo her part,
But ſeldom wants the help of art;
Truſt her, ſhe is your ſureſt friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.
A Gooſe, affected, empty, vain,
The ſhrilleſt of the cackling train,
With proud, and elevated creſt,
Precedence claim'd above the reſt,
Says ſhe, I laugh at human race,
Who ſay, geeſe hobble in their pace?
Look here!-----the ſland'rous lie detect;
Not haughty man is ſo erect.
That peacock yonder! Lord how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were ſtript, I'd pawn my word,
A gooſe would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with fin'ry decks;
Were geeſe ſet off with half that ſhow,
Would men admire the peacock? No.
Thus vaunting, croſs the mead ſhe ſtalks;
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The ſun ſhot down his noon-tide beams,
The ſwans were ſporting in the ſtreams;
Their ſnowy plumes and ſtately pride
Provok'd her ſpleen. Why, there, ſhe cried,
Again, what arrogance we ſee!----
Thoſe creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall ev'ry fowl the waters ſkim,
Becauſe we geeſe are known to ſwim?

Humility they ſoon ſhall learn,
And their own emptineſs diſcern.
So ſaying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave ſhe ſprings;
Her boſom ſwells, ſhe ſpreads her plumes,
And the ſwan's ſtately creſt aſſumes.
Contempt, and mockery enſu'd,
And burſts of laughter ſhook the flood.
A Swan, ſuperior to the reſt,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool addreſs'd.
Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride;
Theſe airs thy aukwardneſs impart,
And ſhew thee plainly, as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou had'ſt eſcap'd the public mock,
And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honeſt, hobbling gooſe.
Learn hence, to ſtudy wiſdom's rules;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools;
And ſtriving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

A remarkable Letter *from a Gentleman,*

While dying of the Wounds he had received from an intimate Friend, whom he had left dead in a Quarrel on an idle Occaſion.

Written to a tender and uncommonly affectionate Mother.

Honoured Madam,

HOW ſhall I dare to approach your tenderneſs and fond affection on this miſerable occaſion, or in what words can my fainting ſpirits tell a parent, whoſe life I know is almoſt bound up in mine, that by my raſhneſs and fatal folly ſhe has now the laſt duty of a dying ſon? But be it ſome conſolation in this miſery, that ſhe does not loſe the virtuous and innocent ſon ſhe doated on, but a villain, a ruffian, and a murderer. This wicked town ſoon robbed me of all the

virtue your pains and our remote retirement had inculcated, and the loſs of that expoſed me to the miſeries I now ſuffer, and the greater, infinitely greater which I dread. A drunken quarrel has made me draw my ſword againſt the man whom, of the world, I moſt loved, and a greater ſting than my own approaching death, is that he died by me. How vain, alas! it is to my thoughts that he was the aggreſſor, that he called me forth, and that I killed him *fairly*: Oh! Deteſtation and bitterest curſes on the word! How can it be fair to be the murderer of my friend? How brave to have given a looſe to a blind fury, when patience and kindneſs to the failings of my friend were all that honeſty, that virtue, or that juſtice required of me?

Too, too late, alas! I now recount the leſſons I have learned from you, and tremble at that dread, that juſt tribunal, to which every drop of this falling blood is hurrying me one ſtep farther: In vain, alas! has virtue and reflection been baniſhed from my thoughts, by the wild pleaſures of this idle town; they now return in all their ſtrength, but not as my guides and my inſtructors as they were wont, but as my accuſers, and my inexorable judges. Men may live thoughtleſs, but none can die ſo. None can dare to diſregard the great, the important moment that is juſt ruſhing on them: Nor can even atheiſm, the wretch's laſt and moſt miſerable reſort, be any comfort here. If I have thought life a thing of value, as all when the hour of death approaches, will know they have, however they may have deceived themſelves before; how can I anſwer to myſelf the having thrown away that thing of value, with which every other enjoyment muſt periſh? Oh, raſhneſs! Oh, madneſs! even were I a moment hence to fall to nothing: But this, alas! is but the deluſive proſpect of a ſickly mind. Man was not made with reaſon to ſo ſlight a purpoſe, or endued with an immortal part to periſh with the brutes: Truth, now too late, meets my wild thoughts with all its terrors and conviction, and I know, though I die with horror at the thought, I know I am in a few moments to appear before that great judge, who has made ſelf-murder the greateſt of all human crimes; and what is my death but ſelf-murder? It is true, I lifted not the ſword againſt myſelf, but I provoked that ſword and ſought that death which virtue ſhould have taught me to avoid; but when

when I revolve the whole chain of my diſtracting thoughts, and remember that I have not my own but my friend's death to anſwer for; that I have plunged not only my own ſoul but his, unprepared, into eternity; what muſt be the terror of my ſentence?

I would ſay more, much more, but nature worn down with agony and pain, the lighteſt of all its evils, denies me power. Be comforted, dear parent, in that I have deſerved the death I meet; and, though I have not deſerved it of you, yet pray for me, and for the world; pray that my death be my only puniſhment, and that the world may know no more wretches, unhappy as your loſt, your deſpairing ſon.

* * * *

THE
ADVENTURES of MELESICHTHON.

A Fable.

MELESICHTON, born at Megara, of an illuſtrious family in Greece, thought of nothing in his youth, but imitating in war the examples of his anceſtors: He ſignalized his courage and conduct in ſeveral enterprizes; and as his ſpirit was great and noble, his expences were ſo magnificent, that they ſoon ruined him. He was obliged to retire to a country ſeat on the ſea-ſhore, where he reſided in a profound ſolitude with his wife Proxinoe. She was a lady of good ſenſe, reſolution, and ſpirit. Her beauty and birth had attracted a croud of admirers, who were much richer than Meleſichthon; but ſhe had preferred him before all the reſt, purely for his merit. Theſe two perſons, who by their virtue and friendſhip had been naturally happy in each other for many years, began now to make themſelves mutually miſerable, by that tender regard which they had for each other.

Meleſichthon could have borne his misfortunes more patiently, had he ſuffered alone, without a partner, who was ſo dear to him. Proxinoe was conſcious that ſhe augmented the pains of Meleſichthon. Their only comfort now flowed from their two children, who ſeemed to have been the darlings

lings of the graces; the ſon's name was Melibæus, and the daughter's Poemenis. Melibæus, even in his infancy, began to exert his ſtrength, dexterity, and courage; he excelled in wreſtling, running, and other manly exerciſes, all the youth in his neighbourhood. He ranged about the foreſts, and his arrows were as fatal, and unerring, as Appollo's; he copied, however, that deity more cloſely in his ſtudy of the arts and ſciences, than in his bodily exerciſes. Meleſichthon in his ſolitude, taught him every thing that could cultivate and adorn the mind; every thing that could make him in love with virtue and good manners. Melibæus's air was eaſy, artleſs, and unaffected, and yet noble, bold, and firm. His father caſt his eyes upon him; and his eyes overflowed with tears.

Poemenis was inſtructed by her mother in all thoſe curious arts with which Minerva has obliged mankind: to the moſt exquiſite needle-works was added a charming voice, which ſhe accompanied with a lyre, more melodious than that of Orpheus. At ſight of her, one would imagine, that ſhe had been young Diana, juſt riſen from the floating iſland where ſhe was born. Her fair bright locks were negligently tied behind her head; ſome few, that remained unbound, played about her neck at every breath of wind; ſhe had nothing on but a looſe garment tucked up a little with a girdle, that ſhe might act with the greater freedom. Without the leaſt advantage of dreſs, ſhe eclipſed the luſtre of the brighteſt beauties, though ſhe was not conſcious of it; ſhe never ſo much as once ſurveyed her charms in the ſmooth ſurface of any fountain; ſhe converſed with none but her own family, and thought of nothing but her buſineſs; but the father overwhelm'd with grief, and ſeeing no proſpect of a turn in his affairs, affected always to be alone. His wife and children were now his greateſt torments; he frequently viſited the ſea-ſhore, at the foot of a large rock, full of the moſt hideous caverns; there he bemoaned his cruel fate; then he entered into a deep vale, where a thick wood ſhut out the ſun-beams even at noon-day. He ſat himſelf down on the verdant bank of a clear fountain, and the moſt gloomy thoughts crouded in upon his imagination: his eyes were ſtrangers to repoſe; he never ſpoke but with a ſigh; old age approached before his time to wither and make furrows in his face; he diſregarded the very neceſſaries of life, and ſunk under his miſfortunes. One

One day, as he was muſing in this ſolitary vale, he fell aſleep through faintneſs and fatigue; at which time he ſaw, in a dream, the goddeſs Ceres, crowned with golden ears of corn, ſtanding before him, with a ſerene and majeſtic aſpect; why, ſaid ſhe to him, calling him by his name, do you ſuffer yourſelf to be thus dejected under the frowns of fortune? Alas! replied he, my friends have all forſaken me; I have nothing now to ſubſiſt on; nothing left but creditors and law-ſuits; my birth compleats my misfortunes, and I can never condeſcend to work like a ſlave for my daily ſuſtenance.

Ceres then anſwered him: Does nobility conſiſt in affluence? Does it not rather conſiſt in imitating the virtue of our anceſtors? None are truly great but thoſe who are juſt. Live upon a little; acquire that little by your own induſtry; be a burthen to no man, and you ſhall be nobler than any one living. Mankind make themſelves unhappy by luxury and falſe glory. If you want the neceſſaries of life, why will you be obliged to others for them, rather than to yourſelf? Have you not reſolution enough to attain them by aſſiduous application?

She ſaid, and immediately preſented him with a golden plough, and a horn of plenty. Then Bacchus appeared, crowned with Ivy, and graſping a Thyrſus in his hand; he was accompanied by Pan, who played on his pipe, and made the fauns and ſatyrs dance around him. Pomona likewiſe appeared, laden with fruits, and Flora, adorned with the gayeſt, and moſt odoriferous flowers. All the rural deities caſt a favourable eye on Meleſichton.

He awoke and comprehended the true force and meaning of this celeſtial dream, which revived him, and gave him a true reliſh for the toils of a rural life; he communicated his dream to Proxinoe, who gave into his opinion. The next day they diſcharged their uſeleſs domeſticks; their gay retinue, whoſe ſole employment was to wait upon them, were ſeen no more; from that time they had neither chariot nor charioteer. Proxinoe ſpun with Poemenis, whilſt their flocks were grazing; afterwards they wove their own linen and woollen; then they contrived, and made up cloaths for themſelves, and all the family. Inſtead of rich ſilks, which before they were wont to embroider with gold and ſilver, as exquiſitely

as

as Minerva herſelf, their fingers were ever employed about the ſpindle, or ſomething of the like nature. They dreſſed, with their own hands, all the proviſion which they gathered out of their own garden, for the ſupport of the whole family. Their kine, which they milked themſelves, made a large addition to their ſtore. They bought nothing; every thing was well dreſſed, and without confuſion. Every thing was wholeſome, plain, natural, and enjoyed with an appetite, the inſeparable attendant on ſobriety and labour.

In this their rural ſtate every thing was neat, and decent about them: all the rich hangings were ſold off; but the walls of their houſe were perfectly white; no room was dirty or in diſorder. None of their houſhold goods were ſoiled with duſt. Their beds were coarſe, indeed, but very clean. The kitchen itſelf was kept in ſuch order, as is not to be met with in the houſes of the great; every thing was bright and in its proper place. To entertain the family on feſtivals, Proxinoe made delicious cakes. She had bees whoſe honey was ſweeter than that which diſtilled from the trunks of hollow oaks in the golden age. Her cows came voluntarily to offer her whole rivulets of milk. This induſtrious oeconomiſt had in her garden every plant that was proper for man to eat in its due ſeaſon; and ſhe was always the firſt, that had her fruits and pulſe in their perfection: ſhe had likewiſe a choice collection of flowers; part whereof ſhe ſold, after ſhe had made uſe of a ſufficient quantity for the decoration of her houſe. The daughter aſſiſted her mother, and had no taſte for any other amuſement, but that of ſinging as ſhe worked, or drove her flocks into the meadows; no flocks could equal hers; the murrain never touched them, nor did the wolves even dare to approach them. Her tender lambkins danced upon the graſs to her melodious muſick, and all the echoes round about ſeemed fond of repeating every note.

Meleſichthon tilled his own grounds, held the plough himſelf, and ſowed and reaped with his own hands; he was convinced that the toils of huſbandry were leſs fatiguing, more innocent, and advantageous than thoſe of war. Scarce had he cut down the tender graſs within his meadows, but he hastened to reap the gifts of Ceres, which paid him a hundred-fold for every grain. Soon after Bacchus beſtowed ſuch

nectar

nectar upon him, as was worthy of the table of the gods. Minerva likewise presented him with the fruit of her own tree, which is so serviceable to mankind. Winter was the season for repose, in which the family in general indulged themselves in innocent amusements, and thanked the gods who had taught them to despise false pleasures; they never tasted of any meat but at their sacrifices, and their cattle never died but on their altars.

Melibæus scarce discovered any of those passions which youth are prone to; he took care of the larger herds; he felled the lofty oaks in the forests; he dug small drains for watering the meadows; he was indefatigable that he might ease his father; his diversions in the vacant seasons were hunting, running with young men about his own age, and reading, of which his father had given him a true taste.

Melesichthon, by habituating himself to such a frugal course of life, soon perceived that he was richer than he ever had been; he had nothing about him but the conveniences of life; he had them all, however, in abundance. He seldom kept any company but his own family; they lived in perfect amity; they made each other mutually happy; they lived far from the palaces of kings, and from such pleasures as bear too high a price; their's were sweet, innocent, plain, easy to be procured, and attended with no ill consequence. Melibæus and Poemenis were thus trained up in the taste for rural labours. They never reflected on their high birth, but to enable them to bear the frowns of fortune with the greater courage. The return of plenty introduced no manner of excess. The whole family were ever frugal and industrious. People would say to Melesichthon, You are now as rich as ever; 'tis high time to resume your former grandeur. Then he made the following reply, Which would you have me pursue, That luxury which undid me, or That plain and laborious life which has made me rich and happy?

At length, as he was one day walking in that gloomy wood, where Ceres had visited him in so instructive a dream, he reposed himself upon the grass with as much pleasure, as in time past with sorrow and despair. He fell asleep; and the goddess appearing to him in the same indulgent manner as before, thus familiarly accosted him: True nobility consists in receiving no favours from any man, and in doing good to all

 mankind.

mankind. Accept therefore of nothing but what is the product of the fruitful earth, and your own induſtry. Be very cautious how you reſign, through luxury or falſe glory, that which is the natural and inexhauſtible ſpring of all temporal enjoyments.

A

REMARKABLE EPITAPH.

TWO grandmothers, with their two grand-daughters;
Two huſbands, with their two wives;
Two fathers, with their two daughters;
Two mothers, with their two ſons;
Two maidens, with their two mothers;
Two ſiſters, with their two brothers;
Yet but ſix corpſe in all lie buried here,
All born in wedlock, and from inceſt clear.

EXPLANATION.

TWO of theſe ſix muſt be men. It will make the ſolution eaſier to give them names; Elizabeth, John, and Sally; Anne, Thomas, and Suky. Elizabeth and Anne of different families, only allied by their ſecond marriage. Elizabeth by a firſt huſband had John; and afterwards married Thomas, and by him had Suky. Anne by a firſt huſband had Thomas; and afterwards married John, and by him had Sally.

THE two grandmothers, were Elizabeth and Anne; their two grand-daughters, Sally and Suky.

The two huſbands, John and Thomas; their two wives, Elizabeth and Anne.

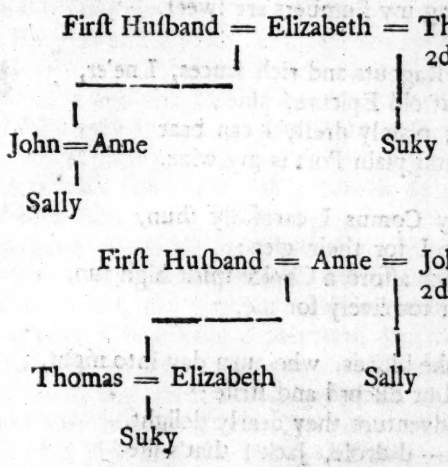
The two fathers, John and Thomas; their two daughters, Sally and Suky.

The two mothers, Elizabeth and Anne; their two ſons, John and Thomas.

The two maidens, Sally and Suky; their two mothers, Elizabeth and Anne.

The

The two ſiſters, Sally and Suky; their two brothers, John and Thomas; for Suky is half ſiſter to John; and Sally half ſiſter to Thomas.



SOLUTION of the aforegoing EPITAPH by another Hand.

A and B widows, have a ſon apiece. A's ſon marries B and B's ſon marries A and from each of thoſe marriages proceeds a daughter. In which ſix perſons you will find the ſeveral degrees of relationſhip mentioned in the Epitaph.

THE
HAPPY MAN.

CONTENT with a little, I wiſh for no more,
I mean with an anxious deſire;
But if Fortune ſhould offer to add to my ſtore,
I would not paſs, ſcornfully, by her.

With chearfulneſs, what I poſſeſs, I receive,
And my heart glows with thanks to kind Heav'n;
Nor do I, with envy corroded, e'er grieve,
Becauſe more to my neighbours is giv'n.

Contented I rise, and contented to rest,
When my eyes want repose, I retreat;
Ev'ry morning I wake with tranquillity blest,
And each evening my slumbers are sweet.

For high-season'd Ragouts and rich sauces, I ne'er,
Like a worn-out old Epicure, pine;
Plain dishes alone, plainly dress't, I can bear
For my food, and plain Port is my wine.

The court of gay Comus I carefully shun,
No Gusto have I for their glee;
For the scenes which afford a Choice-spirit high fun,
Are, I own, far too lively for me.

The bucks and the bloods, who turn day into night,
Enjoy nothing but discord and strife;
In a roundhouse adventure they dearly delight,
For, 'that is d----d drole, Jack! that's life.'

Of time's tardy progress I never complain,
Nor wish he would fly with more speed;
With my thoughts I can ever myself entertain,
And no Cards for amusement e'er need.-----

By turns to my book and my pen I devote
The moments no bus'ness employs;
And from what I have read, and from what I have wrote,
Receive peaceful and permanent joys.

TRANQUILLUS.

To the EDITOR, &c.

IF you think the following *Good Mother's Advice to her Children* will be any ways entertaining to your Readers, and worthy a place in your paper, it is at your service, to do with it as you please; you have it exact as it came to your constant Reader.

COME tell me, my weans, and hearken a wee,
I'll speak in your luggs, now I'm ganging ti dee.
Yea ken very weel, my alt mawn e'er he deed,
Wish'd aw a' ye leart in aw tha' is gued,

He

He hated the Pope and his Kirk, as the De'el,
The high Kirk a'England he licked ne weel,
The puer Kirk of Scotland, the best a'them aw,
I weel by our een clergy is ready to faw,
For Morgan and Taylor, and ogh muckle meer,
Twa wicked wild beasts, fraw I donne ken where,
The mist a our preachers ti leek em ha brought,
And fill'd aw our Kirk wi new light as they caut.
This made him greet feer, and his een were oft red,
With muckle salk tears, and a bowed down heed;
And now he's awaw, I discharge ye aw rund
Ne ti gang where the priests or the prelates are found.
Beware a' the men wha preach weel in the kirk,
And at heme curse, and lee, and de aw the de'el's werk,
Gang ne'er ti hear yean a' them aw, but abide
By the gu'd alt light preaching, and nething beside.
Fear God, my gued lawds, and keep aw his commands,
Deent love muckle drink, but keep out a' bawd hawnds,
Love the kirk and the bible, and then when ye dee,
God's blessing and mine, my gued bearn shall gang wi'ye.

To the Printer, &c.

PETITIONED praise is odious; merit is its own reward.

As flattery is baneful to the flattered, so in the end it proves the promoter's destruction.

Concupiscence and drunkenness are vices similar in their ends, as tending to the ruin of body and soul, and as being the destroyers of all social harmony.

Swearing and lying are inseparable; a lye being told, an oath is swore to confirm it.

Anger is of two kinds, the one hasty and short, the other lasting and premeditated; the one proceeds from a want of discernment, the other from envy.

Truth is the ornament of speech, and even to infidels carries conviction; it is as conspicuous as the day, unerring as the light, and although obliquely applied, cuts to the very soul.

Decency

Decency becomes all things, as food is pleasant to the palate, so is decency to the eye.

Modesty has power to intimidate and check even libertines; its power is equally efficacious with the fam'd Medusa's head, converting its beholders.

Honour is of a double species, the one proceeding from truly generous sentiments, the other from a mistaken notion of things; the first gains admiration, the latter contempt.

Chastity is applicable to many things, as chastity of thought is of as much consequence as chastity of body; for impure thoughts are the immediate fore-runners of an unchaste body.

Courage is a noble and generous passion when properly governed; it indicates a truly noble soul, it awes its admirers! and raises even love itself in its very enemies.

Youth is the season for an early cultivation of manners; this time once lost, is never regained.

Reason is the only distinction between the human and brute creation, by it we are capacitated to judge between right and wrong, by it we are taught the rule and action of our lives, and it is the constant umpire in every pacific soul.

Thought is the attendant of solitude; by solitude first came thought, by thought all human excellence.

Hatred is a cursed, diabolical passion; when a man is *ipse facto* possessed of this, he may truly be called a fallen spirit.

Hope is the only method of keeping life and soul together; without hope, despondency would surround our souls.

Love is a passion little understood, though claimed by every one; the sons of Venus define love, by saying, it consists in possession; whereas, when that is gained, all love is lost. There are two strong branches of this passion; viz. charity, as in love with the world; admiration, as confined to some particular object; the one is what no christian can be without, the other few people truly attain to the possession of.

Religion is the cause of all the animosities and differences of the known world; it produces *Bella! Horrida Bella!* murder, dispute, rancour, hatred, and envy, and what makes this the more surprising, it was intended as the composer of all disputes, both human and divine.

Friendship is the most noble and generous passion that can possess the human soul; it amounts the nearest to seraphic delight

light of any paſſion upon earth; for the matrimonial ſtate, when properly entered into, is nothing more than an exalted friendſhip; it adminiſters eaſe to one's pain, relief to our ſouls, and ſo quickens every part, as to make life a mere bugbear without it.

A N

ANECDOTE relative to an ENTHUSIAST.

IN the year 1737 a rich peaſant at Chalons, in France, called Gave, much given to reading, having read the life of St. Stephen to his two daughters, one aged 22, the other 14, aſked them whether they ſhould not be willing to die for Jeſus Chriſt? Then took a hedge bill, and endeavoured to cut off the head of the eldeſt, who making ſome reſiſtance, he diſabled her, and performed his deſign. This done, he drew the other from under the bed, where ſhe was hid, and ſerved her in like manner, then placed two lamps near the dead bodies, to honour them as martyrs, and would have ſurrendered himſelf to the priſon of Chalons, in hopes of being put to death immediately, but his relations forced him to eſcape.

An HUMOUROUS ANECDOTE relative to the Celebrated Droll Preacher in PARIS, known by the name of Le Petit Pere Andre, the little Father Andrew, not Merry Andrew.

A Quick preſence of mind often reſcues a man from any groſs miſtake, into which he may have unavoidably plunged. As for inſtance: The little doctor being to preach one day in the church of his convent, in order that no part of his time ſhould go by unoccupied, during the prayers, previous to the ſermon, he was playing a game at cards in his room with an intimate; but the bell ringing for him to mount the pulpit, juſt as they were in a warm debate about the hands they held, he ſaid, he could not then ſtay to decide the matter, therefore tucked both up in the ſleeve of his gown, for a fair diſcuſſion of the matter after ſermon.

The

The ſubject of his diſcourſe was, the general immorality of the times, the too great indulgence of dangerous paſſions and particularly of gaming, againſt which he inveighed with all the warmth and zeal he was maſter of; and both of theſe he could affect to an amazing degree. But when carried away by the torrent of his declamation, on finding the people very attentive to him, he raiſed up his hands to heaven, to intercede for them, down from his ſleeve, that had been ſomehow looſened by the vehemence of his geſticulation, fell the two hands of cards; which incident made ſome people look with a pious concern.

The little doctor, while others burſt into an immoderate fit of laughter, ſtunned for a moment at ſo unexpected a diſaſter in the midſt of a ſermon that had gone on ſo efficaciouſly, bethought him on a ſudden of a ſtratagem, as he eſpied a young child not far from the pulpit: He beckoned to it, ſaying, 'Come hither, my dear, gather up thoſe cards, lying 'on the ground, and bring them to me,' which the child did: He then aſked the name of each card, which the young one accurately told; he next queſtioned it about the catechiſm, of which the almoſt infant was intirely ignorant. Little Andrew diſmiſſed the child, and looking around the audience, with an air of indignation, ſecretly triumphing in his heart at the ſame time, he cried aloud, 'Wicked fathers and mo-'thers, is not this a ſcandalous, and a moſt flagrant proof of 'what I have advanced, that in this abandoned, this impious 'age, nothing is thought of but gaming? Here is almoſt 'an infant that compleatly knows every card in the pack, is 'thoroughly learned in the devil's book, yet is abſolutely ig-'norant of the book of his ſalvation! What early ſacrifices do 'you make of the young hearts of your children to the prince 'of darkneſs! Ye more than parricide parents! Ye betrayers 'of their precious ſouls to a miſerable eternity!'--He kindled ſo faſt, and fired upon the people ſo vehemently, that it alarmed the very faculty; and made them depart fully convinced, that what was in itſelf an unlucky accident, had been a powerful premeditated ſcheme of the preacher's, to rebuke their diſſoluteneſs, and bring them to repentance. In ſome years after he divulged how the fact really happened.

THE

THE
MARRIED MAN.

I Am married---and happy--- with wonder hear this,
Ye rovers and rakes of the age,
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliſs,
And whom only looſe pleaſures engage.

You may laugh, but, believe me, are all in the wrong,
When you merrily marriage deride;
For to marriage the permanent pleaſures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawleſs connections ariſe,
Are fugitive ----- never ſincere ------
Oft ſtolen with haſte, and oft ſnatch'd by ſurprize,
Interrupted by doubt ---- and by fear ----

But thoſe which in legal attachments we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,
Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
And, while life can taſte joy, will endure.

The love which ye boaſt of, deſerves not that name,
True love is with *ſentiment* join'd,
But your's is a *paſſion*, a feveriſh flame,
Rais'd without the conſent of the mind.

When, dreading confinement, ye miſtreſſes hire,
With this, and with that, quickly cloy'd;
Ye are led and miſled by a flatt'ring falſe fire,
And are oft by that fire deſtroy'd.

If you aſk from what ſource *my* felicity flows---
My anſwer is ſhort---from a *Wife*,
Who, for chearfulneſs, ſenſe, and good-nature, I choſe,
Which are beauties that charm us for life.

To make *home* the ſeat of perpetual delight,
Every moment each ſtudies to ſeize;
And we find ourſelves happy, from morning to night,
By the *mutual endeavour to pleaſe*.

How to account for the Natural Humours of the ENGLISH.

SIR William Temple, in his Essay upon Popery, accounts for them in the following manner: 'This, says he, may proceed from the native plenty of our soil, the unequalness of our climate, as well as the ease of our government, and the liberty of professing opinions and factions, which perhaps our neighbours have about them, but are forced to disguise, and thereby may come in time to be extinguished. Thus we come to have more originals, and that they appear what they are. We have more humour, because every one follows his own, and takes a pleasure, perhaps a pride, to shew it. On the contrary, where people are generally poor, and forced to hard labour, their actions and lives are all of a piece. Where they serve hard masters, they must follow their examples as well as commands, and are forced upon imitation of small matters, as well as obedience in great; so that some nations look as if they were all cast in one mould, or cut out all by one pattern, at least, the common people in one, and the gentlemen in another. They seem all of a sort in their habits, their customs, and even in their talk and conversation, as well as in the application and pursuit of their actions and their lives. Besides all this, there is another sort of variety amongst us, which arises from our climate, and the dispositions it naturally produces. We are not only more unlike ourselves too, at several times, and owe, to our very air, some ill qualities as well as many good!

Ours is the only country, perhaps, in the world, where every man, rich, and poor, dares to have an humour of his own, and to avow it upon all occasions; and it is principally to this frank and generous disposition or humour in the people, that we are indebted for that aversion to slavery, which they never fail to keep up in their minds, as a standard and bulwark of their liberties.

The Story of King CHARLES the Second's Escape, after the Battle of WORCESTER. By Lord CLARENDON.

THE last fatal battle of Worcester, says he, was no sooner decided, than the king thought of nothing so much as providing for his own safety; he therefore took the advantage of the night, slipt away from the body of horse that attended him, and betook himself alone to an adjacent wood, where

where in the morning he discerned another man, who had got up an oak near the place where the king had rested himself. This man's name was Careless, a captain under lord Loughborough, who knew the king, and the king him; and persuaded his majesty, since it could not be safe for him to leave the wood till the heat of the pursuit abated, to ascend the tree that he had just quitted, where the bows were so thick with leaves that no person could be discovered without a narrower enquiry than people usually make in places which they don't suspect. The king did so, and was followed by Careless, and in that tree they sat securely all the next day, and saw many who came in pursuit of them, and heard their discourse. The day being spent, it was not in the king's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep; so that now it was dark he was willing to make some provision for both; and with the advice and assistance of his companion, after walking at least nine or ten miles, they came at last to a poor cottage, the owner whereof being a Roman catholic, was known to Careless, who fortunately for the king was of that religion. Him they called up, who presently carried them into a little hovel, full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself. But when they had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was agreed, that the danger would be greater if they staid together, and therefore that Careless should presently be gone, and should within two days send a trusty person to the king to guide him to some other place of security, and in the mean time his majesty should stay upon the haymow. The king slept very well in his lodging till morning, when his host brought him a piece of bread, and a great pot of butter-milk, which he thought the best food he had ever eaten. The poor man was ignorant of the quality of his guest, but spoke very intelligibly to him of the country, and of the people who were well or ill-affected to the king, and of the great fear and terror that possessed the hearts of those who were best affected. He told him, that what he had brought him was the fare he and his wife had; and that he feared if he should endeavour to procure better, it might draw suspicion upon him, and people might be apt to think he had somebody with him that was not of his own family; however if he would have him get some meat, he would do it. The king was satisfied with his reason, and after two days penance in this place, a man, a little above the condition of his host, came from Careless, to conduct him to another house, more

out of the way. It was above twelve miles he was to travel, and was to be cautious not to go into any common road, which his guide knew well how to avoid. He had already cut off his hair, and now he new dressed himself, changing cloaths with his landlord; he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt, but he considered that men are not sooner discovered by any mark in disguises, than by having fine linen in bad cloaths; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on. Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were uneasy when he first put them on, and in a short time after grew very grievous to him. Thus equipt he set out from his first lodging in the beginning of the night, crossing hedges and ditches, which so tired him that he was even ready to despair, and prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at so dear a rate. His shoes had, after a few miles hurt him so much, that he had thrown them away and walked in his stockings; and his feet with the thorns in getting over the hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded that he many times cast himself upon the ground with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, till at length they arrived at the house designed; which though it was better than that he had left, his lodging was still in the barn, upon straw instead of hay. Here he had such fare as poor people use to have, with which, but especially with the butter and cheese, he thought himself well feasted; and took the best care he could to be supplied with other shoes and stockings; and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from one poor house to another, and concealed with great fidelity. Within a few days one Mr. Huddlestone, a Benedictine monk, came to him, sent by Careless, and was of singular service to his majesty. This man told him, that lord Wilmot lay concealed likewise in a friend's house of his, which his majesty was glad to hear, and wished him to contrive some means how they might speak together; which the other did. Wilmot told the king, that he had by very good fortune fallen into the house of one Mr. Lane, a person remarkable for his fidelity to the king, but of so universal a good name, that though he had a son, a colonel in the king's service, people of all parties paid the old man very great respect; and therefore he advised his majesty to repair to this

this gentleman's houſe, where he was ſure he might lie concealed till a full deliverance could be contrived. The king liked the propoſition, and was willing that he ſhould know what gueſt he received; for hitherto none of his hoſts knew or ſeemed to ſuſpect that he was more than one of the king's party that fled from Worceſter. Mr. Lane received him with joy, and took care to accommodate him in ſuch places as in a large houſe had been provided for the purpoſes of concealment. Here he remained ſome months, receiving every day information of the great conſternation the king was in, leſt his perſon ſhould fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the diligence they uſed to ſearch after him. He read the proclamation that was iſſued out and printed, in which a thouſand pounds were promiſed to any man who would diſcover and deliver up the perſon of Charles Stuart, and the penalty of high treaſon declared againſt thoſe who preſumed to harbour or conceal him; by which he ſaw how much he was beholden to all thoſe who were faithful to him. It was high time to conſider how he might get near the ſea in order for his eſcape. He was now on the borders of Staffordſhire, near the middle of the kingdom, where he was an utter ſtranger to all the ports and coaſts: In the weſt he was beſt acquainted, and that coaſt was moſt proper to tranſport him into France, to which he was inclined. Upon this matter he conſulted with the old gentleman, the colonel his ſon, and a young lady of great diſcretion, daughter to Mr. Lane, who was very fit to bear a part in ſuch a truſt. Mr. Lane had a niece married to Mr. Norton, a clergyman of 8 or 900 l. a year, who lived within a few miles of Briſtol, at leaſt four or five days journey from the place where the king then was, but a place moſt to be wiſhed for the king to be in, becauſe he was well known and well beloved in all that county. It was hereupon reſolved that Miſs Lane ſhould viſit this couſin, and that ſhe ſhould ride behind the king, who was fitted with cloaths and boots for ſuch a ſervice, and only one ſervant to attend them. A good houſe was pitched upon for the firſt night's lodging, where Wilmot had notice given him to meet; and in this equipage the king began his journey, the colonel keeping him company at a diſtance with his hawk, and two or three ſpaniels; which, where they were any fields at hand, warranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company ſtill in his eye, and not ſeeming to be of it. In this manner they came to their firſt night's lodging; here lord Wilmot found them; and every day's journey being then ſettled, he

was

was instructed where he should meet them at night. The colonel continued to hawk with them till he had brought them within a days journey of Mr. Norton's house, and then he gave his hawk to Wilmot, who finished the journey in the same exercise.

There was great care taken when they came to any house, that the king might be presently carried into some chamber, Miss Lane declaring that he was a neighbour's son whom his father had lent her, in hope that he would the sooner recover from a quartan ague with which he had been miserably afflicted, and was not yet free. And by this artifice she caused him to be handsomely provided for, and often waited upon him herself to prevent the servants from too narrowly observing him. There was no resting-place till they came to Mr. Norton's, nor any thing extraordinary that happened in the way, save that they met many people every day who were well known to the king, and the day they went to Mr. Norton's they were necessarily to ride quite through Bristol, a place and people the king was well acquainted with, and could not but send his eyes abroad to view the great alterations which a little time had made there; and when he rode near the place where the great fort had stood, he could not forbear putting his horse out of the way, and rode with his mistress behind him round about it. They came to Mr. Norton's house sooner than usual, and though in the middle of October, they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door, and the first man the king saw was a chaplain of his own, who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to see how the bowlers played. William, by which name the king went, walked with his horse into the stable till his mistress could provide for his retreat. Miss Lane was very welcome to her cousin, and was presently conducted to her chamber; where she had no sooner entered than she lamented the condition of a good youth who came with her, and who was very sick, being newly recovered of an ague. A chamber was presently made ready, and a boy sent into the stable to call William, who was very glad to retire from the company below. When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Miss Lane filled a little dish, and desired the butler who waited at table to carry that dish to William. The butler carried the broth, and looking upon the young man narrowly, fell upon his knees, and with tears told him, he was glad to see his majesty. The king was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough

to

to laugh at the man, and to ask him what he meant? The man's name was John Pope; he had been falconer to Sir Thomas Jermyn, and made it appear that he knew well to whom he spoke; whereupon the king conjured him not to discover him not even to his master; the man promised and kept his word; and the king was better served during his abode there. Dr. Gorges, the king's chaplain, as has been said, supped with Mr. Norton that night, and being a man of chearful conversation, asked Miss Lane many questions concerning William, to which she gave such answers as occurred. The doctor, from the final prevalence of the parliament, had, like many others, declined his profession, and pretended to study physic; and as soon as supper was over, out of good-nature, and without telling any body, he went to see William. The king saw him coming into the chamber, and withdrew to the inside of the bed, that he might be farthest from the candle; and the doctor came and sat down by him, felt his pulse, and asked him many questions, which he answered in as few words as possible, and expressing great inclination to go to bed, the doctor left him, and went to miss Lane, and told her that he had been with William, and that he would do well, and advised her what she should do if his ague returned. Next morning the doctor went away, so the king saw him no more: and lord Wilmot came to the house with his hawk to see Miss Lane, and so took an opportunity to speak with William, who was to consider what he was to do. They thought it necessary to rest some days till they were informed what port lay most convenient for them, and what person lived nearest to it upon whose fidelity they might rely; and the king gave him directions to inquire after some persons, and some other particulars, of which, when he should be fully instructed, he should return again to him. In the mean time Wilmot lodged at a house not far from Mr. Norton's, to which he had been recommended. After some days stay here, the king came to know that colonel Francis Windham lived within a little more than a day's journey of the place where he was; of which he was very glad; for besides the inclination he had to his elder brother, whose wife had been his nurse, this gentleman had behaved himself very well during the war, and had been governor of Dunstar-Castle, where the king lodged when he was in the West. The king sent Wilmot to him, and a time and place being appointed to meet, the king took his leave of Miss Lane, who remained at her cousin's, and so departed, accompanied only by lord Wilmot. In their way they met Mr. Kirton, a

servant

ſervant of the king's, who well knew Wilmot but took no notice of him, nor ſuſpected the king to be in his company. At the place of meeting they reſted only one night, and then the king went to the colonel's houſe, where he ſtayed till the colonel projected at what place he might embark, and how they might procure a veſſel, which was no eaſy matter to do, there being ſo great a fear poſſeſſing even the well-affected, that nobody outward bound cared to take in any paſſenger. There was a gentleman, one Mr. Elliſon, who lived near Lyme in Dorſetſhire, and was well known to colonel Windham, having been a captain in the king's army; and with him the colonel conſulted how they might get a veſſel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger of being arreſted, and to tranſport them to France. Though no man would aſk who the perſons were, yet it could not but be ſuſpected they were of the Worceſter party. Lyme was generally as malicious and diſaffected to the king's intereſt as any town in England could be; yet there was in it the maſter of a bark, of whoſe honeſty captain Elliſon was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his veſſel, when Elliſon aſked him, whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen and land them in France, if he might have 50l. for his trouble. The man ſaid, he might well be ſuſpected for going to ſea again without being freighted, after he was ſo newly returned; yet he undertook it. Colonel Windham being advertiſed of this, came together with lord Wilmot to the captain's houſe, from whence they both rode to a houſe near Lyme, where the maſter of the bark met them; and it was there concluded that on ſuch a night, when the tide ſerved, the man ſhould draw out his veſſel from the pier, and being at ſea ſhould come to ſuch a point, about a mile from the town, where his ſhip ſhould remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take her off again about break of day when the tide ſerved next morning. There was very near this point a ſmall inn, kept by a man who was reputed honeſt, to which the cavaliers of the country often reſorted; and the London poſt-road paſſed that way, ſo that it was ſeldom without company. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themſelves on board. All things being thus concerted, and good earneſt given to the maſter, lord Wilmot and the colonel returned to the colonel's houſe, above a day's journey from the place, the captain undertaking every day to look that the maſter ſhould proceed, and if any thing fell out contrary

contrary to expectation, to give the colonel notice at ſuch a place where they intended the king ſhould be the day before he was to embark. The king being ſatisfied with theſe preparations, came at the time appointed to that houſe where he was to hear how things went, and was aſſured that the man had honeſtly put his proviſions on board, and had his crew ready, which was but four men, and that the veſſel ſhould be drawn out that night; ſo that it was fit the two perſons ſhould repair to the place appointed. The captain conducted them within ſight of it, and then went to his own houſe not diſtant a mile from it; the colonel remaining ſtill at the houſe where they had lodged the night before till he might hear the news of their being embarked. They found many paſſengers in the inn, and ſo were to be contented with an ordinary chamber which they did not intend to ſleep long in. But as ſoon as there appeared any light, Wilmot went out to diſcover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word the ſun roſe, and nothing like a ſhip in view. They ſent to the captain, who was as much amazed; and he ſent to the town, and his ſervant could not find themaſter of the bark, which was ſtill in the pier. They ſuſpected the captain, and the captain ſuſpected the maſter. However, it being now paſt ten of the clock, they concluded it was not fit for them to ſtay longer there, and ſo they mounted their horſes to return to the houſe where they had left the colonel, who they knew, reſolved to ſtay there till he was aſſured that they were gone. The truth of the diſappointment was this; the man meant honeſtly, and made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his veſſel he had ſtaid in his own houſe, and ſlept two or three hours, and the time of the tide being come he took out of a cupboard ſome linen and other things which he uſed to carry with him to ſea. His wife had obſerved, that he had been for ſome days fuller of thought than he uſed to be, and that he had been ſpeaking with ſeamen, who uſed to go with him, and that ſome of them had carried proviſions on board; of which ſhe had aſked her huſband the reaſon, who told her, that he was promiſed freight ſpeedily, and therefore he would make all things ready. She was ſure there was yet no lading in the ſhip, and therefore when ſhe ſaw her huſband take all thoſe materials with him, which was a ſure ſign that he meant to go to ſea, and it being late in the night, ſhe ſhut the door, and ſwore he ſhould not go out of his houſe. He told her, he muſt go, and was engaged to go to ſea that night, for which he ſhould

be well paid. His wife told him, ſhe was ſure he was doing ſomething that would undo him, and ſhe was reſolved he ſhould not go out of his houſe; and if he ſhould perſiſt in it, ſhe would tell the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out. The poor man thus maſtered by the paſſion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no further noiſe, and ſo went into his bed. And it was very happy that the king's jealouſy haſtened from that inn. It was the ſolemn faſt day which was obſerved in thoſe times, principally to inflame the people againſt the king and his party, and there was a chapel in that village over againſt that inn, where a weaver, who had been a ſoldier, uſed to preach, and utter all the villainy imaginable againſt the old order of government; and he was then in the chapel preaching to his congregation when the king went from thence, and telling the people that Charles Stuart was lurking ſomewhere in that county, and what they would merit from God Almighty if they could find him out. The paſſengers, who had lodged in the inn that night, had, as ſoon as they were up, ſent for a ſmith to examine their horſes ſhoes, it being a hard froſt. The fellow when he had done what he was ſent for, according to the cuſtom of that people, examined the feet of the other two horſes, to find more work. When he had obſerved them, he told the landlord, that one of thoſe horſes had travelled far, and that he was ſure his four ſhoes had been made in four ſeveral counties; which, whether his ſkill was able to diſcover, or no, was very true. The ſmith going to the ſermon, told this ſtory to ſome of his neighbours, and ſo it came to the ears of the preacher when his ſermon was done. Immediately he ſent for an officer and ſearched the inn, and enquired for thoſe horſes, and being informed that they were gone, he cauſed horſes to be ſent to follow them, and to make enquiry after the two men that rid them, and poſitively declared that one of them was Charles Stuart. All this they learnt afterwards from captain Elliſon. But to return, when they came to the colonel, they preſently concluded, that they were to make no longer ſtay in thoſe parts, nor any more to endeavour to find a ſhip upon that coaſt; and without any farther delay they rode back to the colonel's houſe, where they arrived in the night. Then they reſolved to make their next attempt in Hampſhire and Suſſex, where colonel Windham had no intereſt. There was between that and Saliſbury, a very honeſt gentleman, colonel Robert Philips, a younger brother, of a very

good

good family, whom the king was resolved to trust; and so sent the lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might send to Mr. Philips, and when he had spoken with him, Mr. Philips should come to the king, and lord Wilmot was to stay in such a place as they two should agree. Mr. Philips accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly allyed. The ways were full of soldiers, which were sent now from the army to their quarters, and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which division Desborough was commander in chief. These marches were likely to last many days, and it was not thought adviseable for the king to stay so long in that place; thereupon he had recourse to his old stratagem of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of colonel Windham's, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury; to which colonel Philips conducted him. In this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse; and presently after, met Desborough walking down a hill and three or four men with him who had lodged in Salisbury the night before; all that road being full of soldiers. The next day, upon the plain, Dr. Henchman, one of the prebendaries of Salisbury, met the king; lord Wilmot, and Mr. Philips then leaving him to go to the sea-coast to find a vessel; the doctor conducted the king to Heale, a seat 3 miles from Salisbury, belonging then to serjeant Hyde, who was afterwards chief-justice of the king's bench, and then in the occupation of the widow of his elder brother, where coming late in the evening, he supped with some gentlemen who accidentally were in the house, which could not well be avoided. But the next morning he went early from thence, as if he had continued his journey; and the widow being trusted with the knowledge of her guest, sent her servants out of the way; and, at an hour appointed, received him again, and accommodated him in a little room, which had been made since the beginning of the troubles for concealment. Here he was entertained unknown to some gentlemen who lived in the house, and to others who daily resorted thither, for many days; the widow herself only attending him, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from Wilmot and Philips. A vessel being at last provided upon the coast of Sussex, and notice thereof sent to Dr. Henchman, he sent to the king to meet him at Stone-henge, whither the widow took care to direct him; and being there met, he attended him to the place where colonel Philips received him. He, the next day delivered him to lord Wilmot,

who went with him to a house in Sussex, recommended by colonel Gunter, a gentleman of that county that had served the king in the war, who met him there; and had provided a little bark at Brighthelmsted, where he went early on board, and arrived safely in Normandy, in November, in a small creek, from whence he got to Roan, and thence to Court, where we shall now leave him.

A

TAX *that will hurt no Body.*

TIMOTHY TRUEMAN *to* ARGUS CENTOCULI.

THERE is one method that I think has escaped all our projectors for *Ways and Means*, which, even under the protection of the law, will raise a considerable sum for the service of the public, without the least appearance of hardship or oppression to any single person, because every person shall be at his option whether he will pay it or not.

Some sort of *public Worship* has been always considered, as a necessary part of religion, in all civilized countries, and when our pious ancestors undertook the great business of reformation, we find it enjoined under severe penalties.

In the 5th *Edward* VI. we find an *Act of Uniformity*; the Preamble of which is very plain to our present Purpose: *Whereas there hath been a very godly Order set forth by the Authority of Parliament, for Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments*, &c. *and yet this notwithstanding, a great Number of People in divers Parts of this Realm, following their own Sensuality, and living either without Knowledge or due Fear of God, do wilfully and damnably before Almighty God, abstain and refuse to come to their Parish Churches*, &c. *for Reformation thereof be it enacted*, &c. The same is enjoin'd 1 *Eliz.* with a penalty of 20*l.* for a month's absence from Church on every Person above 16. In 3 *Car.* I. an Act was passed *for Reformation of the Abuses of the Lord's Day*, commonly called *Sunday*; the Preamble of which is very remarkable. *Forasmuch as the Lord's Day, commonly called* Sunday, *is much broken and prophaned by Carriers, Waggoners, Carters, Wainmen, Butchers, and drivers of Cattle, to the great Dishonour of God, and Reproach of Religion*, &c. It plainly appears,

pears, by the Letter of this Act, that none but ſuch dirty Sinners had Impudence enough to be guilty of ſuch Prophaneneſs; unleſs you will preſume to ſay, that the whole was a political Contrivance to keep thoſe poor Drudges at home, that ſo the high Roads and Houſes of Entertainment might be at Liberty for the Reception of their Betters.

It is plain that the *public Worſhip of God* is a Part of the Religion of the State, to which every good Subject is in Duty bound to conform. Now what a fine weekly Subſidy might be raiſed without Mortgage, Loan, or Lottery, by an eaſy Tax upon all the idle Frequenters of the Road, in Coaches, Chairs, and on Horſeback on a *Sunday!* I am not learned enough in the Forms of the *Houſe* to give you the Heads of a Bill, but I know enough that are, and can ſo frame it as to extend to all the Turnpikes and public Roads in *South Britain;* for as to our *pure* Friends in the *North*, I doubt they have too much Regard for the *Holy-Day*, to be of uſe to the Public. I only propoſe, that this Tax be levied upon all ſuch Perſons, in ſuch Proportions, as the Wiſdom of Parliament ſhall ſee fit: Excepting *his Majeſty's Meſſengers, the ordinary Poſts, extraordinary Expreſſes, all Phyſicians, Surgeons and Midwives, or ſuch as are ſent to call or fetch them, and all ſuch as are obliged, by the Advice of their Phyſicians, to ride abroad* every *Day for the Benefit of their Health.*

To thoſe who imagine, that ſuch a Law would amount to a kind of Prohibition of frequenting the Roads on a *Sunday*, and bring but little Profit, I ſay, as we are a People very fond of Liberty, and impatient of Reſtraint, it will, from the glorious Perverſeneſs of an *Engliſhman*, raiſe a very conſiderable Fund; eſpecially, if it be but whiſpered about, by way of Secret, that the Tax is only calculated to compel People to ſpend the Sabbath in Exerciſes of Devotion at Church or at home; for rather than go to Heaven by Compulſion, we ſhould make but very little Scruple of paying the Tax, and drive away gee-ho to the oppoſite Place; and take perhaps as much Pleaſure in breaking through the imagined Reſtraint, as our Gentlemen do in drinking ſmuggled *French* Wines, or our fine Ladies in wearing prohibited Silks and Laces, for the Benefit of their dear Country, and in honour of the *French* King, who is every Day approaching nearer and nearer to us, to thank us for diſtinguiſhing ſo well between his Country and our own.

Nay I have reaſon to believe if the Laws of *Edward* and *Elizabeth*, were not only repealed, but reverſed too, ſo as to make

make it penal upon every Person who should go to Church of a *Sunday*, the Effect of it would be, that another Act for building fifty new Churches more in and about the City of *London* would soon become necessary.

Another Consideration is, that every Man has a natural Ambition to be thought rich, as rich at least as his Neighbour; and if, after the passing such a Bill, any man, who used to make his Sunday's Progress, should stay at home, it would be no small Imputation upon his Credit, as if he was not able to defray the expence of the Tax for a Sabbath Day's Perambulation: Which perhaps might bring his Creditors upon him. From whence it may be reasonably concluded, that those who have accustomed themselves to go abroad on a *Sunday*, will rather continue that *laudable Custom* than lose their Diversion, and ruin their Credit. T. T.

A RECEIPT to cure the AGUE.

TAKE an Ounce of Bark, one Lemon, a Pint of drawn Wormwood-Water, and nine Spoonfuls of red Wine; mix them together in a Bottle, and take three Spoonfuls every four Hours.

N. B. This Preparation was never known to fail. *Repeat the Medicine on the Eighth Day.*

To Mr. WHITWORTH.

I was charmed with the Letter you some Time ago inserted in your Magazine *from the* Instructive Letter-Writer, *entitled* Virtue Happiness and Vice Misery. *It points out, in a most beautiful and striking Manner, the Folly of Vice and Debauchery, especially that Species of it which too generally prevails among the Youth of this Nation; namely,* Drinking to Excess; *a most stupid Practice, and, if indulged till it becomes habitual, big with the most fatal Consequences. On Account of the Character you gave the* Instructive Letter-Writer, *in your* Magazine, *I bought the Book; and indeed I found it a Fund of most elegant and improving Entertainment. I wish you would favour your Readers with the Letter from the* Daughter of a Clergy-

man,

man, a Servant, deſcribing the Places ſhe had lived in. *It contains many very uſeful Hints to Servants, but eſpecially to thoſe who employ them; for though the Complaints which are made againſt Servants are generally but too true, ſome, I fear, are far from having Motives to correct their Faults from the Examples of thoſe they ſerve. Where a Spirit of Diſſipation, Careleſſneſs, and Extravagance, prevails in their Maſters or Miſtreſſes, the Servants are but too apt to follow their Examples.*

A LETTER *from the* DAUGHTER *of a* CLERGYMAN, *a Servant, deſcribing the Places ſhe had lived in.*

MADAM,

SINCE you are pleaſed, by the very affectionate letter I received from you, to make ſo particular and kind an enquiry in what manner I have lived ſince my father died, and you went with your ſpouſe to Ireland, I ſhould be guilty of unpardonable negligence, or ingratitude, not to inform you: But that my letter may give you more entertainment than any thing relating merely to myſelf can afford, I ſhall take the liberty to add a few obſervations on more conſiderable perſons, whoſe families I have lived in.

When my father died, and it was known to the neighbourhood that we were left deſtitute, an elderly gentleman and his wife, who lived a few miles from us, invited me to paſs ſome time at their houſe. This ancient couple lived very happily upon a ſmall eſtate, but large enough for their neceſſities; and therefore equal to their deſires: They had paſſed forty years together with very little variety; their pleaſures were confined to a very narrow circle, but their cares and fears in a much narrower: In a word, they lived according to nature, and were therefore happy. I often wiſhed for ſuch an eaſy, contented ſtate of mind as they were bleſſed with, and if I had continued longer with them, perhaps I might in part have attained it; but their deaths ſoon cloſed this quiet ſcene, which was ſucceeded by a very buſy one to me; for I then went to London and ſought for a ſervice.

The firſt place that offered to my liking, was a merchant's in the city, where I was hired to wait on his wife: The ſplendor

dor this family lived in, made me think I was well provided for, and that my maſter very rich; he kept a coach and a chariot, a valet de chambre, two coachmen, three footmen, a houſekeeper, cook and houſe-maid, a ſervant for every child, which were four, and myſelf, who only waited on my miſtreſs: We had alſo a country-houſe, where was conſtantly a gardiner, and one woman ſervant. The furniture of both houſes was ſhowey and coſtly, but not neat nor elegant. We had many viſitors, to whom my miſtreſs took great pleaſure to ſhew her fine houſe and rich cloaths: The latter ſhe had indeed ſome cauſe to be vain of; for when ſhe was dreſſed with all her ornaments, ſhe could not be worth leſs, without valuing her perſon, than a thouſand pounds. My maſter was little at home, which I imputed to a multiplicity of affairs he had abroad; many people came to enquire after him, whoſe buſineſs I ſuppoſed was chiefly to aſk his cuſtom, for he was a great trader; but I thought it was ſomewhat remarkable, that he was often denied when I knew him to be in the houſe; this, the other ſervants told me was common among great people, and indeed, ſuch I ſuppoſed my maſter and miſtreſs to be; for they endeavoured in every thing to imitate the quality, and lived at a greater expence than any of our country gentlemen can afford, who have two thouſand pounds a year. But before I had lived ſix months in the family, I was undeceived in my opinion of this gentleman's circumſtances; for ſome officers, with an Extent (I think they called it) came one day into the houſe, whilſt my miſtreſs had eight or ten viſitors in the dining room, before whom ſhe had diſplayed all her finery; this put a melancholy end to all their grandeur.

I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that during all the time I lived in the family, my miſtreſs never went into the kitchen, or threaded a needle; but ſhe now lives in one room, and ſells a little tea, coffee, and ſuch things for a ſubſiſtence; and my maſter is gone abroad, in a poſt that may bring him in fifty pounds a-year.

The next ſervice I went to, was a baronet's, near St. James's who lived (as I think almoſt every one here does) in a very expenſive manner: The houſe-keeper, who is a talkative woman, and had been ſeveral years in the family, informed me, this gentleman had an eſtate of fifteen hundred pounds a-year in Kent, which he lived very well upon, till about five years ſince he was drawn into play by ſharpers, who won of him large ſums of money; ever ſince he has lived in London at a great expence, expecting a place: I doubt this will make bad

bad worſe; but as my maſter thinks he has been ſeveral times near ſucceeding, he is ſtill very ſanguine. Indeed, if faith was as effectual in removing obſtacles to the obtaining of places, as it is to ſubdue difficulties of another nature, this gentleman has enough to remove mountains. When I came firſt into this family, I thought my maſter was a very learned man, and my lady much given to reading; for he had a large, fine library, and ſhe a cloſet of choice books, curiouſly bound, gilt and lettered; but I ſoon found my maſter never went into the library but to ſhew it to the company, and my lady's books were rarely taken out of the caſe but to be duſted. I could not imagine for what reaſon people who did not read ſhould put themſelves to the expence of buying ſuch a number of books, and fitting up a library, till I was informed, that a ſtudy is as neceſſary in a nobleman's or gentleman's houſe although he does not read, as a chapel, tho' he never hears prayers; and that books in a lady's cloſet are eſteemed as ornamental furniture as china upon cabinets; and, that there is no more neceſſity that the one ſhould be read, than the other uſed. My maſter and miſtreſs were not diverted from reading by the care of their family, or any other care, for all the ſervants did what was right in their own eyes: This ſignified nothing to complain of. My maſter was very jovial, and unthinking; my miſtreſs indolent, and much troubled with vapours. This gentleman married his lady for love, when they were both very young; he ſaw her at the play, was deeply ſmitten, and being much ſuperior in fortune, the match was ſoon agreed on, even before he had an opportunity of acquainting himſelf with her temper or diſpoſition. When they came together he ſoon diſliked her humours, which in a little time wore of all fondneſs for her perſon: The neglect that followed, her own indolent way of life, or both, raiſed, in apprehenſion at leaſt, many illneſſes; but whether they were real or imaginary, they were attended with certain and ſubſtantial charges, doctors and apothecaries being in conſtant attendance. I often thought if this lady would employ ſome time in the care of her family, ſhe might ſoon receive more benefit from that and exerciſe, than by medicines; and perhaps gain a chearfulneſs of temper that would render her much more agreeable both to herſelf and huſband: But ſo far is ſhe from taking any care of the family, that ſhe takes none of her children; ſhe never ſuckled any for fear of ſpoiling her ſhape, and thinks the management of them, or any part in their education, much be-

low her quality; ſhe will, indeed, ſometimes ſend to the nurſery for one of them to play with, as ſhe does for the parrot or monkey; but all care is entirely left to ſervants; and as the children rarely converſe with any others, their behaviour, as well as the words and phraſes they uſe, are the moſt vulgar you can imagine: Of the footmen and maid-ſervants they learn to romp, and expreſs themſelves indecently; of the houſekeeper hard words, ill pronounced, and improperly uſed. I obſerved maſter Billy, who is about four years old, to be exceſſive paſſionate, which diſpoſition he could not take from his father or mother; but as the nurſe is a termagant, this temper is eaſily accounted for. You, Madam, who not only ſuckled ſo many fine children, but took ſuch care in their education, have reaſon to hope you ſhall find no ill qualities in them, or at leaſt, have none to anſwer for.

I aſk pardon for this digreſſion, and ſhall now proceed to acquaint you, that the irregular hours we kept in this family, and the other diſorders of it, put me upon looking out for another place: One offered in the city, which I accepted, and now am in.

My maſter is a merchant, and I believe very wealthy: He has been married about twelve years, and has ſeveral children. This family is the reverſe of thoſe I have hitherto lived in: Every thing is well regulated: Here is care without affectation, frugality without nigardlineſs, and plenty without profuſion. The houſe is convenient though not very large; elegantly rather than richly furniſhed. Servants are kept for uſe, not oſtentation. Thoſe who have been found diſhoneſt are immediately diſmiſſed, and ſuch a character given of them as they deſerve: In other miſdemeanors, the reproof or puniſhment is always proportioned to the fault. I have often with pleaſure obſerved, that when a ſervant is ſound ſtrictly juſt, or very good-natured, though they have ſome conſiderable failings, there is great mildneſs uſed towards them; the good qualities are endeavoured to be improved, and the perſon reclaimed from the bad: In a word, to be acceptable in this family, it is only neceſſary to be honeſt, and endeavour to pleaſe. The amiable example of my maſter and miſtreſs, are not leſs conducive to the good order of this family, than their care and management; they are both perſons of excellent ſenſe and agreeable tempers, which qualities not only tend to make themſelves happy, but excite a deſire of imitation in others, and diffuſe pleaſure all around them. My maſter, though conſiderably employed in buſineſs, inſtructs his

children

children at leiſure hours in ſeveral parts of learning; he has taught both boys and girls, who are old enough, to read with a juſt and true pronunciation and accent; the children have alſo learned of their father and one another to ſpeak French. My miſtreſs teaches her daughters needlework, and ſeveral accompliſhments proper for the ſex: Theſe, and other parts of education, are made the children's diverſion, and have never coſt them a tear. I have often heard this gentleman ſay, he thinks the common methods of teaching youth very cruel, and more likely to make fools and blockheads than men of ſenſe and learning; that thoſe under his direction ſhall not have their tempers ſoured, or ſpirits broken by ſeverity. He is of opinion, that it is barbarous to deprive children of thoſe pleaſures youth affords, and which, perhaps, if not interrupted by the ſeverity of parents and tutors, are the moſt unmixed of any enjoyed in life. I pretend not to judge how practicable this mild method may be with all tempers; but in our family, the good effects of it are apparent: The children's love to their parents not only occaſions an unwillingneſs to offend, but excites a ſtrong inclination to imitate them. This gentleman and his wife have, undoubtedly a ſincere love for each other: He is delighted with her humour, and has a great fondneſs for her perſon; ſhe has a high opinion of his underſtanding: by this means ſhe never conteſts things of conſequence; he never inſiſts on trifles: She does not deſire what is beyond his circumſtances; he will not refuſe her what is ſuitable to them. If my maſter is out late with his friends, which is not very common, he meets with no kind or unkind expoſtulations when he comes home. If my miſtreſs is gone to reſt he goes to another apartment. This lodging ſeparately is frequent on theſe and other occaſions, and proceeds only from complaiſance. When he is minded to go a journey on buſineſs or pleaſure, no diſlike is ſhewn, though I know his company is ſo agreeable to her that ſhe wiſhes he would not go ſo often; but perhaps in this he judges beſt what is proper to ſupport their love to each other; for upon his return, after conſiderable abſence, I have obſerved their affection to appear with additional ardour. When my maſter has viſitors, who are generally men of excellent ſenſe, my miſtreſs receives them with great civility: By this, I obſerve ſhe lays no ſmall obligation on her huſband, who for his part omitts no opportunity of ſaying the civileſt, and doing the kindeſt things imaginable; but this never betrays them into indecent formalities or fondneſſes before company.

I ſhall mention but one circumſtance more relating to this happy couple, in which they are the reverſe of all other married perſons I have lived with: They are more ſcrupulous of being ſeen dirty by each other, than by ſtrangers. I have heard the footmen ſay my maſter when he comes off a journey, generally is ſhaved, and changes his linen before he comes home; or if my miſtreſs knows the time of his return, ſhe is as clean, if not as fine, as a bride.

You will believe, Madam, that in this family I am very eaſy; for as I have the happineſs to give ſatisfaction to my maſter and miſtreſs, they are very kind to

Your, &c. E. P.

THE

VOYAGE *of a* DUTCH GENTLEMAN *to the Iſland of* CEYLON.

BEING deſirous of viſiting ſeveral parts of the Eaſt Indies, I embarked at Amſterdam on the 11th of July, 1747, in one of the company's ſhips; nothing occurred worthy of notice till we reached the 37th degree of latitude, and within ſight of the Azores; here a hard gale of wind rendered it adviſeable to make for one of thoſe Iſlands, and accordingly in the evening it was our good fortune to get ſafely into the harbour of Angria, in the iſland of Tercera.

Tercera is the principal iſland of the Azores, being near 26 leagues in circumference, its coaſt lofty, and in many places ſo ſteep, that, with the ſtrong batteries built by the Portugueze, where it is acceſſible, the taking of it would be a work of difficulty; the only ſhelter for ſhips in this iſland is directly oppoſite to its capital, called Angria, the harbour of which, from its figure, is called Angria Half-moon; the two points of this half-moon are formed by two mountains, which project ſo far into the ſea, that at firſt they appear like two ſmall iſlands, and are of ſuch a height that from their creſt, there is in all weathers, a proſpect of ten or twelve leagues towards the ſea, and even of above fifteen in a clear calm day.

The cathedral of Angria is very fine; here a biſhop, a governor, and the council of all the iſlands, reſide. About three leagues off is another town called Praya, or *Coaſt-Town*, becauſe

becauſe lying near the coaſt, but ſuch a one as no ſhips can come near; thus it has no manner of trade, is very thin of inhabitants, though well built and walled; its inhabitants live upon the products of the iſland, which is very pleaſant and fruitful, eſpecially in corn; little wine is made here, as not keeping; but for thoſe who can purchaſe it, there is no want of Madeira and Canary.

The beeves here are excellent, and no part of Europe affords larger, their horns alſo are very large and long, but, what is much more extraordinary, every one has its name, as our dogs; ſo docile and familiar are theſe beaſts, that if, in a herd of a thouſand, the maſter calls one by its name, it immediately comes running up to him.

The iſland produces excellent timber; and cedar is ſo common, that, beſides carriages, it is alſo uſed for fuel; here are alſo ſeveral warm ſprings, of good effect in different diſtempers; and ſome hot enough to dreſs eggs.

The chief commerce in the iſland of Tercera conſiſts in its great quantity of woods, the Spaniſh and Portugueze Eaſt India, Brazil, Cape de Verd, and Guinea fleets, put in here for refreſhments, and purchaſe, at a very low rate, the products both of this and the neighbouring iſlands.

The weather being ſettled, and the wind offering, at the end of ſix days, we continued our voyage, as far as the 16th degree of ſouth latitude; but whilſt we were anticipating the pleaſures of the Cape of Good Hope, a violent ſtorm drove us away to the iſland of St. Helena.

The iſland if St. Helena lies in 16 degrees 14 min. ſouth latitude, five hundred and fifty leagues from the Cape of Good Hope, five hundred from Brazil, and three hundred and fifty from Auguſta, which is the neareſt land to it: The circumference of this iſland is about ſeven leagues, and being covered with lofty mountains and rocks, may be diſcerned forty leagues off: it is matter of ſurprize to ſee in the middle of the ocean ſuch a ſmall iſland, and at ſuch a diſtance from the continent, and ſurrounded with a ſea of that depth, that it is ſome difficulty to find good anchorage. A misfortune of the Portugueze occaſioned the diſcovery of this iſland; one of their unwieldy carracks ſtranded there, and of the wreck they devoutly built a chapel, which, though long ſince ruined, is ſtill remembered in the name of the fineſt valley in the whole iſland; they likewiſe, from a moſt generous humanity, planted the country with lemons, pomegranates, and oranges, and left goats and pigs, patridges, pigeons and

and peacocks, that the increaſe of them might afford a perpetual relief to ſhips driven thither: one man choſe to remain there, and his chief employment was to kill goats, in order to ſell the ſkins to any ſhip that ſhould put in; but ſome Portugueze afterwards carried off this trading hermit, as they afterwards did ſome negroe ſlaves, who had ſettled themſelves in the mountains; this iſland at preſent belongs to the Engliſh, who, having a ſtrong fort well provided, there is little appearance of any other nation moleſting them; though there was formerly a conteſt between the Engliſh and Dutch concerning the poſſeſſion of this iſland; the Engliſh treat the latter with a moſt engaging probity and kindneſs, and whenever any of their ſhips put in there, they are welcome, as we have experienced, to whatever they want, without any of the exactions too uſual in ſuch caſes.

We had eaſy weather betwixt this place and the Cape of Good Hope; here we made ourſelves amends for our former diſappointment. But not many days after we had left this delightful place, in about twenty degrees ſouth latitude, we met with a tempeſt, which obliged us to give up our ſhip to the waves; what made the matter worſe, was a leak in our ſhip, and though our fellows laboured ſtoutly at the pumps, the water gained upon us, ſo that there was no hopes of ſaving the ſhip, and all the chance we had for our lives, was in taking to our boats. (I muſt own that here I had a qualm, whether curioſity was a ſufficient warrant, for expoſing one's ſelf to dangers?) We ſoon had our yawl along ſide; but it was as quickly filled; and ſome fearing they ſhould be left in the ſhip, threw themſelves overboard to get into it, and thus were drowned; we who had kept to the ſhip, after many efforts, launched the long-boat; an hundred and fifty of us were immediately in it: ſome of the crew endeavoured to ſwim to us, but being already too many, we were under the diſmal neceſſity of ſeeing them ſink before our eyes.

We were not above a muſket-ſhot from the ſhip, when it went down. We ſaw the yawl ſome time after, but there ran ſuch a ſea, that there was no poſſibility of aſſiſting them, and they met with the ſame fate as thoſe in the ſhip; we continued pulling at the oar all the following night, when the morning ſhewing us no land, the Captain ſignified to us, that without ſome method of keeping off the ſea from breaking into the boat, we ſhould go the ſame way as our comrades; accordingly he ordered caſk hoops to be nailed at two foot diſtance about the ſtern of the boat, and a covering of con-

vaſs

vaſs to be nailed to the boat's ſides; this proved a good ſhift; we alſo contrived a little ſail, an oar ſerving us for a maſt.

With theſe aſſiſtances we were in hopes of reaching the coaſt, though by calculation we had above fifty leagues to the iſland of Saint Maurice; the day following it was reſolved among the officers to throw forty men overboard in order to lighten the boat; but favour and affection occaſioning ſome diſputes, only thirteen, whom no body cared for, were the victims.

The ſea began to ſettle, and the wind fair, but we were without any thing of food or drink; five had died of hunger three days after our misfortune; the fifth day in the morning we had ſight of the iſland of Saint Maurice, and landed there in the evening. Nothing ever went down more deliciouſly than the water of a neighbouring ſpring, but we were all extremely feeble; the next morning having conſulted on meaſures for procuring food, it was reſolved to divide into parties and go upon the look-out. We found along the ſhore ſome crabs and other ſhell-fiſh, which went down raw as they were.

Our next care was about a place for ſhelter; we had the good fortune to meet with a cavern within a rock, where two hundred men could be at their eaſe; the next day parties went out in queſt of proviſions; we perceived there was fiſh in abundance, but we were without hooks or lines; at the river's mouth we made a ſhift to catch a great many very fine flat fiſh of different kinds, and ſome with a nail drove into the end of a ſtick and ſharpened at the end; we alſo met with ſome turtles and oyſters; yet it was with reluctance that we eat them, ſenſible that our health muſt ſuffer by ſuch food; however it was not long before we ſupplied the want of bread with the tops of palm-trees, and one of our men, providentially having a piſtol in his pocket, we after many trials kindled ſome dry moſs, There is no expreſſing our extaſies on this occaſion; we lighted fires in ſeveral places, that this precious element might not fail us.

Thus provided with the chief neceſſaries of life, we began to be eaſier under our diſaſter, though we concluded here we we ſhould end our days, this place being ſeldom or never touched at by any ſhipping. Under this reſign'd deſpair, about the end of ſix months, as we were walking along the ſhore, one of our men giving a ſudden ſpring for joy, cried out a ſhip ſtanding in; as ſoon as we ſaw it come to an anchor, we made a ſignal with a ſhirt at the end of a pole, and it

was

was not long before their pinnace came on ſhore; we gave them an account of our ſhipwreck, and how providence had brought us to that iſland and hitherto ſubſiſted us, intreating that they would take ſome of us on board with them: They anſwered, they would lay our misfortunes before the Captain, but it was more than they could anſwer, to take any one on board without order; accordingly they returned to their ſhip, and the Captain immediately ſent them back with another boat to fetch us on board.

After confirming to the Captain what we had related to his people, we deſired he would furniſh us with two pots, ſome knives, a hatchet, a muſket, powder, and ball, ſome linen, needles, and thread; a little pepper, ginger, and ſome medicines. The Captain behaved with great humanity, telling us, if we were for ſtaying in the iſland, we ſhould want for nothing he had, otherwiſe he would take all our company on board, and land us at Ceylon; we cloſed with the laſt offer, and went on ſhore to bring off the reſt of our companions; but ſuch an unaccountable humour prevailed, that only twenty-four would go with the Captain, all the others choſe to remain amidſt the inconveniences of a deſart iſland; the Captain however ſupplied them with abundance of neceſſaries, and we who were for going with him, very affectionately took our leave of the others, and returned on board; the next day the ſhip ſailed for Ceylon: However they who remained in the iſland ſeemed at laſt to have choſen the good part, being not long after taken up by a homeward-bound Dutch Indiaman, in which they arrived ſafe at Amſterdam.

On our arrival at Ceylon, my companions diſtributed themſelves among the ſhips there; but being recommended to a very reputable merchant, I declined ſeveral genteel offers, and remained with him near two years, knowing that the iſland would furniſh the beſt of entertainment for my curioſity, as moſt of the accounts of this delicious ſpot are erroneous or imperfect, I ſhall the rather ſet down particulars, which to my own knowledge are true.

Of all the Aſiatic iſlands, Ceylon is the moſt fertile and pleaſant: It lies ſouth eaſt of the Indian Cherſoneſus, and is ſeparated from the coaſt of Choromandel, by the ſtreight of Chilao, or Manar; its length from north to ſouth is about fifty-five leagues, and its breadth thirty: ſome from its luxuriancy have compared it, in reſpect of the other parts of the world, to the ſtone on a ring; and others have been inclined to think it was the ſeat of the Moſaical paradiſe; this at leaſt

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is the firm conceit of the inhabitants; and for proof of it, ſhew what they call Adam's tomb, and the print of one of his feet on a mountain called the Peak of Adam, which is one of the higheſt in all India. On another mountain is a ſalt water lake, which the inhabitants with great encomiums on her maternal tenderneſs, affirm to have riſen from the tears which Eve ſhed for the death of her dear Abel, weeping an hundred years ſucceſſively: As to the tomb, the natives of Ceylon, as an inconteſtable proof that our general parent lies there, refer to an epitaph which no body can read. Indeed ſeveral curious travellers, have taken exact copies of the characters, but to no purpoſe, the philologiſts of all nations acknowledging their inability to decypher them, and the oriental critics are no leſs puzzled than the others, ſo that this epitaph is gravely concluded to be written in the primitive language, which before Babel obtained all over the earth; ſome learned perſons imagine this primitive language to have been comprehended in the five vowels, *A. E. I. O. U.* in which is contained the name of the deity *Jeova*, and of which no language whatever can afford a like inſtance. The late Mr. Muller is ſaid to have propoſed to the States General, in conſideration of a reward, to diſcover this key of all languages: Were ſuch a thing actually feaſible, it would be a conſiderable advantage to our eaſtern commerce; but this, like other matters of public concern having been protracted, that celebrated linguiſt died in the interim, and with him his important (if not viſionary) ſecret.

The iſle of Ceylon was diſcovered in 1509, by James Lopez de Sigiario; the principal places here are Jafuapatam, Trinkenemall, Materolo, Punta de Gallo, Columbo, Nijombo, Sitavaca, and Candy; the Dutch Eaſt India company are in poſſeſſion of all the coaſts of this iſland, and twelve leagues up the country. The Portugueſe, to ſecure to themſelves the advantages of ſuch a rich diſcovery, built a great many ſtrong forts; but the Dutch having bravely ſhaken off the Spaniſh yoke, and then at war with the Portugueſe, as dependants of Spain, entered into an offenſive alliance with the king of Candy, ſovereign of the iſland; and thus the Portugueſe being vigorouſly attacked by ſea and land, were obliged to evacuate their favourite poſſeſſion; ever ſince the Dutch cultivate the friendſhip of that monarch, by every mark of eſteem and veneration, and the intent of their complaiſance is entirely anſwered. The company every year ſend an ambaſſador with preſents to his majeſty, who, in return ſends the

company a casket of Jewels, of such a value, as to be esteemed above half the cargo of the fleet; this the governor general himself packs up among other goods, that no person whatsoever, not even the captain of the ship which carries it, may know any thing of it; here is observable, not only the immense riches, which the company draws from its territories in the Indies, but its wise and deep precautions for the security of its treasure.

The two principal places of the island, are Punta de Gallo and Columbo; the former is the residence of the governor and his council, and Columbo is no more than a harbour to the other. The climate of Ceylon is accounted very healthy, though its profusion of exquisite fruits of all kinds, shews it to be extremely hot; it abounds likewise in sea and river fish, tame and wild fowl; and amongst its other animals, the elephants are remarkable for their size, being larger than any other over all India. Here also are tygers, bears, civet cats, monkeys, &c. But another kind of advantage, is its cinnamon, the best in all Asia; this and all other spices are in the hands of the Dutch East India company, and which they turn to excellent account, in furnishing all other parts of Europe.

Cinnamon is properly the inward bark of a tree, the leaves whereof both in figure and dimensions are not unlike those of a laurel; there are three sorts of it, the finest is stripped from young trees, a coarser taken from the old trees, and lastly, wild cinnamon. The company likewise has a considerable trade in cinnamon oil, which bears a great price: Its gains from the sale of precious stones, as rubies, saphires, white and blue topazes, &c. which are found in this island, likewise run very high.

There is a fine pearl fishery off the island Manar, and Tokecorin, of vast produce. It is farmed twice a year to certain dealers in negroes; the pearl oysters lie at the bottom of the sea, and are fished for only in fine weather, and a perfect calm; a rope fastened to the boat is slung under the diver's arms, who also has at his feet a large stone to accelerate his descent, with a bag about his waist to put the oysters in; of these he picks up as many as he can within his reach, and when he is for being drawn up, he gives a pull at another rope than that which is under his arm, upon which his mates run him up with the utmost expedition, he untying the stone at his feet to lighten his weight. These boats being loaded, the Negro merchants sell the oysters along the coasts by the hundred:

hundred: This is a kind of hazardous trade to the buyers, for if ſometimes they light upon a pearl of value, they often find none at all, or very ſmall ones.

A conſiderable profit likewiſe accrues to the company from the muſlins, chints, and other ſtuffs; but moſt of the muſlins in Europe come from the coaſt of Malabar.

The inhabitants of Ceylon are called Cinglaſſes; they are generally tall and well made, a ſwarthy complexion, with exceſſive long ears, which is owing to heavy ornaments dangling at them; they are full of courage, live hard, and conſequently make good ſoldiers. Mahometaniſm is the eſtabliſhed religion; but ſome among them are ſo ſtupid, as to worſhip cows and calves. So far from making any account of the Dutch, that they treat them with a kind of contempt, calling them their guards de coaſt; but the Dutch have the prudence to overlook ſuch trifles, minding the main chance, the amity of the King of Candy, that he may not take it into his head to break with them, which would be a very ſenſible wound to their commerce in this charming iſland; yet this the king might do without any danger, from either their ſhips or ſoldiery, their territories being ſeparated by a large rapid river, and by thick foreſts, which would ſoon make Europeans ſick of an attempt to cut a paſſage through them. The inhabitants of this iſland are ingenious in every thing, but particularly in taming and managing elephants, which in peaceable times they uſe as beaſts of burden, and turn to very good ſervice in war.

The Dutch drive a conſiderable trade with the inhabitants of the Maldives, for thoſe little ſhells called *cowries*, where are prodigious quantities of them, and not only on the ſhore, but in the very ground, being probably depoſited there at the time of the flood, and left there when the ocean receded from the land. What we call money being arbitrary, and its nature and value depending on a tacit convention betwixt men, theſe ſhells, in ſeveral parts of Aſia and Africa, are accounted current money, with a value aſſigned to them. This is eſtabliſhed by a reciprocal conſent, and thoſe who are pleaſed to ſhew a contempt of them, don't reflect that ſhells are as fit for a common ſtandard of pecuniary value, as either gold or ſilver; they certainly forget that they themſelves are obliged to do what they ridicule, and take them for ready money; in 1740, two thouſand four hundred cowries were equal to a rupee, or about a crown at three guilders in our money.

But their great currency is on the coast of Africa, particularly Guinea, where the negroes value them as much as gold and silver, and call them *bougies*. An instance of the great consumption of these shells is, that the French merchants of the kingdom of Whydah usually give forty pounds of these *cowries* for every piece of common linen, manufactured by the natives, and proportionably for the products of the country, as wax, ivory, gold, &c. The company it is which supplies the European nations with the far greater part of this negro money, if I may be indulged the expression. The esteem in which these shells are on the coast of Guinea, must appear surprizing; they are not only like gold and silver, the measure and instrument of commerce betwixt the negroes, but worn as ornaments in necklaces and bracelets, strung in one or more rows, which looks something odd, yet not amiss, by the contrast of the whiteness of the shells with the blackness of their skins,

Formerly twelve thousand weight of these *cowries* would purchase a cargo of five or six hundred negroes; but those lucrative times are now no more; and the negroes now set such a value on their countrymen, that there is no such thing as having a cargo under twelve or fourteen tuns of *cowries*.

As payments in this kind of specie are attended with some intricacy, the negroes though so simple as to sell one another for shells, have contrived a kind of copper vessel, holding exactly one hundred and eight pounds, which is a great dispatch to business. However, the Maldives must not be thought the only place which affords these shells; they are also found in the Philippine islands, but they don't come up to the Maldivian either in colour or clearness. The chief European market for these shells is at Amsterdam, where are spacious warehouses of them, the French and English merchants buying them up to send to Africa.

With this account of the island of Ceylon, which I know to be authentic, I must conclude my ramble to India; my curiosity of visiting Java, and other of our eastern possessions, having been cut short by any important recall home, where by God's blessing, after a mixture of distress and pleasure, I safely arrived.

New Discoveries on Bees, of keeping them in health and vigour, and of increasing them.

THE following observations are the fruits of twenty-five years diligent labour and attention, and I flatter myself, that some of them will be found new and interesting.

When the trees begin to bloom, and the flowers to display their sweets, the diligent bee usually commences its forages on every tree and flower which yields a proper aliment.

Then take an old hive, with remains of the comb on the sides, or if it has none, place some shreds of wax towards the roof of the hive, in several places, and hold them a while over lighted straw, that they may melt and spread about: you will find the bees to work in such a hive preferably to another, and that they will immediately build upon this ground of wax which you have laid, that which they have gathered. Observe, that when there is a great deal of wax, they lay it on towards the center, and when a little, on the sides; they build their comb perpendicularly from the roof to the floor, which the heat increasing towards the bottom of the hive, renders their wax quite soft.

They will not only make their symetrical cells with the wax of their own gathering, but also with that which has been supplied to them; this I know by frequent experience, having laid a piece of wax in the hive, and soon after nothing of it was to be seen. How much wax a bee can carry at once may be seen, especially in the first week's work of a new swarm appointed to form the comb; in which they are so diligent, that they often drop somewhat of what they are bringing before they have secured it, and the particles they thus drop are not unlike that kind of dust which comes from birds feathers, except that they are whiter and more glossey.

The young swarms don't work at the comb above a fortnight, and if, in the interim, foul weather should hinder their forages, they spare neither their works nor their honey; but in a course of fine weather they run up their building with a surprizing celerity.

In our northern climates, four months is all the space that they work at the honey, which is made at their hives, whether it be little or much; but in hot countries they have nine working months. In the months of February and March they may indeed gather from the nut trees, and other shrubs, wherewith

with to make their comb; and if they ſhould meet with any bloſſom, any drop of honey on the gooſberry and currant buſhes, they either uſe it themſelves or give it to their young, which yet is far ſhort of being a ſufficient nouriſhment; but in the months of April and May, when the trees are in bloſſom, they then find all the neceſſary materials both for their ſtructures and honey; the months of June and July are the moſt favourable; the wild and garden flowers, trefoil, oats, barley, peas, vetches, and cockle, from which they draw their beſt honey and nutriment opening all their treaſures to them; in thoſe years when cockle and trefoil are ſcarce, no ſwarm is produced, but with a plenty of theſe two herbs, there never wants a plenty of honey and numerous ſwarms.

Bees extract their honey from all ſweet-ſmelling flowers, as roſes, pinks, violets, orange and lemon flowers, and all other within their reach: in red trefoils they are prevented by the drones, who chiefly furniſh themſelves with honey from thence: but they make themſelves amends by ſcouring the country, where, to any other flowers, they prefer the tops of turnips and radiſhes, cabbages and coliflowers, &c, and when all theſe fail them, they fall upon the branches and flowers of pumpkins, where they diſguiſe themſelves ſo as to loſe the appearance of bees.

Bees are known to nouriſh themſelves with the juices of flowers, which being conveyed into their little bladders, is depoſited in their cells, and cloſely covered with quite another ſubſtance, as their autumn and winter ſtore. I have obſerved them to be very fond of the farinous dew, which falls after the ſun is above the horizon, and is ſometimes perceived to ſparkle on oak and plumb tree leaves; and one of theſe leaves being put to the tongue, one taſtes liquor as ſweet as honey, and this liquor it is which ripening in the cells, becomes honey: if a bee at its return be taken and opened, in its bladder will be found a ſweet juice, almoſt as liquid as water, for did bees ſip common water, how would they refreſh themſelves in winter when confined within doors.

The beſt weather for bees is when it is hot and calm, with copious dews; too much draught exhauſts the flowers, and too much wet hinders the bees from their excurſions from making ſwarms, and beſides fills the flowers with water; in a warm ſpring they ravage the buds of hazles and poplars, not that what they thus gather, and bring home about their hinder legs, ſerve them for food, but they uſe it for hatching their young. A great deal of this is found in ſummer-time in the

hives;

hives; but if the hives be opened, and cleared in autumn or winter, or as is our cuſtom, in ſpring, little or none is found; it is bitter, ſo that it cannot be any aliment to the bees, accordingly it is left untouched in the cells under any extremities; however it is ſo conducing to their increaſe, that if they have plenty of it, a forward and numerous ſwarm may be depended on.

The red trefoil, the white roſe, the white lillie, and ſome other ſuch flowers, do not agree with bees; they love vetches, but not their juice, never being ſeen to ſuck their ſtalks. Broom is ſuch a dainty among them, that they ſpare no pains in traverſing woods and heaths in queſt of it.

The chief cauſe of wars among bees, as among men, beſides their natural avidity, is injuſtice and violence; thus when they obſerve that it is hot weather, and that their forages do not anſwer, either from the flowers being not opened, as at the beginning of the ſpring, or from their being over, as in autumn, they cruize about for hives at a diſtance from their own, ſeldom aſſaulting any in the neighbourhood. They are alſo wiſe enough not to meddle with any that are ſtrongly garriſoned, but where they apprehend a weakneſs, they then attempt to force an entrance; if repulſed, they fly away for a reinforcement, that is, they retreat, and return in greater numbers to their attacks, which are ſo vigorous, and their hive ſo ſtrongly defended, that the entrance of the hive is covered with the ſlain. It is obſervable, that if the queen, either of the beſieger or beſieged, falls in the action, the war is immediately at an end, the field of battle is given up to the enemies, a diviſion of their ſtores is made with them, and the bees of the hive either quit their antient habitation, or a coalition is made betwixt both parties, to be but one people under the ſame government. As ſome prevention of the devaſtation of theſe wars, the hive muſt be opened after their return from the battle, and the remainder of the honey taken out, that it may not be pillaged by the enemy.

Another cauſe of theſe wars, likewiſe not thoroughly juſtifiable, is, when a hive has been carried by the enemies, the bees, upon their expulſion, attacking other hives for a ſettlement; for they never unite with their enemies, unleſs upon the loſs of their queen, while ſhe remains they adhere to her, and never ſubmit to a foreign yoke. Three years ſucceſſively my hive had been attacked by new ſwarms, as emigrants, ſome have periſhed in the enterprize, and others have been admitted to the community. I remember one day, going to

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look upon my hives, I found ſome of them beſieged by a prodigious number of bees, with a great humming in the air, I concluded, that theſe were invaders, and the rather, as my hives had been cleared but a little before, and my bees conſequently could not have produced new ſwarms. I left them to fight it out, not returning till towards night, thinking by that time victory had declared itſelf on one ſide or other, and accordingly I heard no humming, but at the entrance of one hive, which I lifted up to examine into the ſtate of affairs, then I plainly ſaw that a ſwarm had ſettled itſelf among my bees, for the hive was ſo filled, that there was no room to put one finger in; they live together in harmony, uniting their forces to build the coomb, and in Whitſun-Holidays produced a new ſwarm.

MEDITATION on HAPPINESS.

BY

Mr. HARRIS.

THE whole univerſe is but one city or commonwealth, a ſyſtem of ſubſtances variouſly formed, and variouſly actuated, agreeably to thoſe forms; a ſyſtem of ſubſtances both immenſely great and ſmall, rational, animal, vegetable, and inanimate. As many families make one village, many villages one province, many provinces one empire; ſo, many empires, oceans, waſtes and wilds combined, compoſe that earth on which we live. Other combinations make a planet, or a moon, and theſe again united make one planetary ſyſtem. What higher combinations ſubſiſt we know not; their gradations, and aſcents 'tis impoſſible we ſhould diſcover. Yet the generous mind, not deterred by this immenſity, intrepidly paſſes on, through regions unknown, from greater ſyſtems to greater, till it arrive at that greateſt, where imagination ſtops, and can advance no farther. In this laſt, this mighty, this ſtupendous idea, it beholds the univerſe itſelf, of which every thing is a part, and with reſpect to which not the ſmalleſt atom is either foreign or detached. Wide as its extent, is the wiſdom of its workmanſhip, not bounded

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or narrow like the humbler works of art. Theſe of origin no higher than human: We can readily trace them to their utmoſt limit, and with accuracy diſcern both their beginning and their end. But where is the microſcope that can ſhew us from what point wiſdom begins in nature? Where the teleſcope that can deſcry to what infinitude it extends? The more diligent our ſearch, the more accurate our ſcrutiny, the more only are we convinced that our labours can never finiſh; that ſubjects inexhauſtible remain behind ſtill unexplored. Hence the mind truly wiſe, quitting the ſtudy of particulars, as knowing their multitude to be infinite and incomprehenſible, turns its intellectual eye to what is general and comprehenſive; and through generals learns to ſee and recognize whatever exiſts. It perceives in this view, that every ſubſtance of every degree has its nature, its proper make, conſtitution or form, by which it acts, and by which it ſuffers. It perceives it ſo to fare with every natural form around us, as with thoſe tools and inſtruments by which art worketh its wonders. The ſaw is deſtin'd to one act, the mallet to another, the wheel anſwers this purpoſe, and the lever anſwers a different. So nature uſes the vegetable, the brute, and the rational, agreeably to the proper form and conſtitution of every kind. The vegetable proceeds with perfect inſenſibility, the brute poſſeſſes a ſenſe of what is pleaſurable and painful, but ſtops at mere ſenſation, and is unable to go farther. The rational, like the brute, has all the powers of mere ſenſation, but enjoys, ſuper-added, a farther tranſcendant faculty, by which it is made conſcious not only of what it feels, but of the powers themſelves, which are the ſources of thoſe very feelings; a faculty, which recognizing both itſelf and all things elſe, becomes a canon, a corrector, and a ſtandard univerſal. Hence to the rational alone is imparted the maſter-ſcience of what they are, where they are, and the end to which they are deſtin'd. Happy, too happy, did they know their own felicity, did they reverence the dignity of their own ſuperior character, and never wretchedly degrade themſelves into natures to them ſubordinate. And yet alas! 'tis a truth too certain, that as the rational only are ſuſceptible of a happineſs truly excellent, ſo theſe only merge themſelves into miſeries paſt indurance.

Assist us then, thou power divine, with the light of that reason by which thou lightenest the world, by which grace and beauty is diffused through every part, and the welfare of the whole is ever uniformly upheld; that reason, of which our own is but a particle or spark, like some Promethean fire caught from heaven above. So teach us to know ourselves, that we may attain that knowledge which alone is worth attaining. Check our vain, our idle researches, into the laws, and natures, and motions of other beings, till we have learnt, and can practise those which peculiarly respect ourselves. Teach us to be fit actors in the general drama, where thou hast allotted every being, great and small, its proper part, the due performance of which is the only end of its existence. Enable us to curb desire within the bounds of what is natural; enable even to suspend it, till we can employ it to our own emolument. Be it our first work to have escaped from wrong opinions and bad habits, that the mind, thus rendered sincere and incorrupt, may with safety proceed to seek its genuine good and happiness. When we are thus previously exercised, thus duly prepared, let not our love there stop, where it first begins, but insensibly conduct it by thy invisible influence from lower objects to higher, till it arrive at that supreme, where only it can find what is adequate and full. Teach us to love thee and thy divine administration, to regard the universe itself as our true and genuine country, not that little casual spot, where we first drew vital air. Teach us, each to regard himself but as a part of this great whole, a part which for its welfare we are as patiently to resign, as we resign a single limb for the welfare of our whole body. Let our life be a continued scene of acquiescene and of gratitude; of gratitude for what we enjoy, of acquiescene in what we suffer; as both can only be referable to that concatenated order of events which cannot but be best, as being by thee approved and chosen. In as much as futurity is hidden from our sight, we can have no other rule of choice by which to govern our conduct, than what seems consonant to the welfare of our own particular natures. If it appear not contrary to duty and moral office, (and how should we judge but from what appears?) thou canst not but forgive us, if we prefer health to sickness the safety of life or limb, to maiming or death. But did we know

know that these incidents, or any other were appointed us, were fated in that order of incontroulable events, by which thou preservest and adornest the whole; it then becomes our duty to meet them with magnanimity, to co-operate with chearfulness in whatever thou ordainest, that so we may know no other will than thine alone, and that the harmony of our particular minds with thy universal, may be steady and uninterrupted through the period of our existence. Yet, since to attain this height, this transcendant height, is but barely possible, if possible to the most perfect humanity; regard what within us is congenial to thee; raise us above ourselves, and warm us into enthusiasm; but let our enthusiasm be such as befits the citizens of thy polity, liberal, gentle, rational and humane: Not such as to debase us into poor and wretched slaves, as if thou wert our tyrant, not our kind and common father; much less such as to transform us into savage beasts of prey, sullen, gloomy, dark and fierce, prone to persecute, to ravage and destroy; as if the lust of massacre could be grateful to thy goodness. Permit us rather madly to avow villainy in defiance of thee, than impiously to assert it under colour of thy servive; turn our minds from every idea of this character; from the servile, abject, and ghastly, to the generous, lovely, fair and godlike. Here let us dwell-----Be here our study and delight; so shall we be enabled in the silent mirror of contemplation, to behold those forms which are hidden from human eyes, that animating wisdom which pervades and rules the whole, that law irresistible, immutable, supreme, which leads the willing, and compells the averse to co-operate in their station to the general welfare: That magic divine, which by an efficacy past comprehension, can transform every appearance, the most hideous, into beauty, and exhibit all things fair and good to thee, essence increate, who art of purer eyes than ever to behold iniquity.-----Be these our morning, these our evening meditations, with these may our minds be unchangeably tinged, that loving thee with a love most disinterested and sincere, enamoured of thy polity, and thy divine administration, welcoming every event with chearfulness and magnanimity, as best upon the whole, because ordained of thee; proposing nothing of ourselves, but with a reserve that thou permittest; acquiescing in every obstruction as ultimately re-

ferable to thy providence; in a word, that working this conduct, by due exercise into a perfect habit, we may never murmur, never repine, never miss what we would obtain, or fall into that which we would avoid; but being happy with that transcendant happiness, of which no one can deprive us; and blessed with that divine liberty, which no tyrant can annoy; we may dare address thee with pious confidence, as the philosophic bard of old.

Conduct me, thou, of beings cause divine,
Where'er I'm destin'd in thy great design;
Active I follow on: For should my will
Resist, I'm impious; but must follow still.

The Tarentines *having a Quarrel with the* Romans, *by the Assistance of* Pyrrhus, *King of* Epirus, *defeated the* Roman *Army. Upon this* Fabritius, *with two other* Roman *Senators, is sent to treat with* Pyrrhus *about an Exchange of Prisoners. The King being informed of the great Abilities and great Poverty of* Fabritius, *hinted in a private Conversation with him, the Unsuitableness of such Poverty to such Merit, and that, if he would assist him to negotiate an honourable Peace for the* Tarentines, *he would bestow such Riches upon him, as should put him, at least, upon an Equality with the most opulent Nobles of* Rome. *The Answer of* Fabritius *was as follows.*

AS to my poverty, you have indeed, Sir, been rightly informed. My whole estate consists in a house of but mean appearance, and a little spot of ground; from which, by my own labour, I draw my support. But if by any means you have been persuaded to think that this poverty makes me less considered in *my country*, or in any degree unhappy, you are entirely deceived. I have no reason to complain of fortune; she supplies me with all that nature requires; and if I am without superfluities, I am also free from the desire of them. With these, I confess, I should be more able to succour the necessitous, the only advantage for which the wealthy are to be envied; but as small as my possessions are, I can still contribute something to the support of the state, and the

the assistance of my friends. With regard to *honours*, *my country* places me, poor as I am, upon a level with the richest: For *Rome* knows no qualifications for great employments, but virtue and ability. She appoints me to officiate in the most august ceremonies of religion; she intrusts me with the command of her armies; she confides to my care the most important negotiations. My poverty does not lessen the weight and influence of my counsels in the senate; the *Roman* people honour me for that very poverty, which you consider as a disgrace: They know the many opportunities I had in war to enrich myself, without censure; they are convinced of my disinterested zeal for their prosperity; and if I have any thing to complain of in the return they make me, 'tis only the *excess* of their applause. What value then can I put upon your gold and silver? What king can add any thing to my fortune? always attentive to discharge the duties incumbent on me, I have a mind free from SELF REPROACH, and I have an HONEST FAME.

The FARMER, the SPANIEL, and the CAT.

A FABLE.

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I say she equall'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lours,
As if her merit lessen'd yours?
From female envy never free,
All must be blind. because you see.
Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,
Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
That vies in sweetness with the rose?
Or where the lilly's snowy white,
That throws such beauties on the sight?
Yet folly is it to declare
That these are neither sweet, nor fair.

The

The em'rald ſhines with fainter rays
Before the di'mond's brighter blaze;
And fops will ſay, the di'mond dies
Before the luſtre of your eyes;
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither ſhine when you are by.
When Zephyrs o'er the bloſſoms ſtray,
And ſweets along the air convey,
Sham't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Becauſe you breathe a ſweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field;
Sweet is the ſmell the bloſſoms yield;
Sweet is the ſummer gale that blows;
And ſweet, tho' ſweeter you, the roſe.
Shall envy then torment your breaſt,
If you are lovelier than the reſt?
For while I give to each her due,
By praiſing them I flatter you;
And praiſing moſt, I ſtill declare
You faireſt, where the reſt are fair.

As at his board a Farmer ſate,
Repleniſh'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him ſtood,
And with his maſter ſhar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers ſcour'd;
Till ſated now, ſupine he lay,
And ſnor'd the riſing fumes away.
The hungry Cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a ſervant's ſhare;
Her modeſt worth the Maſter knew,
And ſtrait the fat'ning Morſel threw;
Enrag'd the ſnarling Cur awoke,
And thus, with ſpiteful envy, ſpoke.
They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by ſervices their meat;
Me, zeal and induſtry inflame
To ſcour the fields and ſpring the game;
Or, plunging in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to ſave.

With

With watchful diligence I keep,
From prowling wolves, his fleecy ſheep;
At home his midnight hours ſecure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breaſt with kindneſs glows;
For this, his hand the food beſtows;
And ſhall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendſhip to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper ſuch vile things as you?
I own (with meekneſs Puſs reply'd)
Superiour merit on your ſide;
Nor does my breaſt with envy ſwell,
To find it recompenc'd ſo well;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whoſe claws deſtroy the pilf'ring mouſe?
Who drives the vermin from the houſe?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring ſwain,
From lurking rats ſecures the grain?
From hence, if he rewards beſtow,
Why ſhould your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happineſs to ſee,
Since there's enough for you and me?
Thy words are juſt, the Farmer cry'd,
And ſpurn'd the ſnarler from his ſide.

To the PRINTER of *Lloyd's Evening-Poſt*, of *Oct.* 19, 1764.

A Gentleman compleatly ſkilled in Botany, and no ſmall Proficient in Chemiſtry, has been for theſe many years particularly fond of extracting the eſſences of every herb or flower that came in his way. A few years ago, having obſerved in a field of his own, a kind of weed, which had ſomething of the appearance of the Dock, but narrower and rougher in its leaves, he had the curioſity to pluck it, and afterwards ſqueeze out the juice, of which it was remarkably full. This he laid by in a common phial; and it was many years before he thought of looking at it or uſing it; but happening one day to recollect the juice, upon obſerving a plant of the ſame grow from the roots of the other, he took it down,

down, and, to his great ſurprize, found the phial reduced to a third part of its former bulk, but ſtill preſerving its form; and on the outer ſurface a kind of petrified drops, perfectly hard, and of a yellow colour, which he found to be ſome of the internal liquor, that had oozed from the mouth of the veſſel. Its ſurprizing effects hitherto, made him curious to obſerve and trace them further, and accordingly, upon breaking the phial (for the cork, by the tenacity of the liquor, was in a manner rivetted to the glaſs) he drew off the juice, which within was the pureſt liquor, and poured it into a marble cup; he then put a very ſmall piece of deal wood into it, which he let remain for four and twenty hours; at the end of which time he found the ſtick of a beautiful yellow colour, the ſame as the liquor, and ſo hard, that it could with difficulty be penetrated with a knife. To make further experiment, he put in a halfpenny, which he obſerved with the niceſt eye for ſeveral hours: upon the firſt dropping of it in, there roſe from the halfpenny the ſmalleſt bubbles, ſcarce bigger than the point of a needle, from every part of it, which continued for about two minutes, after which the copper began gradually to turn yellow. So great a curioſity induced him to call in a neighbour of his, Mr. John Bigott, apothecary at Newington, in Middleſex, and afterwards to admit many other neighbours and curious people, who all obſerved the impreſſion of the halfpenny to grow leſs and leſs diſtinct, and in about an hour's time to vaniſh entirely. Six hours after it was put in, it was taken out, and was abſolutely found to be to all appearance perfect gold. He immediately took horſe, and carried it, accompanied with Mr. Bigott, to Mr. Slater, goldſmith in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, told the whole affair to him, and deſired him to make trial of it. It was firſt weighed, then caſt, then beat; in ſhort, it was found not to differ in the leaſt from pure gold. Mr. Slater afterwards accompanied him to his houſe at Newington, where every kind of metal was tried, and found to have the ſame effect at its proper time. He has thought fit to make this public, being a man that has by no means occaſion for ſuch an expedient to grow rich; and at the ſame time fearing it ſhould be dangerous to make uſe of it till proper notice is taken. The plant, its juice, and the effects of it, may be ſeen every day at Mr. Jackſon's, at Newington, facing the church.

HENRY WILSON.

To the PRINTER.

THE following is the ſubſtance of the charge delivered by Sir John Fielding, Knt. Chairman of the Seſſions at Guildhall, Weſtminſter, on Wedneſday the 10th of this inſtant, to the Grand Jury, and publiſhed at their requeſt, as a matter highly deſerving the attention of the public at this period.

"GENTLEMEN,

"THE frequent and neceſſary repetition of your preſent important office in this city and liberty, muſt have made its inhabitants ſo well acquainted with the duties of it, that a general explanation of them would be ſuperfluous; I ſhall therefore only beg leave to trouble you with a few obſervations on an evil which calls loudly for redreſs, and which may poſſibly be offered to your conſideration in the courſe of your preſent enquiry: I mean, the great number of foreſtallers, ingroſſers, and regrators. It is an acknowledged truth, that all countries have encreaſed in riches in proportion as they have flouriſhed in trade and commerce. Great Britain is a powerful proof of this aſſertion. And it is equally certain, that national luxury, and her two handmaids ſplendor and extravagance; the former begetting an impatience of diſcipline, the latter diſtreſs and profligacy. Here likewiſe griping avarice takes his ſtand, either to glean up the ſuperfluities of the diſſipating rich, or elſe by taking an advantage of the diſtreſſes of the extravagant, to glut his uſurious ſoul with immoderate gain. But this perhaps may be pardonable, when it only affects the affluent, and the fool who is tired with being ſo: but when avarice ſtalks forth into ſociety, in the ſhape of a foreſtaller, ingroſſer, or regrator, and collects together the common neceſſaries of life, the better to counter-act the benevolence of providence, and to grind the face of the poor, by making an artificial ſcarcity, he is an object ſhocking to human ſight. Indeed this ſpecies of offenders are indictable at common law, as well as on the ſtatute of Edward the VIth: Which act, though it preſcribes a ſevere puniſhment, is far from being adequate to the offence: But when it is conſidered as an inſult to GOD himſelf,

ſelf, by an ungrateful abuſe of that plenty which he has ſo bountifully beſtowed on mankind in general, it is a crime of the deepeſt dye. When we hear the names blaſphemer, incendiary, murderer, common liar, and defamer, which is another ſpecies of murder, we are ſhocked to think that there are ſuch wretches in human ſhape; but the name of a foreſtaller conveys no ſhocking idea to the mind, as this monſter has ſeldom been expoſed to open view in our public Courts of Juſtice: but if there are any defects in our preſent laws, either as to the deſcription of the offence itſelf, the mode, nature, or degree of the puniſhment, it is to be hoped that the Legiſlature, by amending them, will facilitate the proſecution of ſuch offenders; for, can the oldeſt man now living, nay, can hiſtory itſelf point out a period when this country was bleſſed with a more plentiful harveſt, with more abundant paſture for our cattle, or cattle for our paſture, than at preſent. Then who muſt not lament to ſee, or rather feel, the preſent exorbitant price of proviſion, occaſioned by the arts of avaricious and deſigning men; and who muſt not be affected to know that the induſtrious poor, who earn their daily bread by the ſweat of their brow, are frequent ſtrangers to the taſte of that meat given by the fatherly hand of heaven to refreſh their ſpirits and recruit their ſtrength.

As to you, Gentlemen, I moſt earneſtly requeſt, that in your private capacities you would detect and diſcountenance, and I conjure you, as a collective body, that you would afford your beſt aſſiſtance in bringing to condign puniſhment all foreſtallers, ingroſſers, and regrators, as ſhall fall under your notice, for they are a diſgrace to human nature, and a diſhonour to a Chriſtian country."

Letters from a Gentleman at PARIS, *to his Friend in* LONDON.

SIR, *Paris, Aug.* 1, 1764.

AGREEABLE to your commands, I ſhall now give you my remarks on this City, which I think to be very near two-thirds as large as London and Weſtminſter, and is very full of people: its ſtreets are rather narrow, but extreamly

treamly well paved and clean; but not having a way peculiar to foot-paſſengers, nor any poſts to defend you from their numerous coaches, makes it very diſagreeable walking; their houſes are five and ſix ſtories high, and all built of free-ſtone; they reckon in it above four hundred hotels, ſuch as Luxembourg, Orleans, Soubiſe, Thouloufe, Noailles, &c. poſſeſſed by Princes of the Blood, Nobles, Farmers-General, and others of great fortunes. In ſeveral of thoſe palaces I have been, which for elegance far exceeded my expectation; and it gives me pleaſure to aſſure you, that we have not in London ſo many princely houſes as they have, and therefore not ſo many beggars.

Their public walks, ſuch as the Thuillieres, Luxembourg, Palais Royal, and others, are very pleaſant, and they have ſome very fine churches, in which one ſees a profuſion of painting, ſtatuary, and monuments; but for the latter, one need not go farther than Weſtminſter-Abbey, which excels any thing of that kind either in Paris, or the kingdom of France.

But if, Sir, you have a mind to ſee the gayeſt coaches in Europe, you muſt come hither; for ſuch gilding, painting, and varniſh, I will venture to ſay, you have never ſeen; and you would be equally ſurprized to behold the ladies within them, who are not leſs painted and varniſhed than their coaches; for nothing is more common than to ſee a lovely lady here of threeſcore and ten, with cheeks as red as a cherry.

And if any of your acquaintance have too much money, and but a little inclination to gaming, you may adviſe them to come hither, and they will ſoon be eaſed of their caſh; for beſide the parties at every private houſe, there are many public places where two or three hundred wretches of this profeſſion aſſemble every day, and even at the Engliſh Coffee-houſe, in Rue Comedie.

As to intrigue and gallantry, with all its dire concomitants, this is the very city for it; and therefore here it is that the idle, the abandoned, the debauched of every part of Europe aſſemble; and I am very ſorry to ſay that England furniſhes the greateſt quota; for you would be ſurprized at the number of Engliſhmen that are in this city, who are ſpending great

ſums of money, and learning nothing but the follies and vices of this profligate people.

As to their Play-houſes, they are particularly crowded on Sundays, which is alſo the day of Bull and Bear-bating. In ſhort, it is the region of every vice, and where great numbers of our fellow ſubjects ruin both their health and fortunes; for as to the latter, it is enough to be known to be an Engliſhman; the people then think they have a right to charge what they pleaſe, imagining that every man from England comes loaded with guineas, which indeed is the caſe with many of them; and here they become Petit Maitres, adopting French faſhions; and are made dupes to thoſe trifling, fantaſtical, deceitful people; among whom I hope you will, by your perſuaſion, prevent as many of our countrymen from coming as in your power; many will thereby preſerve their healths, their fortunes, and their morals.

I hope ſoon to have the pleaſure of ſeeing you in London. Mean while, I am

Your moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM H. CLARENDON.

SIR, *Rouen, Oct.* 10, 1564.

SOON after I wrote to you from Paris, I ſet out by the way of Burgundy for the South of France, and in five days arrived at Lyons, from thence to Vienne, Valence, Vivaries, to Avignon; thence through Languedoc to Nieſme, Montpelier, Bizier, Carcajone, Narbonne, Thouloufe; from thence to Montaubon, Cahors, Quercy, Lemoſin, Limoige, Guienne, La Marche, Berry, Chatteroux, Romertin, Orleans to Paris; thence through Normandy, to this place, which tour I compute to be about 1400 miles.

The country between Paris and Lyons, being 300 miles, produces ſome corn, hemp, and Indian wheat, having many large woods and waſtes: its principal production is grapes, and you will be aſtoniſhed, when I affirm, that in the whole of that journey, we could not get one bottle of good wine, although in Burgundy. As to Lyons, it is a populous and well-built city, and where the people ſeem to live very well; from thence all the towns and villages on the Rhone, as far as Avignon, being 150 miles, are very poor, where nothing

elſe

else is to be had but pigeons, poultry, and fruit. At Avignon, Niesme, and Montpelier, the power of the sun is so great, that the whole country is burnt up, not having had any rain for seven months past, not an acre of grass in all this great part of Languedoc, for 103 miles together, nor an ox, cow, or sheep to be seen; nothing green but olive-trees and vines; in short, the people live altogether on fruit and poultry, and very small wines, such as we in England should call tolerable vinegar; we were obliged to breakfast for a month together on fruit and a bit of bread; for milk or butter they have none, and tea they are strangers to.

As to the country people, as well as many in the towns, they are very poor; more than half of them go barefoot all their lives, the greatest part of the remainder with wooden shoes, and some very few with leather.

From Thoulouse we directed our course northward, and the country about Montauban we found very pleasant and fruitful; but Cahors the contrary: Quercy, Limosin, and Guienne, are very mountainous, but the valleys covered with grass, and therefore here we sometimes got a bit of mutton: La Marche and Berry are level countries, but light soil. As we approached Orleans, the country grew better, about which city it is very good; from thence to Paris it is tolerable: but the province of Normandy, in which I now am, is the best in the kingdom, and which is the principal support of Paris; it is a country extremely like England: in short, Normandy and French Flanders are the only fruitful and desirable countries that I have seen in this extensive kingdom; and the French have often observed to me, what I found to be true, that where vines prosper, scarce any thing else will.

In short, taking one general view of the whole of this kingdom, but particularly the south of it, I assure you I have not seen poorer people in any part of the world, nor any with more dejected countenances; but they are ruled with a rod of iron: for between the King, the Church, the Farmers of the Revenue, and the Nobles, they divide the property of the State; the whole nation being abject slaves, and in the lowest state of poverty and misery.

I shall therefore always believe it a malicious falshood, which I have often heard asserted in England, which is, that Great Britain sent a person hither, amidst all her triumphs,

to

to ſolicit a peace from this beggarly nation; amongſt whom, I hope you will prevent as many of our countrymen from coming, to ſpend their money and learn their vices, as in your power; and to aſſure them, that they do not only live under the beſt laws, are the freeſt people, but alſo poſſeſs the fineſt country in Europe, and where I hope very ſoon to partake thoſe bleſſings with them: believe me always to be,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

WILLIAM H. CLARENDON.

VERSES *addreſſed to Miſs* E. FOSTER, *of* Egham *in* Surry:

Occaſioned by her ſaying, She was never leſs alone, than when alone.

YE ſolemn ſons of dulneſs and of ſpleen,
Who think that *Wiſdom*'s pow'r is never ſeen,
Save in the form of *Gravity* alone;
And hence conclude that ſhe is all your own:
Behold her now the faireſt manſion boaſt,
Behold her dwelling in a Britiſh *Toaſt*;
Hear, and for ſhame give up that ſtale pretence,
On ſuch a title, to ſuperior ſenſe:
Hear, by the lips of *Beauty* and of *Youth*,
Her maxims quoted, as experienc'd truth.
But tho', ſweet Nymph! ev'n Stoics muſt declare,
Wiſdom ſhines lovelier in a form ſo fair,
That ſhe acquires new charms thro' Beauty's aid,
Know that you'll find your favours well repaid;
You'll find her power and gratitude is ſuch,
You'll never think you favour'd her too much.
Let modern Belles, obedient to the mode,
Conſtant alone in Folly's beaten road,
Conſume the precious moments of their prime
In killing vain young Fops, and good old Time;
With dangling Coxcombs rambling ſtill about,
To auctions, concerts, play, opera, and rout;
Whom *Faſhion* ne'er could tax with being caught
One uſeful hour at reading, work, or thought:

Fo:

For ever idle, never having leiſure,
For ever ſeeking, never finding pleaſure.
Thus qualify'd to bleſs the marriage ſtate,
Next let them give ſome tinſel'd thing a mate;
Then enter paſſion, ſpleen, diſguſt and ſtrife,
And Lord have mercy on the man and wife!
Such be their plan and fate too juſtly due;
Be't thine far diff'rent maxims to purſue:
Be't thine, while poſting moments wing their way,
To give retirement part of ev'ry day:
Though pleas'd to mix, at mirth or friendſhip's call,
In ſocial converſe, or the ſprightly ball;
Or ſtrike with happieſt art the warbling keys,
Diſpenſing muſick's magic as you pleaſe;
Yet ſtill maintain the fix'd reſolve to ſteer
"From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere."
Nor think, when turn'd to books, thoſe killing eyes
Vainly employ'd in ſearch of wiſdom's prize,
Of qualities that triumph over time,
That unimpair'd will hold their native prime;
When on thy cheeks the roſe, the lilly dies,
When fades the lively luſtre of your eyes,
Will make thee lov'd, admir'd, rever'd thro' life,
The good companion, parent, friend, and wife.
And when, by *love*'s decree, you feel the pain,
Which many a man muſt feel for you in vain;
When, urg'd by *him*, you vow perpetual truth,
In *Hymen*'s temple, to the happy youth;
Fear not that State will force you to forego
Th' improving joys which from retirement flow;
The diff'rence only this, that you will prove
At once the joys of *Solitude* and *Love*;
With *him* converſing ſtill remain *alone*,
Where hearts and hands are join'd, there *two* are *one*.

QUERIES.

AS every principle and practice is liable to become corrupted, if thoſe of Whig Adminiſtrations have ever ſo much degenerated, that any one leader ſhould venture to aſſert in a great aſſembly, to the amazement and grief of mankind, *every man had his price*, what could the principles of thoſe Tories be againſt whoſe efforts thoſe words were ſpoken, if he was ſuffered to ſay ſo with impunity to himſelf? WAS

WAS, or was not, ſuch a declaration a plain inſulting inſinuation, that he did not think their patriotiſm worth undermining, or their abilities deſerving of any price at all? And have their conduct ſince juſtified and ſtigmatized that opinion?

IF the charge of Corruption againſt the Whigs was meant to reconcile the people to the prevalence of Tory power, did it not behove the latter to guard themſelves ſecurely againſt the ſame imputation?

HAVE they, or have they not, been the extenders of that influence, which is moſt dangerous to the conſtitution?

DID they, or did they not, endeavour to make it believed, that they intended reformation in ſo intereſting a matter?

HAVE their reſtrictions of emoluments extended to ſuch men as could either do conſtitutional good or harm?

HAVE they, or have they not, increaſed the number of employments, in which corrupt influence is conſidered moſt to operate!

IF they make ſavings among the inſignificant, in order to be able to gratify more of thoſe who are otherwiſe than could be gratified before, is it not applying OEconomy to the moſt dangerous purpoſes?

HAVE they really leſſened the gratifications of men of great influence, or, on the contrary, increaſed them? Or have they been ſeen to practiſe any kind of ſelf-denial in gratifications to themſelves or their families? Have they, therefore, been the changers of what was bad, into better or worſe?

IF they can produce no ſatisfactory proofs of alteratives in theſe matters in favour of the Public, do their practices correſpond with the profeſſions they have made, or cauſed to be made? Or is not deception to be conſidered as no better than treachery!

IF they accuſed thoſe whom they ſupplanted of what they themſelves have been more guilty ſince, muſt not their accuſations rebound back upon them with more than double force?

WHAT good can be expected from men, who have been detected in fallacious pretences? Or what claims to public confidence can the makers of them urge?

MUST not power without public confidence, be as precariouſly held as exiſtence muſt be without a certainty of means? And to what purpoſe can people be diſquieted by a change of men, unleſs for a better, in a change of ſuch meaſures as were before moſt unexceptionable?

To

To the PRINTER.

ON THE

GREAT PREVALENCE of PERNICIOUS LUXURY,

WHICH

May be justly said to be extended through every Order of the People.

EVERY person is luxurious, whose mode of life or appearance is above his or her proper station or circumstances, and as such must be bad members of the community; because in moving out of their proper sphere, the orders of society become broken, which are in so high a degree requisite for the good of the whole; and from living beyond their circumstances, one of these great evils must result; they must defraud others of their property, by contracting debts which they are unable to pay, or they must acquire means by vile and hurtful practices for supplying the demands of their unwarrantable extravagance.

A Lord may be pronounced luxurious, whenever his vanity or vice involves him in such expences as constrain him to become either corrupt or unjust: For in the first case, he injures his country by resigning his integrity; and in the second, he wrongs individuals by spoiling them of their substance. This rule for judging of what is Pernicious Luxury will equally hold for every subordinate order of people, as any degree of wanton indulgence in expence beyond the honest means of supplying it, and the prudential rules of application, is iniquitous in its nature, and pernicious in its effects.

Splendor is not Luxury in men of great estates, provided they live so much within bounds as to be able to pay justly for what they consume, and at the same time make suitable provisions for their children; but it becomes guilty Luxury, when it deprives them of the means of doing either. The same may be said of every order of men, who live upon inherited or acquired property: But where property is but acquiring, this rule does not hold: because there the station of traffic of any kind requires the sober appearance, and the practice of frugality, as suitable to order, and to the ends of busy life, in provisional security against cross accidents to themselves,

 or

or to others with whom they have connections, and by which they may otherwise become not only essentially affected themselves, but also the means of much affecting others.

Whenever we see persons of small or moderate estates, vying with those of great possessions in figure and expence, and merchants, whose situations in life require sober conduct, and serious application, not only launch into the figure of greatness, but also immerge in all its dissipations; shopkeepers affecting the rank and figure of merchants; handicraftsmen taking up the appearances of higher tradesmen; workmen wasting their time and indulging themselves in excesses; apprentices aping gentlemen in their dresses and pleasures; menials copying the fashions and follies of their superiors, and indulging themselves in expences beyond the extents of their stipends, and the meanest labourers, nay, even beggars, indulging their appetites from fashion or vice, we may then fairly pronounce Luxury universally to prevail, and that every order of society is got at least one step beyond its due bounds.

If we look but around us, and see the numbers of palaces, villas, snug boxes, equipages of every kind, places of public resort and of private dissipation, and the splendid, the modish, and fantastical appearances of the various orders of people; can they be thought indications of either private necessity or public distress? And yet the former is generally complained of, and the latter much felt. Or are we to wonder at the extent of corruption, or at the bankruptcies which happen amongst traders, from such as are weekly rolled to their sumptuous villas in equipages with sets of horses, down to those who are wafted on their expensive Sunday-jaunts, in their single-horse chaises, or hired coaches for the day? And if we survey the inferior kinds of extravagance, ought we to wonder that such shoals fly their country, that our prisons are crouded with debtors, our highways with robbers, our shops and houses infested with sharpers and thieves, and our streets with strumpets and pick-pockets; that our parishes are burthened, or in short, that all kinds of iniquities and miseries abound?

A little rational consideration will enable us to discover the kindred links between Luxury, Rapine, Meanness, Extravagance, Misery, Idleness, Vice, and Guilt: For they are

all of one family, as ſcandalous as pernicious, and alike fatally deſtructive in their effects.

Are there any of the moſt uſeful employments to this kingdom now equally lucrative with theirs who adminiſter to Luxury and diſſipation? An honeſt merchant may be ſcientifically induſtrious through life, in the employment of a real fortune, without arriving to half the ſtate of affluence that is obtained in a few years by the fellow who contrives any whimſical ſcene of faſhionable reſort; and a gentleman may become worn out in the moſt laborious and perilous ſervice of his country, without obtaining a quarter of the real income of a principal waiter at a tavern of great note, or a dextrous pimp at another of the greateſt infamy. We may behold men of high genius and learning in a ſtate of indigence and contempt, from a diſregard to their talents, while eunuchs and fidlers are beheld in their equipages and embroidery, courted by the great and enriched by the public: And we ſee the inferior clergy in a ſtate that is hardly above ſtarving, while thoſe of the moſt vagabond profeſſions are voluptuous and grow wealthy.

While our nobility will ſuffer themſelves to be eat out of their inheritances by thoſe who adminiſter to their luxurious and phantaſtical taſte; and hang their offſpring upon the public, for a narrow ſubſiſtence on marine or military commiſſions, nay ſuffer them to be ſplaſhed on foot, by the equipages of builders, cabinet-makers, upholſterers, coack-makers, and taylors; they may think if they can, that they are laudably diſcharging their duties of ſtation, and conſcientiouſly and conſiderately their obligations as parents. That there is a great deal of this ſeen in real practice, is a truth too evident to admit of being doubted. So that what Mr. Hume ſays of the effects of public credit, is as applicable to the effects of vicious taſte and Luxury, that "in five hundred years (nay in one, even in fifty) the poſterity of thoſe now in coaches, and of thoſe upon the boxes, will probably have changed place;" but not as in the other caſe, "without affecting the public by theſe revolutions;" becauſe ſuch effectual ſubverſions of the order of ſociety are too ſudden and violent in their nature and operations, not to be productive of very ill conſequences, from being produced by great folly

and great fraud, as manners and principles are ſo eſſentially influential of proſperity or ruin to a community.

Public good order and well-being muſt ever greatly depend on the neceſſary preſervation of the boundaries of ſtations, as the right maintenance of due ſubordination gives ſtrength and vigour to a ſtate. Sudden and exceſſive changes likewiſe create intoxications, have ever a tendency to promote great rapacity, and to produce much diſorder and confuſion. Eſſential alteration in circumſtances cannot be made too gradually, becauſe they are ſo done with more ſecurity to the community and individuals. Some politicians may conſider it to be of little importance to the ſtate how often property changes hands, or in what hands it at any time is; yet ſure it never can be good policy to encourage or countenance a ſtrong ſpirit of impatience either way, or to ſuffer the diſtinct orders of life to be too readily broken in upon, as the doing of it muſt tend greatly to relax diſcipline, and unſettle the community.

I have made the repreſentation of theſe evils general, in order to avoid as much as poſſible appearing invidious; it being my only view in this article of my undertaking, to ſketch out the real luxuries of the times, and their pernicious effects. That it is great and diffuſed, will admit of no doubt; for the changes of manners, practices, and appearances, which have happened of late years, muſt be glaringly evident to people of obſervation: but in nothing have they been more fatal than in ſinking the pretentions of the moſt uſeful and deſerving, and in raiſing thoſe of the moſt worthleſs, and even of the moſt pernicious.

From unbounded extravagance has ariſen unbounded expectation, exceſſive impatience of mind, and as exceſſive diſquietude and diſorder. Great waſte and want have been increaſed in the ſame degrees, and with an univerſal practice of the former, an almoſt univerſal complaint of the latter is heard. Great public difficulties are ſeen, and great private diſtreſſes heard of: ſo that amidſt ſplendour and diſſipation, the ſtate and individuals are alike fearful of ruin. That the former labours under difficulties, is but too evidently apparent, and that the latter are daily experiencing great reverſes of fortune, and that too many of them are driven to deſpe-

rate

rate courſes, or ſuffering great hardſhips, from their own folly, or the guilt of others, is not to be denied; both of which calamities have their ſource in the ſame evil, which is Luxury, another name for extravagance.

AURELIUS.

From LETTERS on Religious Retirement, Melancholy, and Enthuſiaſm, *by the Reverend Mr. JOHN LANGHORNE.*

LETTER I.

I Agree with my amiable friend.------ The Songs of Solomon are pretty Songs; and to be ſure mr. Romaine's diſcourſes on them are quite raviſhing. When I conſidered your elegant ſenſe and ſtrong reaſon, I thought you incapable of being infected with the modern enthuſiaſm; but when I found that your pious and ſuſceptible heart had been indulging with Romaine, I wondered not to find its ſerene piety changed into irregular and intemperate raptures. Right devotion Cleora is founded in reaſon, which teaches us to adore the father of nature for the benevolent purpoſes of all his works. It muſt therefore be rational and uniform, which while the paſſions are its vehicle it can never be; for theſe depending on the conſtitution of the body will be various and uncertain; and we ſhould be more or leſs devout accordingly as we might be affected by age, health, or ſickneſs. It is evident that piety cannot depend upon thoſe faculties, which are liable to variation and decay: It muſt be eſtabliſhed on the ſteady principle of reaſon, or it will be for ever fluctuating and inconſiſtent; deſponding through apprehenſions that diſcharge the mercies of the creator, or exalting with a confidence and unbecoming a creature. Of this ſtamp is the piety of thoſe deluded people, whoſe religion is directed by the imagination. I have known an itinerant preacher hold forth to the poor inhabitants of a country village, the frightful images of hell and damnation, till a general panic had ſpread itſelf through the place, and the innocent ruſtics have trembled with fears which they could neither account for nor avoid. The power of imagination in religious matters is very great. Inſtances there have been of perſons being tranſported by it into inſanity;---- Inſtances, Cleora, within my own knowledge.----- Believe me, it is not a little dangerous to indulge it.

LETTER

LETTER II.

AS different as light and darkneſs are the workings of the imagination and the workings of the divine ſpirit. The firſt are eaſily diſtinguiſhable by the irregular ſenſations they produce: Ever inconſiſtent, extravagant, and unequal they diſorder the frame of the mind, and deſtroy all propriety and conſiſtency of conduct. Enthuſiaſm precludes the uſe of reaſon, and is conſequently a ſpecies of madneſs; it depreciates virtue, and conſequently hurts the cauſe of religion; it fills the heart with pride and overweening opinions; with unreaſonable triumphs and unaccountable fears. Can effects like theſe proceed from the father of light?--------from the ſpirit of that pure and diſpaſſionate being, whoſe harmonious and conſiſtent works teach us a rational adoration of their divine creator? Is it to be ſuppoſed, Cleora, that the influences of the divine ſpirit ſhould teach us to deſpiſe and exclude the uſe of the nobleſt faculty that GOD has given us? Yet I never knew an enthuſiaſt that did not declaim againſt reaſon.-------All was to be referred to internal impulſes; and man was to become a mere machine, acted upon and impelled by powers not his own.

Such has always been the doctrine of fanataciſm.----Excellent doctrine that deſtroys the eternal obligations of morality, and makes the deity accountable for the impiety of his creatures that are *void of grace!*

THE

YOUNG LION, and the APE.

A FABLE.

'TIS true, I blame your lover's choice,
Tho' flatter'd by the public voice,
And peeviſh grow, and ſick, to hear
His acclamations, O how fair!
I liſten not to wild delights,
And tranſports of expected nights;
What is to me your hoard of charms?
The whiteneſs of your neck, and arms?
Needs there no acquiſition more,
To keep contention from the door?

Yes

Yes; paſs a fortnight, and you'll find,
All beauty cloys, but of the mind.
Senſe, and good-humour ever prove
The ſureſt cords to faſten love.
Yet, Phillis, ſimpleſt of your ſex,
You never think, but to perplex;
Coquetting it with every ape,
That ſtruts abroad in human ſhape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taſte,
But that it ſtings your lover's breaſt;
To-morrow you reſign the ſway,
Prepar'd to honour, and obey;
The tyrant-miſtreſs change for life,
To the ſubmiſſion of a wife.
Your follies, if you can, ſuſpend,
And learn inſtruction from a friend.
Reluctant hear the firſt addreſs,
Think often, ere you anſwer, Yes;
But once reſolv'd, throw off diſguiſe,
And wear your wiſhes in your eyes,
With caution ev'ry look forbear,
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's rip'ning hopes confound,
Or give the gen'rous breaſt a wound.
Contemn the girliſh arts to teaze;
Nor uſe your pow'r unleſs to pleaſe;
For fools alone with rigour ſway,
When ſoon, or late, they muſt obey.

The king of brutes, in life's decline,
Reſolv'd dominion to reſign;
The beaſts were ſummon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal Heir.
They came; a day was fix'd; the croud
Before their future monarch bow'd.
A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,
Stepp'd forth, and thus addreſs'd the train.
Why cringe my friends with ſlaviſh awe,
Before this pageant king of ſtraw!
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And ere we feel it own his pow'r?

The

The counſels of experience prize;
I know the maxims of the wiſe;
Subjection let us caſt away,
And live the monarchs of to-day;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to ſpurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn;
So ſhall he right from wrong diſcern,
And mercy, from oppreſſion learn,
At others woes be taught to melt,
And loath the ills himſelf has felt.

He ſpoke; his boſom ſwell'd with pride.
The youthful Lion thus reply'd.

What madneſs prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending ſtroke?
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compaſſion to the feeling heart?
Or teach the grateful breaſt to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?
Learn'd in the practice of their ſchools,
From women thou haſt drawn thy rules;
To them return; in ſuch a cauſe,
From only ſuch expect applauſe.
The partial ſex I'd not condemn,
For liking thoſe who copy them.

Would'ſt thou the gen'rous lion bind,
By kindneſs bribe him to be kind;
Good offices their likeneſs get,
And payment leſſens not the debt:
With multiplying hand he gives
The good from others he receives;
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with int'reſt ſcorn for ſcorn.

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE SIEGE of TROY.

THE beſt and moſt rational account we have of this great war, is that which we gather from Homer; whoſe inimitable performance ought not to be regarded as a mere fiction, or the reſult of a poetical imagination, but as a rich fund of the moſt antient hiſtory of Greece. The known rules of epic poetry ſuppoſe the truth of the hiſtory, though they admit of its being embelliſhed with poetical fictions: ſo that if we had no other monuments of antiquity to convince us of the Trojan war, and the taking of that city by the Greeks, yet we could not queſtion the truth of the fact. But moſt of the hiſtorical events related by Homer are atteſted and confirmed by the moſt creditable hiſtorians, and by all the monuments of antiquity, namely, by the Arundelian marbles. We muſt therefore carefully diſtinguiſh, in Homer's works, what is hiſtorical, from what is merely fictitious. He deſcribes the ſtate of Greece at that time; and informs us, that it was divided into a great many dynaſties; that Agamemnon king of Mycenæ, Sicyon and Corinth, was the moſt powerful prince of all Greece; that he was appointed to command in chief: he enumerates and names the ſeveral nations and princes that ſided with the Trojans; he gives us an inſight into the art of war practiſed in that age; diſcloſes the laws and religion of the Greeks; gives us the character of their leaders; deſcribes the ſituation of their country and cities, &c. all which are purely hiſtorical. So that Homer's poems may deſervedly be conſidered as the moſt antient hiſtory of the Greeks; whoſe earlier ages are buried in oblivion, for want of ſuch a writer to tranſmit their actions to poſterity.

The number of ſhips employed by the Greeks in this expedition, according to Euripides, Lycophron, and Vrgil, amount-

ed to 1000; Homer enumerates 1186; but Thucydides raiſes the number to 1200. The Bœotian ſhips, that were the largeſt, carried 120 men each; thoſe of the Philoctetæ were the ſmalleſt, and each manned with 50. Every man (the commanders excepted) was both a mariner and a ſoldier; ſo that, ſuppoſing the fleet to have been of 1200 ſail, as Thucydides affirms, and the ſhips to have carried, one with another, 85 men, we ſhall find the Greek army to have been 102,000 men ſtrong; no great force, conſidering that all the powers of Greece, except the Acarnanes alone, were engaged in this war. The Greeks, as Thucydides obſerves, could have raiſed a far more powerful army, but were afraid of being diſtreſſed for proviſions in a foreign country. Againſt this army the city of Troy held out ten years; but the Trojans, as Homer makes Agamemnon ſay, were not the tenth part of the enemies which the Greeks had to contend with; for all Phrygia, Lycia, Myſia, and the greateſt part of Aſia Minor, ſided with the Trojans. Rheſus king of Thrace marched at the head of a conſiderable body to their aſſiſtance; and Memnon joined them with 20,000 Aſſyrians and Ethiopians. Wherefore the Greeks, foreſeeing the reſiſtance they were likely to meet with, and how dear it would coſt them to carry their point by dint of arms, before they began any hoſtilities, ſent Menelaus and Ulyſſes ambaſſadors to Troy, to demand Helen, and the treaſures which Paris had carried off with her; hoping that the fame of the vaſt preparations which they had made, might frighten the Trojans into a compliance with ſo equitable a demand. What anſwer was returned to the ambaſſadors, we know not; but it is certain, that they returned without Helen, and highly diſſatisfied with their reception at Troy.

Herodotus, upon a tradition that prevailed among the prieſts of Egypt, ſeems inclined to believe, that Helen was taken from Paris before he could reach Troy. The tradition, as Herodotus, who learned it of the prieſts themſelves, informs us, amounts to this: Paris, on his return with Helen, was, by ſtreſs of weather, driven on the coaſt of Egypt, and forced to put in at Tarichia, on the Canopian mouth of the Nile. Here ſome ſlaves of Paris's retinue, taking ſanctuary in a temple of Hercules, which ſtood on the ſhore, informed againſt their maſter; aggravating before the governor of the province, by name Thonis, the injury which he had done to Menelaus. Thonis laid the whole matter before Proteus, at that time king of Egypt; who finding, upon examination, the depoſition of the ſlaves to be true, detained Helen, and the treaſures that

had

had been taken with her, in order to restore them to Menelaus; but commanded Paris, after having severely reprimanded him for his crime, to depart the kingdom within the term of three days, on pain of being treated as an enemy. The Egyptian priests add, that when the Greeks sent ambassadors to demand Helen, and her riches, the Trojans protested, that they were not in their power, but in the hands of Proteus king of Egypt: which the Greeks looking upon as a mere shift to put them off, began ehe war; but at last, after taking the town, as Helen no where appeared, and the Trojans persisted in their former protestations, the Greeks began to believe them, and sent Menelaus into Egypt, where he was kindly entertained by Proteus, and had his wife restored to him, without any injury done to her person or goods. These things the Egyptian priests assured Herodotus that they knew for certain, as they had happened in Egypt, and had been handed down to them from those who had conversed with Menelaus himself. Herodotus produces one argument of no small weight, to prove the truth of this tradition, viz. that if it had been in king Priam's power to restore Helen, he would certainly have done it, rather than suffer the unspeakable calamities that befel his family, his kingdom, and himself, during the course of the war. How great soever his tenderness to Paris might have been, yet it could not be proof against so many misfortunes. Homer seems not to have been ignorant of the tradition of the Egyptian priests; for he mentions Paris and Helen's arrival in Egypt; and says, that Menelaus went thither before he returned home to Sparta; which voyage, it is not likely, he uhdertook at that time for pleasure. Nevertheless Homer, and with him all the Greek poets, (after whom the Latins copied) except Euripides, suppress the circumstance of Helen's not being in Troy, as too favourable to the Trojan cause. But, whether the Trojans would not, or could not restore her, the ambassadors, on their return, highly complained of the treatment they had met with; and, with their complaints, so incensed their countrymen, that they resolved, without further delay, to put to sea, and carry fire and sword into the enemy's country. They steered to the coast of Troas; where, on their landing, they met with so warm a reception, that they began to be seusible of the difficulty of the enterprize. In the first encounter they lost Protesilaus, who was slain by Hector, and many others of less note. However, they gained ground enough to encamp on. But what most of all retarded their progress, was want of provisions, which daily increased; and was owing, partly to their numbers, and partly to the

ſmallneſs of their veſſels, which, as the building of ſhips with decks was not then introduced, could not carry ſuch ſtores of proviſions as were neceſſary to ſupply the army. Wherefore they were obliged to divide their forces; ſending part of them to cultivate the ground in the Thracian Cherſoneſus, and part to rove about the ſeas for the relief of the camp. All writers, whether poets or hiſtorians, agree, that the Greeks employed the firſt eight or nine years in ſcouring the ſeas, pillaging the coaſts, and reducing ſuch cities and iſlands as ſided with the Trojans. Hence, in the poets, we read of many towns taken, iſlands plundered, ſtrong-holds raſed, and numbers of people carried into captivity by Achilles, whom the army could not well have ſpared, had there been any ſervice of importance to be performed before Troy.

At laſt the ſeveral ſmall parties, that had been diſperſed up and down the neighbouring countries and iſlands, being joined in one body, and great ſtore of proviſions brought into the camp, they approached the city, with a deſign to exert their utmoſt efforts, and put an end to ſo tedious a war. But by this time the Trojans had been reinforced with conſiderable bodies, both of mercenaries and allies, inſomuch that, when the Greeks firſt inveſted the town, Hector attacked them at the head of an army ſcarce inferior to theirs in number. The Greeks had not been long before the city, when a plague broke out in their camp, which, Homer ſays, was ſent by Apollo, becauſe Agamemnon refuſed to releaſe the daughter of one of his prieſts; but Heraclides, on this paſſage, informs us, that it was occaſioned by the violent heats and peſtilentious vapours raiſed by the ſun, the Greeks being incamped among fens and marſhes. The plague was followed by a quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles; for Agamemnon being obliged, by the ſoothſayer Calchas, to return his fair captive to her father, a prieſt of Apollo, to appeaſe that revengeful deity, took Briſeis in her room, who, in the diviſion of the booty, had fallen to Achilles. This affront Achilles revenged, by withdrawing his forces, and retiring with them on board his veſſels. In his abſence ſeveral battles were fought, with great ſlaughter on both ſides, the victory generally inclining to the Trojans. In one of theſe Patroclus was ſlain by Hector; but his death was not long unrevenged; for Achilles, returning to the camp, put the Trojans to flight, and revenged the death of his friend, by killing Hector himſelf. Achilles did not long outlive him, being ſlain by Paris. Thus fell many of the chief leaders on both ſides. But the Greeks at laſt carried the city; whether by force, ſtratagem, or treachery is uncertain.

uncertain. All writers agree, that it was taken by night; ſome ſay, that Æneas and Antenor, who commanded the Dardanians, ſeeing that Priam would hearken to no terms, even after the death of Hector and Paris, concluded a ſeparate peace with the Greeks, betraying the city into their hands. The poets tell us, that it was taken by the contrivance of a wooden horſe; which fable ſome think to have its birth from the Greeks entering the city by the Scæan gate, over which was the picture or ſtatue of an horſe. Perhaps they entered the town through a breach made in the wall by ſome wooden engine called an *horſe*, and in the nature of that which the Romans, in after ages, made uſe of to batter the walls, and, from its ſhape, called a *ram*. Be that as it will, the Greeks having, at laſt, maſtered the city, practiſed all the cruelties and abominations which a cruel, hungry, and enraged enemy can be guilty of. The city was laid in aſhes; and ſuch of the inhabitants as had not time to ſave themſelves by flight, were either put to the ſword, without diſtinction of ſex or age, or carried by the conqueror into captivity. And thus ended the kingdom of Troy, after having ſtood, from Teucer to Priam, 296 years, according to the common computation. This city is ſaid to have been taken the 24th day of the month Thargelion, or April, 1184 years before Chriſt, and 408 before the firſt Olympiad.

The Greeks, having at laſt put an end to the war, divided the booty, and put to ſea, in order to return to their reſpective homes; but met with many adventures, many of them being driven on far diſtant coaſts. Mneſtheus king of Athens died at Melos. Teucer, the ſon of Telamon, ſettled in Cyprus; where he built a city, calling it Salamis, from the chief city of his own country, which bore that name. Agapenor, who commanded the Arcadians, built in the ſame iſland the city of Paphos. Pyrrhus, the ſon of Achilles, ſettled in Epirus, and there built Ephyra. Ajax, the ſon of Oileus, was loſt. Some of the Locrians were driven on the coaſts of Afric, others to Italy; whereof all the Eaſt part was called Magna Græcia, by reaſon of the many towns built there by the Greeks. Many, who got ſafe home, were obliged to put to ſea again, as Thucydides informs us, in queſt of new ſeats; others having ſeized their territories, and uſurped the ſovereignty during their abſence. Agamemnon and his brother Menelaus fell out, when they were upon the point of weighing anchor to return home; and their quarrel divided the whole fleet; ſome ſailing with Menelaus to the iſland of Tenedos, and others remaining with Agamemnon on the coaſt of

Troas,

Troas. Thoſe who followed Menelaus, not agreeing among themſelves, parted, each holding his own courſe homewards. Agamemnon arrived ſafe at Mycenæ, where he was, ſoon after his arrival, murdered by his wife Clytemneſtra; but his ſon Oreſtes revenged his death, by the murder of Clytemneſtra, of Ægyſthus her gallant, and of Helen their daughter; for which murders he was tried, and acquitted by the Areopagus. The adventures of Ulyſſes are related by Homer in a fabulous manner: but what may have ſome foundation in hiſtory, is, that ſome years paſſed before he got home. The adventures of the other Greeks are leſs known; but, upon the whole, it appears, that this war proved no leſs fatal to the conquerors, than to the conquered.

As for the Trojans, thoſe who eſcaped the general ſlaughter, ſeeing their country utterly ruined, took their meaſures accordingly, and ſettled in diſtant regions. Antenor, as we have ſaid already, eſtabliſhed himſelf in Italy, and founded the nation of the Heneti. Helenus, one of Priam's ſons, ſettled in Macedonia, where he built the city of Ilium. Some ſay, that, during the ſiege, he went over to the Greeks, and ſhewed them in what manner they might eaſily maſter the city.

As to Æneas, all the Roman writers aſſure us, that he ſettled in Italy, and there founded the kingdom of Alba. From him the Cæſars affected to derive their pedigree, as the other Romans did theirs from the Trojans who accompanied him. Livy alone ſeems to betray ſome ſort of doubt as to this particular; inſinuating, with a great deal of reſerve, that he has not ſufficient grounds either to admit or reject the common opinion. But notwithſtanding the unanimous conſent of the Latins, there are not wanting arguments of great weight, which the learned Bochart has carefully collected, to evince the arrival of Æneas in Italy to be a mere fable.

The city of Troy being utterly ruined, and moſt of the inhabitants of Troas put to the ſword, ſome writers tell us, that the neighbouring Phrygians and Lydians, poſſeſſing themſelves of that country, ſettled there; and that Troas, from that time, began to be called Phrygia; others are of opinion, that Æneas, having gathered together the ſcattered remains of the Trojans, rebuilt the city; and that his deſcendents, and the deſcendents of Hector, reigned there till the country was ſubdued by the Lydians, who became ſo powerful, as to over-run all Aſia Minor. If the Trojans had any kings of their own, after their city was deſtroyed by the Greeks, they muſt needs have made but a very indifferent figure, ſince they are not ſo much as named in hiſtory.

The

The COLT and the FARMER. A FABLE.

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
Why ſo averſe, ſo coy to man?
Did nature, laviſh of her care,
From her beſt pattern form you fair,
That you ungrateful to her cauſe,
Should mock her gifts, and ſpurn her laws?
And miſer-like, withhold that ſtore,
Which, by imparting, bleſſes more?
Beauty's a gift, by heav'n aſſign'd,
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands;
And tho' by waſting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.
And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to ruſt, or time to ſteal?
The ſummer of your youth to rove,
A ſtranger to the joys of love?
Then, when life's winter haſtens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'rleſs to court ſome peaſant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms;
No gratitude to warm his breaſt,
For blooming beauty, once poſſeſs'd;
How will you curſe that ſtubborn pride,
That drove your bark acroſs the tide,
And ſailing before folly's wind,
Left ſenſe and happineſs behind?
Corinna, leſt theſe whims prevail,
To ſuch as you I write my tale.
A Colt, for blood, and mettled ſpeed,
The choiceſt of the running breed,
Of youthful ſtrength, and beauty vain,
Refus'd ſubjection to the rein.
In vain, the groom's officious ſkill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;
In vain the maſter's forming care
Reſtrain'd with threats, or ſooth'd with pray'r;
Of freedom proud, and ſcorning man,
Wild o'er the ſpacious plains he ran.
Where e'er luxuriant nature ſpread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling ſtreams, ſoft-gliding paſs,
To cool and freſhen up the graſs,

Diſ-

Diſdaining bounds, he crop'd the blade,
And wanton'd in the ſpoil he made.
In plenty thus the ſummer paſs'd;
Revolving winter came at laſt;
The trees no more a ſhelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual ſnows inveſt the ground,
In icy chains the ſtreams are bound,
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail
His lank, unſhelter'd ſides aſſail.
As round he caſt his rueful eyes,
He ſaw the thatch-roof'd cottage riſe;
The proſpect touch'd his heart with chear,
And promis'd kind deliverance near.
A ſtable, erſt, his ſcorn and hate,
Was now become his wiſh'd retreat;
His paſſion cool, his pride forgot,
A Farmer's welcome yard he ſought.
The Maſter ſaw his woeful plight,
His limbs, that totter'd with his weight,
And friendly to the ſtable led,
And ſaw him litter'd, dreſs'd, and fed.
In ſlothful eaſe, all night he lay:
The ſervants roſe at break of day;
The market calls. Along the road,
His back muſt bear the pond'rous load;
In vain he ſtruggles, or complains,
Inceſſant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the ſoil;
While ſcanty meals, at night repay
The painful labours of the day.
Subdu'd by toil, with anguiſh rent,
His ſelf-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he ſighing ſaid,
By arrogance, and folly led;
Had but my reſtive youth been brought
To learn the leſſon, nature taught,
Then had I, like my ſires of yore,
The prize from ev'ry courſer bore;
While man beſtow'd rewards, and praiſe,
And females crown'd my latter days.
Now laſting ſervitude's my lot,
My birth contemn'd, my ſpeed forgot,
Doom'd am I for my pride to bear
A living death, from year to year.

ANECDOTE relative to JOSEPH COLLINS.

THERE is a ſtory of the memorable Joſeph Collins of Oxford, otherwiſe called Funny Joe, which has ſomething of humour and miſchief in it, pertinent enough to the occaſion; which was this. After the Murder of K. Charles I. a commiſſion was appointed to ſurvey the king's houſe at Woodſtock, with the manor, park, woods, and other demeſnes to that manor belonging; and Collins, under a feigned name, hired himſelf as Secretary to the commiſſioners; who upon the 13th of October, 1649, met, and took up their reſidence in the king's own rooms; his majeſty's bed-chamber they made their kitchen, the council-hall their pantry, and the preſence-chamber was the place where they ſat for the diſpatch of buſineſs. His majeſty's dining-room they made their wood-yard and ſtored it with the wood of the famous royal oak from the High-park, which, that nothing might be left with the name of king about it, they had dug up by the roots, and ſplit and bundled up into faggots for their firing. Things being thus prepared, they ſat on the 16th of the ſame month for the diſpatch of buſineſs; and in the midſt of their firſt debate, there enter'd a large black dog (as they thought) which made a dreadful howling, overturn'd two or three of their chairs, and then crept under a bed, and vaniſh'd; this gave them the greater ſurpriſe as the doors were kept conſtantly lock'd, ſo that no real dog could get in or out; the next day their ſurpriſe was increaſed, when ſitting at dinner in a lower room, they heard plainly the noiſe of perſons walking over their heads, though they well knew the doors were all lock'd, and there could be no body there; preſently after they heard alſo all the wood of the king's oak brought by parcels from the dining-room, and thrown with great violence into the preſence-chamber; as alſo all the chairs, ſtools, tables, and other furniture, forcibly hurled about the room; their own papers of the minutes of their tranſactions torn, and the ink-glaſs broken. When all this noiſe had ſome time ceaſed, Giles Sharp, their ſecretary, propoſed to enter firſt into theſe rooms; and in preſence of the commiſſioners, of whom he received the key, he opened the doors, and found the wood ſpread about the room, the chairs toſſed about and broken, the papers torn, the ink-glaſs broken (as has been ſaid) but not the leaſt track of any human creature, nor the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect one, as the doors were all faſt, and the keys in the cuſtody of the commiſſioners. It was therefore unanimouſly agreed, that the power who did this miſchief, muſt have entered the room

at the key-hole. The night following, Sharp, the ſecretary, with two of the commiſſioner's ſervants, as they were in bed in the ſame room, which room was contiguous to that where the commiſſioners lay, had their bed's feet lifted up ſo much higher than their heads, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once with ſo much violence as ſhook the whole houſe and more than ever terrify'd the commiſſioners. On the night of the 19th, as all were in bed in the ſame room for greater ſafety, and lights burning by them, the candles in an inſtant went out with a ſulphureous ſmell, and that moment many trenchers of wood were hurled about the room, which next morning were found to be the ſame their honours had eaten on the day before, which were all removed from the pantry, though not a lock was found opened in the whole houſe. The next night they ſtill fared worſe, the candles went out as before, the curtains of their honours beds were rattled to and fro with great violence, their honours received many cruel blows and bruiſes by eight great pewter-diſhes and a number of wooden trenchers being thrown on their beds, which being heaved off were heard rolling about the room, though in the morning none of theſe were to be ſeen. This night likewiſe they were alarmed with the tumbling down of oaken billets about their beds, and other frightful noiſes, but all was clear in the morning as if no ſuch things had happened. The next night the keeper of the king's houſe and his dog, lay in the commiſſioner's room, and then they had no diſturbance. But on the night of the 22d, though the dog lay in the room as before, yet the candles went out, a number of brick-bats fell from the chimney into the room, the dog howled piteouſly, their bed-cloaths were all ſtripped off, and their terror increaſed. On the 24th they thought all the wood of the king's oak was violently thrown down by their bed-ſides, they counted ſixty-four billets that fell, and ſome hit and ſhook the beds in which they lay; but in the morning none were found there, nor had the door been opened where the billet-wood was kept. The next night, the candles were put out, the curtains rattled, and a dreadful crack like thunder was heard; and one of the ſervants running to ſee if his maſter was not kill'd, found three dozen trenchers laid ſmoothly under the quilt by him; but all this was nothing to what ſucceeded afterwards; the 29th about midnight the candles went out, ſomething walked majeſtically through the room and opened and ſhut the window; great ſtones were thrown violently into the room, ſome of which fell on the beds, others on the floor; and at about a quarter after one, a noiſe

was

was heard as of forty cannon discharged together, and again repeated at about eight minutes distance. This alarmed and raised all the neighbourhood, who coming into their honours room gathered up the great stones, fourscore in number, and laid them by in the corner of a field, where, in Dr. Plot's time, who reports this story, they were to be seen. This noise, like the discharge of cannon, was heard through all the country for sixteen miles round. During these noises, which were heard in both rooms together, the commissioners and their servants gave one another over for lost, and cry'd out for help; and Giles Sharp snatching up a sword, had well-nigh killed one of their honours, mistaking him for the spirit, as he came in his shirt from his own room to theirs. While they were together the noise was continued, and part of the tiling of the house was stript off and all the windows of an upper room were taken away with it. On the 30th at midnight, something walked into the chamber treading like a bear; it walked many times about, then threw the warming-pan violently on the floor; at the same time a large quantity of broken glass, accompanied with great stones and horse's bones came pouring into the room with uucommon force; these were all found in the morning to the astonishment and terror of the commissioners, who were yet determined to go on with their business. But on the first of November, the most dreadful scene of all ensued; candles in every part of the room were lighted up, and a great fire made; at midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noise like the burst of a cannon was heard in the room, and the burning billets were tossed about by it even into their honours beds, who called Giles and his companions to their relief, otherwise the house had been burnt to the ground; about an hour after, the candles went out as usual the crack as of many cannon was heard, and many pailfuls of green stinking water were thrown upon their honours beds; great stones were also thrown in as before, the bed-curtains and bedsteads torn and broken the windows shatter'd, and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with the most dreadful noises; nay, the very rabbet-stealers that were abroad that night in the warren were so terrify'd that they fled for fear and left their ferrets behind them. One of their honours this night spoke, and, *in the name of God, asked what it was, and why it disturbed them so?* No answer was given to this; but the noise ceased for a while, when the spirit came again, and as they all agreed, *brought with it seven devils worse than itself.* One of the servants now lighted a large candle and set it in the door-way, between the two chambers, to see what passed;

and as he watched it he plainly ſaw a hoof ſtriking the candle and candleſtick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three ſcrapes over the ſnuff, ſcraped it out. Upon this, the ſame perſon was ſo bold as to draw a ſword, but had ſcarce got it out, when he felt another inviſible hand had hold of it too, and pulled with him for it, and, at length prevailing, ſtruck him ſo violently on the head with the pummel, that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this inſtant was heard another burſt like the diſcharge of the broad-ſide of a ſhip of war, and at about a minute or two's diſtance each, no leſs than nineteen more ſuch; theſe ſhook the houſe ſo violently that they expected every moment it would fall upon their heads. The neighbours on this, as has been ſaid, being all alarmed, flock'd to the houſe in great numbers, and all joined in prayer and pſalm-ſinging; during which the noiſe ſtill continued in the other rooms, and the diſcharge of cannons was heard as from without, though no viſible agent was ſeen to diſcharge them. But what was the moſt alarming of all, and put an end to their proceedings effectually, happen'd the next day as they were all at dinner, when, a paper in which they had ſigned a mutual agreement to reſerve a part of the premiſes out of the general ſurvey, and afterwards to ſhare it equally amongſt 'em, (which paper they had hid for the preſent, under the earth in a pot in one corner of the room, and in which an orage-tree grew) was conſumed in a wonderful manner, by the earth's taking fire with which the pot was filled, and burning violently with a blue fume, and an intolerable ſtench, ſo that they were all driven out of the houſe, to which they could never be again prevailed upon to return.

The Real Cauſe of the general Diſhoneſty in Britiſh Miniſters.

The following Letter which has been communicated by a Perſonage of the firſt Diſtinction, having ſomething in it ſo applicable to the preſent times, we fancy our readers will for that reaſon readily accept it as part of their entertainment, were they even to pay no regard to the extraordinary merit and reputation of the Author.

An Original Letter from Dean SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dear POPE.

I Am wonderfully pleaſed with the publication of your Ethic Epiſtles, not only on account of their poetical and moral excellence, but on account of that hearty averſion to Miniſters and Courts, which breaths thro' ſeveral of the paſſages. Perhaps I am the more taken with your ſentiments on this head, becauſe they are ſufficient authority for ſome opinions

opinions advanced by myſelf; and you know we are always for allowing other people's notions to be of weight and importance when they bear any conformity to our own.

I don't know how it is, but I never lik'd a Miniſter in all my days. Our friends Oxford and Bolinbroke I had a ſincere value for in their private ſtations, but in their public capacities I looked upon them both (and you know I have ſaid it to their faces) as little better than a couple of raſcals. This regard to their abſtracted merit as individuals, has frequently led me to ſupport tenets diametrically oppoſite to my principles; and I have often engaged as a Champion for the Conduct of the Miniſters, becauſe I had a cordial affection for the integrity of the men. There is ſuch an honeſt openneſs in Harley, and ſo apparent an ingenuouſneſs in St. John, that I am attached to their intereſt in ſpite of my teeth, and left, while I labour to reſcue them from the name of ſcoundrels in their offices, to ſink under the weight of the d---n'd appellation myſelf.

In fact, Pope, I believe it impoſſible for any Miniſter to be an honeſt man. There are fifty-thouſand trap-doors, from the very nature of his office, in which it is next to impoſſible but his integrity muſt tumble. One Right Hon. Raſcal or other has eternally ſome ſtrumpet or other to provide for, or ſome cuckold to recommend, in preference to the claims of real worth, and the pretenſions of the truly deſerving; not to mention any thing of the Miniſter's own friends, his implements and dependants, who all naturally expect to be provided for in courſe. Thus ſituated, a man at the head of affairs is obliged very frequently to overlook the ſolicitations of ſervices and merit, as I have this moment obſerved, and expoſes himſelf to the reſentment of many diſappointed Levee-danglers, from an utter impoſſibility to provide for all. Hence a number of enemies are certain of attacking him at every quarter, and, as the battery in ſome places may be juſtly enough levelled, the report muſt be heard without end.

But as wealth and power are always ſure of finding advocates, we never ſee a miniſter without a number of literary mercenaries employed in his defence, to refute the arguments of malice, or to evade the accuſations of truth; to knock on the head with the hammer of plump contradiction, or to puzzle by a fallacious repreſentation of facts. Theſe worthy Gentlemen, did they really conſider the true intereſt of the Miniſter, would never endeavour at any thing like a fair diſpute. A round lye ought to be given to every aſſertion prejudicial to his reputation, and this would produce ſuch a number of replies, that the public would ſoon give up the diſcuſſion of a point which ſwaddled them with a heavy expence.

pence. A ſwarm of pamphlets the lower orders have not the ability to purchaſe, and the higher have not the leiſure to read: hence a debate that occaſions a number of publications muſt inſenſibly die away, and the principal ſufferer be the unfortunate Bookſeller; for ſeldom, very ſeldom, has the proprietorſhip of a ſix-penny touch, fallen to the ſhare of *any regularly bred* Author.

People may talk what they will of the infringement miniſterial artifices have made upon the liberty of the ſubject, but in my opinion the Stamp-Office is the moſt dangerous; the duty laid there upon all publications, is a flagrant attack upon the liberty of the Preſs, by choaking up the only channel which the public have of ſetting forth their grievances, and preventing the moſt probable means of having them redreſſed: it is in fact the moſt maſterly ſtroke of miniſterial cunning which I can remember; for let a ſecretary be ever ſo bad a man, one half of his villainy paſſes the notice of the world, becauſe few people are willing to buy a knowledge of it at an exorbitant price.

The general plea which is uſed by miniſterial advocates, and a plea which I have uſed with ſucceſs, is, that an attack upon the Miniſter is an affront upon the Crown: and that there is no accuſation laid at the door of the Secretary, that is not an indirect reflection upon the King. This is a pleaſant way of reaſoning, to be ſure; for by the expreſs declaration of our laws, an Engliſh Prince is a piece of Royal Infallibility, incapable of doing wrong: As this poſition is univerſally admitted, it muſt conſequently follow, then let us ſpatter as we pleaſe, not a bit of dirt can ſtick upon the Monarch; or even if it could, would the Monarch be an honeſt or a ſenſible man, to be offended, if it was apparently evident he was in the wrong? Duty and Reverence is ſtuff, Pope; the Prince who is offended at cenſure, ought never to furniſh a cauſe for it; and the King who would exact the obedience, ought to deſerve the affection of his people. This is the voice of Reaſon, and the Prince who is above liſtening to it, may poſſibly be feared; but I will ſtake my ſalvation that he never can be loved.

The poſition that a king can never do wrong, muſt either tax the Engliſh nation with great injuſtice, or great inconſiſtency. If a King can do no wrong, why was that pitiful Poltroon, James II. baniſhed? And if a King can do wrong, why the plague are we conſtantly affirming that he cannot. Either way we ſtand ſelf-condemned: In the firſt place, we muſt be very wicked men if the poſition holds, and very fooliſh ones in the ſecond, if it does not. But inconſiſtency is our prevailing characteriſtic; and if we are not ſet down as a nation of Scoundrels, we muſt think ourſelves pretty eaſy under the appellation of Fools. I am, &c. J. SWIFT.

Mr. Wildman *has often entertained many of the Nobility and others, with the wonderful command he has acquired over* Bees; *by causing a whole hive of them to come out of it at his pleasure, to fix themselves upon his head, face, or other part of his body, to follow him to whatever place he thinks proper, and afterwards to cause them to return into the hive, and in many surprizing instances manage them as he pleases without receiving the least injury from them. The following is his own Account of the method of performing these extraordinary matters, from the book he has lately published, on the management of* Bees, *which no person who is a lover of those curious and valuable insects should be without.*

'SPECTATORS wonder at my attaching the Bees to different parts of my body, and wish much to be possessed of the secret means by which I do it. I have unwarily promised to reveal it, and am therefore under a necessity of performing that promise; but while I declare that their fear, and the queen, are my chief agents in these operations, I must warn my readers that there is an art necessary to perform it, namely practice, which I cannot convey to them, and which they cannot speedily attain; yet till this art is attained, the destruction of many hives of Bees must be the consequence; as every one will find on their first attempts to perform it.

'Long experience has taught me, that as soon as I turn up a hive and give it some taps on the sides and bottom, the queen immediately appears, to know the cause of this alarm; but soon retires again among her people. Being accustomed to see her so often, I readily perceive her at the first glance; and long practice has enabled me to seize her instantly, with a tenderness that does not in the least endanger her person. This is of the utmost importance; for the least injury to her brings immediate destruction to the hive, if you have not a spare queen to put in her place, as I have too often experienced in my first attempts. When possessed of her, I can, without injury to her, or exciting that degree of resentment that may tempt her to sting me, slip her into my other hand, and returning the hive to its place hold her there, till the Bees missing her, are all on wing, and in the utmost confusion. When the Bees are thus distressed, I place the queen wherever I would have the Bees to settle. The moment a few of them discover her, they give notice to those near them,

 and

and these to the rest; the knowledge of which soon becomes so general, that in a few minutes they all collect themselves round her, and are so happy in having recovered this sole support of their state, that they will long remain quiet in their situation: Nay, the scent of her body is so attractive of them, that the slightest touch of her along any place or substance, will attach the Bees to it, and induce them to pursue any path she takes.

'My attachment to the queen, and my tender regard for her precious life, makes me most ardently wish that I might here close the detail of this operation, which, I am afraid, when attempted by unskillful hands, will cost many of their lives; but my love of truth forces me to declare, that by practice I am arrived at so much dexterity in the management of her, that I can, without hurt to her, tie a thread of silk round her body, and thus confine her to any part in which she might not naturally wish to remain: Or I sometimes use the less dangerous way, of clipping her wings on one side.

'I shall conclude this account in the of manner *C. Furius Cresinus*, who being cited before the *Curule Edile*, an assembly of the people, to answer to a charge of sorcery, founded on his reaping much larger crops, from his small spot of ground, than his neighbours did from their extensive fields, produced his strong implements of husbandry, his well fed oxen, and a hale young woman, his daughter; and pointing to them, said, "*These, Romans, are my instruments of witchcraft: But I cannot show you my toil, my sweats and anxious cares* *" So may I say, '*These, Britons, are my instruments of witchcraft, but I cannot shew you my hours of attention to this subject; my anxiety and care for these useful insects; nor can I communicate to you my experience, accquired during a course of years.*'

* *Plin.* Hist, Nat. Lib. 18. c. 6.

Mr. WILDMAN'*s Method of taking the Wax and the Honey.*

'REMOVE the hive from which you would take the wax and honey into a room, into which admit but little light, that it may at first appear to the Bees, as if it was late in the evening. Gently invert the hive, placing it between the frames of a chair, or other steady support, and cover it with an empty hive, keeping that side of the empty hive raised a little which is next the window, to give the Bees sufficient light to get up into it. While you hold the empty hive steadily supported on the edge of the full hive, between your

side

ſide and your left arm, keep ſtriking with the other hand all round the full hive from top to bottom, in the manner of beating a drum, ſo that the Bees may be frightened by the continued noiſe from all quarters; and they will in conſequence mount out of the full hive into the empty one. Repeat the ſtrokes rather quick than ſtrong round the hive, till all the Bees are got out of it, which in general will be in about five minutes. It is to be obſerved, that the fuller the hive is of Bees, the ſooner they will have left it. As ſoon as a number of them have got into the empty hive, it ſhould be raiſed a little from the full one, that the Bees may not continue to run from one to the other, but rather keep aſcending upon one another.

'So ſoon as all the Bees are out of the full hive, the hive in which the Bees are muſt be placed on the ſtand from which the other hive was taken, in order to receive the abſent Bees as they return from the fields.

'If this is done early in the ſeaſon, the operator ſhould examine the royal cells, that any of them that have young in them may be ſaved, as well as the combs which have young Bees in them, which ſhould on no account be touched, though by ſparing them a good deal of honey ſhould be left behind. Then take out the other combs, with a long, broad, and pliable knife, ſuch as the apothecaries make uſe of. The combs ſhould be cut from the ſides and crown as clean as poſſible, to ſave the future labour of the Bees, who muſt lick up the honey ſpilt, and remove every remains of wax: And then the ſides of the hive ſhould be ſcraped with a table ſpoon, to clear away what was left by the knife. During the whole of this operation, the hive ſhould be plac'd inclined to the ſide from which the combs are taken, that the honey which is ſpilt may not daub the remaining combs. If ſome combs were unavoidably taken away, in which there are young Bees, the parts of the combs in which they are ſhould be returned into the hive, and ſecured by ſticks in the beſt manner poſſible. Place the hive then for ſome time upright, that any remaining honey may drain out. If the combs are built in a direction oppoſite to the entrance, or at right angles with it, the combs which are the furtheſt from the entrance are to be preferred; becauſe there they are beſt ſtored with honey, and have the feweſt young Bees in them.

'Having thus finiſhed taking the wax and honey, the next buſineſs is to return the Bees to their old hive, and for this

purpose place a table covered with a clean cloth, near the stand; and giving the hive in which the Bees are a sudden shake, at the same time striking it pretty forcibly, the Bees will be shaken on the cloth. Put their own hive over them immediately, raised a little at one side, that the Bees may the more easily enter, and when all are entered, place it on the stand as before. If the hive in which the Bees are, be turned bottom uppermost, and their own hive be placed over it, the Bees will immediately ascend into it, especially if the lower hive be struck on the sides to alarm them.

'As the chief object of the Bees during the spring and the beginning of summer, is the propagation of their kind, honey during that time is not collected in such quantities as it is afterwards; and on this account it is scarcely worth while to rob a hive before the latter end of June; nor is it safe to do it after the middle of July, lest rainy weather may prevent their restoring the combs they have lost, and laying in a fresh stock of honey sufficient for the winter, unless there is a chance of carrying them to a rich pasture.

'When we have reviewed the various means made use of both by the ancients and moderns in taking honey, it appears somewhat surprising that a method so simple as the above did not occur to them: And especially that M. de Reaumur did not think of extending to general use, what he had frequently practised in the course of his experiments. It seems he did not reflect on the effects of the fear impressed on the bees by the continued noise, and how subservient it renders them to our wills: Indeed to such a degree, that afford them but a quiet retreat, they will remain long attached to any place they are settled upon; and will become so mild and tractable that they will bear any handling which does not hurt them, without the least shew of resentment. On these occasions their only desire seems to be *a wish* to avoid such another disturbance as has reduced them to their present forlorn state. A person who has familiarised himself to bees, can, by means of the passion of fear thus impressed upon them, and by that dexterity in the management of them, which can only be acquired by practice; I say, such a person can, in this situation, manage the bees as he pleases.

The first chapter of this second book points out the situation most proper for Bees, and then treats of hives and boxes. Straw-hives he thinks preferable to any other habitations, because the straw is not so liable to be heated by the rays of

the

the ſun, and is a better ſecurity againſt the cold than any kind of wood or other materials; beſides that their cheapneſs renders them of an eaſy purchaſe, even to the cottager. He accurately deſcribes the hives and boxes of his own invention, which appear to have greatly the advantage of any heretofore in uſe, particularly as they enable a perſon more commodiouſly to obtain the wax and honey without deſtroying the laborious inhabitants: This indeed is the great object with our author, and it muſt be owned an important one both in point of humanity and of intereſt. In ſome following chapters he treats of the ſwarming of Bees, of the management of them in his hives and boxes, and of ſhifting their abodes; under each of which heads we find ſeveral curious and uſeful obſervations.

Other chapters of this very curious book contain directions for ſeparating the wax and honey, with the manner of diſcovering Bees in woods and foreſts, and of taking them, and putting them in hives. It likewiſe enumerates their ſeveral enemies, with the methods of guarding againſt them; and treats upon other inconveniences to which they are liable, together with the care to be taken of them during the winter.

In the laſt chapter the Author gives directions for making mead: he expreſſes his hope, that by an improved method of managing Bees, the quantity of honey collected will be ſuch as ſhall become the means of making conſiderable quantities of this *excellent* and *wholeſome* liquor.

Two ſtriking and inſtructive STORIES, *from* YORICK's Sentimental Journey.

LE PATISSER. *Verſailles.*

SEEING a man ſtanding with a baſket on the other ſide of the ſtreet, as if he had ſomething to ſell, I bid La Fleuer go up to him and enquire for the Count's hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis, ſelling *pates* --- It is impoſſible, La Fleur! ſaid I. --- La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myſelf; but perſiſted in his ſtory; he had ſeen the croix ſet in gold, with its red ribband, he ſaid, tied to his button-hole---and had looked into the baſket and ſeen the *pates* which the Chevalier was ſelling; ſo could not be miſtaken in that.

Such

Such a reverſe in man's life awakens a better principle than curioſity: I could not help looking for ſome time at him as I ſat in the *remiſe*—the more I looked at him—his croix and his baſket, the ſtronger they wove themſelves into my brain—I got out of the *remiſe* and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a ſort of a bib went half way way up his breaſt; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His baſket of little *pates* was covered over with a white damaſk napkin; another of the ſame kind was ſpread at the bottom; and there was a look of *properte* and neatneſs throughout; that one might have bought his *pates* of him, as much from appetite as ſentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but ſtood ſtill with them at the corner of a hotel, for thoſe to buy who choſe it, without ſolicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a ſedate look, ſomething approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the baſket than him, and lifted up the napkin and taking one of his *pates* into my hand—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the beſt part of his life had paſſed in the ſervice, in which, after ſpending a ſmall patrimony, he had obtained a company and the croix with it; but that at the concluſion of the laſt peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with thoſe of ſome other regiments, left without any proviſion—he found himſelf in a wide world without friends, without a livre—and indeed, ſaid he, without any thing but this—(pointing, as he ſaid it, to his croix)—The poor Chevalier won my pity, and he finiſhed the ſcene, with wining my eſteem too.

The king, he ſaid, was the moſt generous of princes, but his generoſity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongſt the number. He had a little wife, he ſaid, whom he loved, who did the *patiſſerie*; and added, he felt no diſhonour in defending her and himſelf from want in this way—unleſs Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withold a pleaſure from the good, in paſſing over what happened to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It ſeems he uſually took his ſtand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace, and as his croix had caught the eye of numbers

numbers, numbers had made the ſame enquiry which I had done—He had told them the ſame ſtory, and always with ſo much modeſty and good ſenſe, that it had reached at laſt the king's ears—who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and reſpected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity—he broke up his little trade by a penſion of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to pleaſe the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another out of its order, to pleaſe myſelf—the two ſtories reflect light upon each other,—and 'tis a pity they ſhould be parted.

THE SWORD.

Rennes.

WHEN ſtates and empires have their periods of declenſion, and feel in their turns what diſtreſs and poverty is—I ſtop not to tell the cauſes which gradually brought the houſe d'E**** in Britany into decay. The Marquis d'E**** had fought up againſt his condition with great firmneſs; wiſhing to preſerve, and ſtill ſhew to the world ſome little fragments of what his anceſtors had been—their indiſcretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigences of *obſcurity*—But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*—he thought they deſerved it. He had tried his ſword—it could not open the way—the *mounting* was too expenſive—and ſimple œconomy was not a match for it—there was no reſource but commerce.

In any other province in France, ſave Britany, this was ſmiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wiſhed to ſee re-bloſſom—But in Britany, there being a proviſion for this, he availed himſelf of it; and taking an occaſion when the ſtates were aſſembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the dutchy, which though ſeldom claimed, he ſaid, was no leſs in force; he took his ſword from his ſide—Here—ſaid he—take it; and be truſty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The Preſident accepted the Marquis's ſword—he ſtayed a few minuets to ſee it depoſited in the archives of his houſe—and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for

for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked-for bequests from distant branches of his house—returned home to reclaim his nobility and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller, but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition: I call it solemn—it was so to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: He supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother.——he put his handkerchief to his face twice.—

—There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard—'twas the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I shall find, said he, some *other way*, to get it off."

When the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and with his wife and daughter and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

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